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July 1981
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**Pages and Pages
of Fantastic Indians**

Lotsa Biker Women

Agent Orange Info

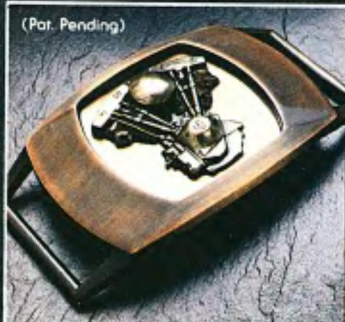
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Best Ol' Lady Contest

**Liver-Quiverin'
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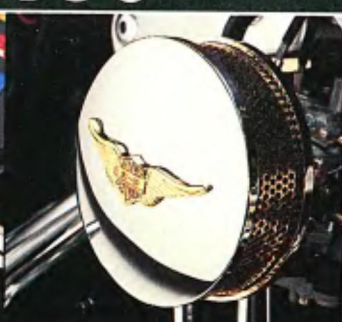


Bolt-On Bobbed Chrome Fender for H.D., XL & FX



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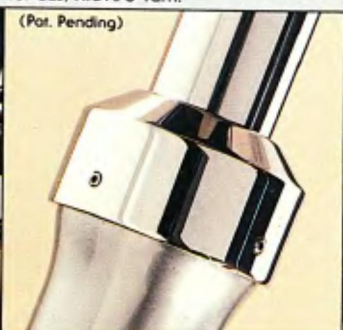
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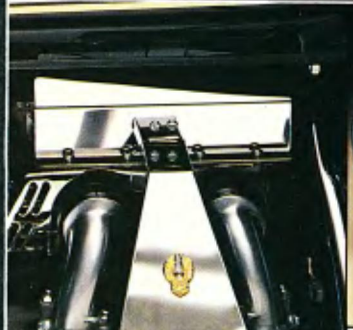
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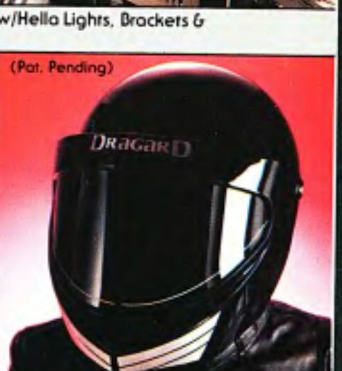
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Chrome Belt Covers & Safety Bar for Gold Wings



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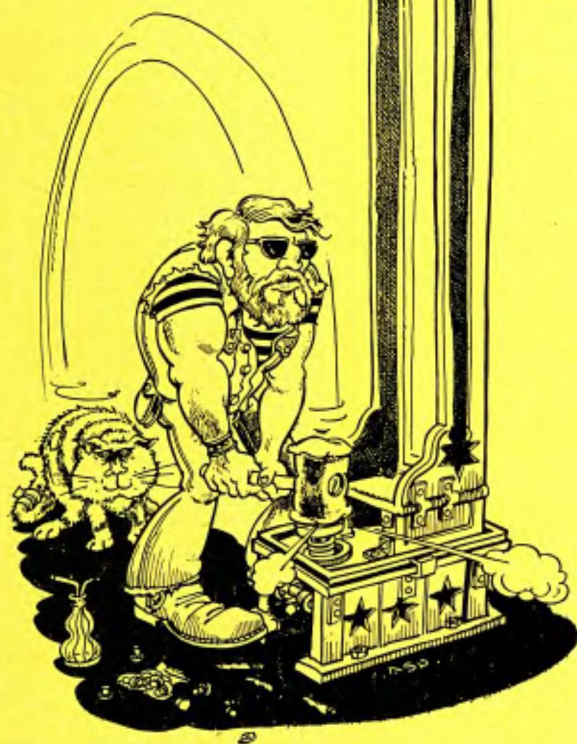
Easyriders

Number 97

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

"Biker's TV Crusade"
Totals as we go to press —

Your Contributions: \$6,829.95
With Our Matching Dollars: \$13,659.90



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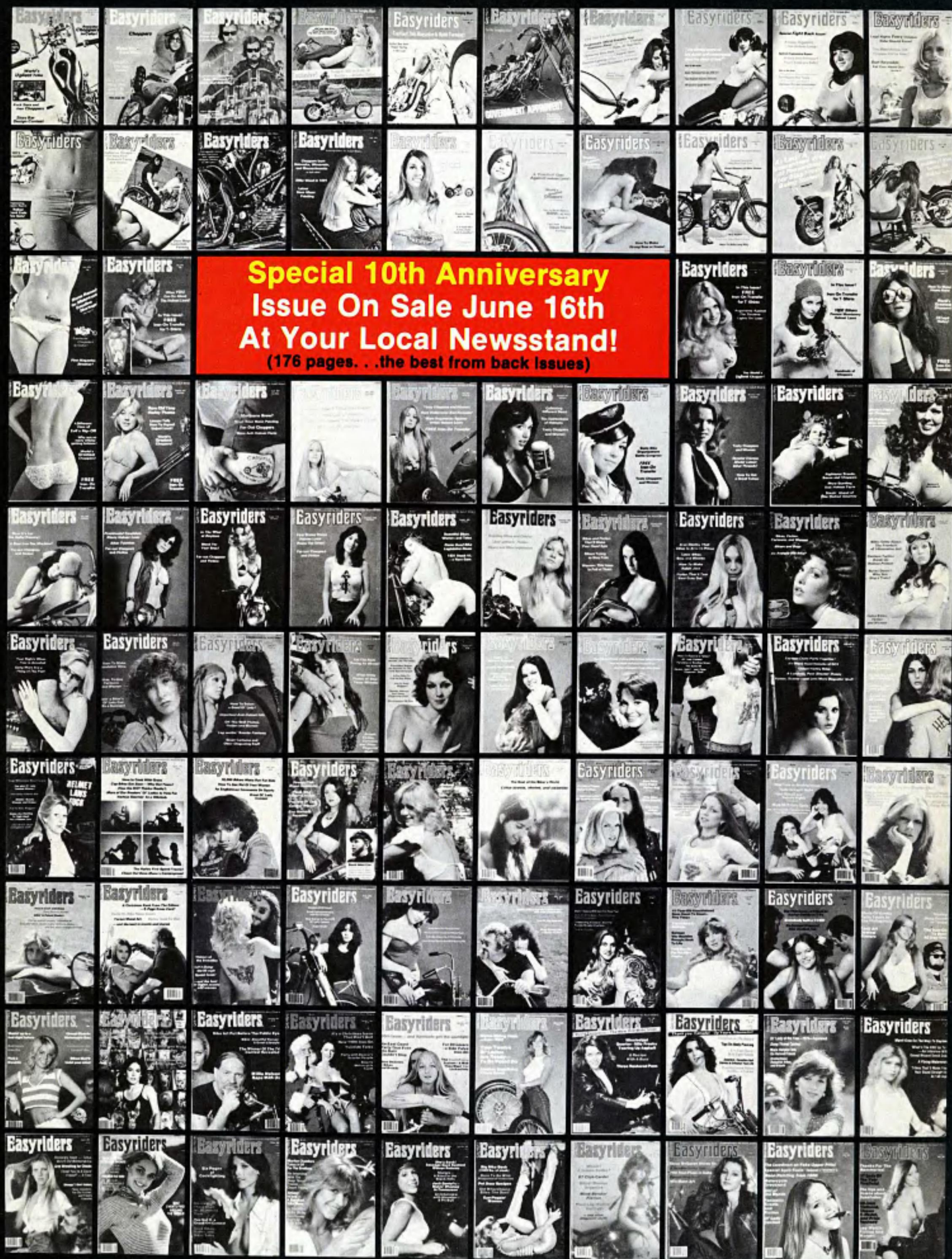


Audited Paid
Circulation

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 30th.

Cover photo of Trudy by Billy Tinney



After contending with Rufus, I know how smart dogs can be, so I can see how the following could happen. This man was teaching his dog to become an attack dog. Sometimes you have to treat them rough during the training period, or maybe it was a bitch on the rag -- anyway, the dog picked up a gun from a chair and came over and dropped it in front of his "master." The gun went off and shot the dude. Ya gotta protect yourself when you're fuckin' around with a smart dog -- especially if you're married to one.

A new law in Oregon has a lot of women losing interest in their jobs. The new law forbids chick prison guards to skin search male prisoners or observe (or even sneak peeks) at the men while they shower or sit on the can.

Here's a new wrinkle on transportation of drugs. This big dude with rolls of fat around his belly stashed 1,000 LSD pills and made a visit to a friend in prison. He put them deep between two rolls of fat and wasn't caught until later, when some prisoners either took too many or some were dropped sneakily into their coffee and they freaked out over the unexpected trip.

Did you read about the dude who spotted a guy he hated making a phone call from a street phone? So what? Well, he drove his car right up against the telephone booth doors and trapped the caller inside as long as he felt he could get away with it. Everyone knows how stuffy and hot those booths can get on a hot day. But why didn't the dude inside call for help? He had the phone. Slow thinker, I guess.

This is right out of a 1930s gangster movie a la Cagney, Bogart, Robinson, etc. A Miami man gut-shot another dude, but the victim didn't croak, so the same guy (allegedly) snuck up four floors of a hospital a week later and shot him in the head as he slept. No one saw the assailant. Sounds like the guy that got snuffed didn't pay off on time, or ripped off the wrong people.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Don't smuggle any dope in or out of Liberia, because you will immediately be lashed 25 times -- and that's before they even prosecute you, which they will do and still give you a harsh sentence, or let the lasher have at you again.

Cops are trained to spot criminal-lookin' types, right? (That's why they arrest each other so often.) Here's the latest: Some sheriff at an airport arrested a dude who was impersonating a navy officer. Yep, he was a fake. But he was actually an undercover cop watching out for evil doings at the airport. He was very insulted to be mistaken and treated like an ordinary garden variety criminal.

After a five-week study, a research institute has discovered that if you pig out on a box of chocolates or any candy (that is, gobbling them one right after another), you will damage your teeth less than if you piece-meal the stuff over a long period. So if you're not worried about zits or your gut gettin' bigger, have a whole box of goodies at a time. You may get outta shape, but your teeth will be better off.

Oh, those straight-arrow bureaucrats: The Arizona Drug Control District wanted to qualify its getting \$3.4 million from the state and \$1.6 million from the feds. So they faked a list of known associates of major drug traffickers. The list even included ministers' and children's names. Allegedly, hundreds of innocent people are in their data bank.

Some prison facts: Prisoners sentenced for robbery in South Carolina serve more time behind bars than prisoners sentenced for willful homicide in Arkansas, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, and South Dakota.

In West Virginia, prisoners sentenced for auto theft stay in prison for an average of 41 months -- nearly three times the average for prisoners convicted of forcible rape in that state.

Southern states keep inmates in prison longer than other states, and people convicted of crimes against people spend more time behind bars than those convicted of property crimes.

Finally, convicts of negligent manslaughter in the stricter jurisdictions (Utah, Puerto Rico, and D.C.) served more than ten times as long as those in the most lenient: Missouri, Alaska, and Nevada, which ranged from eight months to fifteen months.

WORDMONGER

A Lightweight

□ I ate my first pussy the other day, an' it wasn't all that good. She started to hump her box in my face, but before I knew it, I had been lickin' on her asshole for five minutes. I almost puked in her bush! Hey, if bein' a "biker" means doin' that, you can forget it!

Johnny
Provo, Utah

■ She dug it, man — and what's a little browneye between friends? You musta gone down on a dirtbag. (We've all had those types to live down after we've sobered up.)

Claybrook Crusade

□ As a contributor to the "Claybrook Crusade," I feel I have a right to voice my opinion. The original idea was for a national biker commercial. Now that Claybrook is unemployed, what's the money to be used for?

Pat Gonseth
Sioux Falls, S.D.

■ We've asked for suggestions regarding the commercial. The bread is in a trust account, so we'll even refund the money of anyone who gets the heebie-jeebies about it.

Invite To North Carolina

□ Sittin' here reading a back issue of your rag and noticed someone asking about western North Carolina, mountain land. Here it is.

We have about 150 square miles of 200-proof "Moonshine," 300-proof home-grown, and 400-proof women. Fuck a brain bucket! We have roads where you can jam naked for two days and won't see shit but nature. There are about 100 Harley riders who are the best anywhere as long as you come in

peace, and they're the baddest bastards that shit in holes if you don't. You'll be hearing more from us from now on. It's taken us about five years to get our shit right. But, bros, we're ready now.

Any bro anywhere, come and see our mountains. This is an open invite. Come in peace and enjoy. Try it and you'll like it.

Crazy Richard
Asheville, N.C.

■ Yeah, but those southern cops are meanass and the laws are unreal.

Throat Clap?

□ A warning to all you bros out there: I'm a downed bro in Panama, doing time for Uncle Sam. If you ever get a chance to come down to Panama, never eat any pussy, because the odds are about 50 to 1 that you're going to catch something you don't want. Believe me, it hurts when you catch clap of the throat.

Joe Anstee
Ft. Clayton, Panama

A Rush

□ I ain't no hardcore biker. In fact, I'm not even a biker. I just dig the stories and other articles in your mag. You always talk about the freedom of riding in the wind, so I got on a bike with someone I knew, and shit, talk about a rush! Fuckin' A! You people aren't kidding about the freedom.

Julie L.
Ft. Knox, Ky.

Piss Stop

□ I was goin' through the April issue again tonight, this time readin' the articles as well as eyeballin' the scooters and mamas. Well, wouldn't ya know I didn't get far into the rag before I found

a fuckup. The feature I'm referring to is "Doin' It The Hard Way" (pgs. 22-27). The first words in the article state that "There's not one stationary, posed shot — every photo was taken while the bear ridin' the bike zigged and zagged. . ." On page 24, lower right-hand corner, is an obviously stationary, posed shot. I'm not complainin', mind you, I just want ya to know that we ain't all so fucked up that we can't spot such an obviously purposeful "blooper" in yer rag. Tell the truth, ya *did* do it on purpose, didn't ya?

G. Almonrode
Pikeville, Tenn.

■ The idea was to do an all-action-shot feature, something different. Our bleary-eyed staffer fucked up and missed that shot — he had stopped to take a leak.

Whatafuck Day

□ As I was looking over my 1980 *Easyriders* calendar at the maintenance schedule, I noticed September 23 was Whatafuck Day. So I was wondering whatafuck is Whatafuck Day?

Dangerous Dave
Jacksonville, Fla.

■ It'll be explained to you later, when you get closer to the date.

Some Advice

□ I'd hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me.

Bunkey
Staten Island, N.Y.

■ You too?

Snivel, Snivel

□ Your coverage on the Taycheedah Prison run was

fucked! We were told that we would have three color pages, a black and a white page, and a story on the run. You had only two color photos on three color pages. If this is a bike rag for bikers, why was this article cut so short when a cowboy rodeo was given six fucking pages? You didn't even print the winners of the bike show.

The Alliance of Women Bikers put this run on for the downed sisters.

D. Wirts
Cross Plains, Wis.

■ Whoever promised that anything specific would go in the magazine was wrong in doing so. What gets in or stays out is the quality of the work, and that can be determined only *after* it is approved by us. Quit snivelin' — it was a great spread and we treated ya right. If you wanted more space, well, tough shit. We give space to as many subjects as we can, and that means some things get squeezed. The ones that usually get squeezed first are those with photos lacking sufficient quality.

Another Goof?

□ Well, you guys fucked up again. Can't even pull off an April Fool joke right. If your April issue was supposed to read from back to front, then how come pages 25 and 26 read from front to back?

Brandi
Crestwood, Ky.

■ 'Cause we can't read, and we like to look at the pictures first.

Weak Bladder?

□ I just wanted to share a really far-out pleasure with all your kinky readers out there. Have you ever heard of a spittin' pussy? I was eatin'

my ol' lady one time, really teasing her clit, and when she finally came, it spit out about 5 inches into my mouth. I couldn't believe it, but since then, I've enjoyed the same pleasure every time I eat her. I told some of my friends about it, and every time they think of it, they roll on the floor with laughter. Try it with your lady.

Sleazy Steve
Napa, Calif.

■ Spider says the hip call it a golden shower.

Prison Rodeo

□ While I'm stuck here in Nowhere, Colo., I'd like to thank Billy Tinney and whoever else helped on the prison rodeo story. I'm Texas born and try never to miss one because it gives me the chance to lay an eyeball on some of my friends. It's about time those guys got some recognition.

Cheryl
Sedgwick, Colo.

Biker Album

□ Just thought I'd write and tell you that on Status Quo's album *Just Supposin'* there's a track called "The Wild Ones" that does a good job of describing the way you live and the way people think of you. It's a good sound from a good group about good people (namely bikers) and the way they live.

Aussie
Hertfordshire, Eng.

Advertisers Instruct People

□ What the hell is wrong with you people? Hurting for bucks or what? I mean shit, I like to see what's new at H-D as much as anyone else, but does every H-D advertisement have to tell us to "ride with lights and helmet"? All the work people are doin' to get lid laws dropped from the books and you fuckheads have four ads in the April issue pushin' 'em.

Jim Kelly
Deer Lodge, Mont.

■ If you'll notice, we have removed those words from other H-D ads. We couldn't remove them from the ads

where it would have left a white spot. We're the same as we've always been: we do need ads to support paper, printing, and labor increases, but we won't be a whore for anyone.

Changed Mind

□ My husband has been buying your mag for the last three years, and I've been bitchin' at him for it. But today he bought the March issue and showed me your tribute to John Lennon, so I just want to say that anyone who shows that much respect for such a great man ain't all that bad.

Thanks, *Easriders*, for showing me all is not wrong with you, but mostly good, if people would just take time to look.

G.H.
Meriden, Conn.

■ Hear that, some of you 7-11 stores that don't carry our rag?

Foot Sniffer

□ Bros, here's something that might amuse ya. Get a bunch of bros together (in some cases, one will do) and go to one of those oriental restaurants where ya take off your shoes — best time Saturday evening about 6:00. After ya chuck yer engineer boots (if they still come off), make sure ya wiggle yer toes a lot to get the full benefit of the stench.

I'm tellin' ya, some of the surprised and offended looks ya get are worth the fuckin' price of the fishheads and rice. Shit, we even liked it better than takin' a fart squad to the movies.

Hayseed
Merritt Island, Fla.

Tech Tip

□ A bird in the hand is better than one in the face at 90 miles per hour.

Buzz
Germany

Playing It Safe

□ Shit! If Tennessee has a cop who wants the death penalty for pot dealers and a cat gets four years for a lude in Georgia, I'm going to have

to charter me a plane to get back to Detroit (from Miami) instead of drivin', because they'd hang me from the nearest tree if they got hold of me and the shit I'm carrying.

Shagnasty
Detroit, Mich.

■ Remember, those airport narc dogs have vacuum-cleaner noses.

Mind Blower?

□ Ya know what blows my mind? You fuckers seem to patronize those yo-yos in the slammer. Who do ya think did the shit to get 'em in there in the first place?

If they'd kept their act straight in the first place, they'd be in the wind instead of sittin' behind bars crybabying.

Goose
Milwaukee, Ore.

■ It's easy for anyone to fuck up at least once in his life. And we cater to Harley lovers — whoever they are. We draw no lines on acceptability — as AMF does.

Wants To See Cocks

□ I wish you'd start putting some penis, cock, dick, or wang in your magazine because we women are horny, single, and love it. We love your magazine, but it doesn't have any peter shots. Do this favor for us because we love ol' men's bodies the way ol' men love ol' ladies' bodies.

E.C.T.
Merced, Calif.

■ The only way you're gonna see some righteous cranks is to come by the office. Any one of us will flop out our meat for ya to fondle.

A Threat

□ To all you worthless cunt-licking bikers: You bastards are nothing but fucking low-lives, and I will never share my pussy or my mouth with any of you fucking cunt-lickers again!

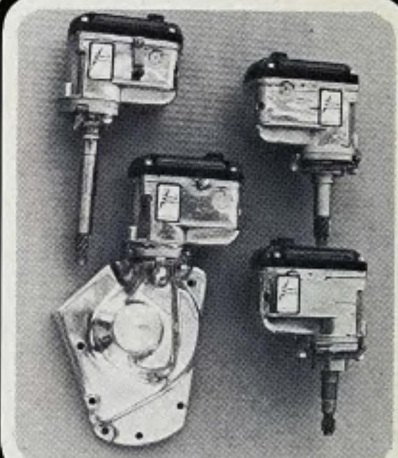
To hell with all of you!
C.M. Mayse
Hart, Mich.

■ Gosh.

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Hobo Signs

☐ I very much enjoyed your article on the code system of Depression and post-war vagabonds. As a kid growing up during the WWII years, I, like many other kids and grownups, was fascinated with the steam locomotives. One of our pastimes, particularly after the war, was to count the 'boes riding the rods, as we called it. I was impressed by their style of freedom and sought to understand more about their way of life. I remember well their markings and that they always knew where to get a handout and what to stay away from, but I never learned to decode their signs. Even when I traveled a little later on in some of their company, these codes were not disclosed to me, as I was not a dedicated 'bo. It was their livelihood, and in the wrong hands it could cause them misery and even death.

Although many years have come and gone since I was associated with 'boes, from time to time I see something on a passing train that might resemble one of their signs. But not until your article appeared in *Easyriders* did I know how to read these signs.

The Catfish
Bay City, Tex.

Ms. Magazine

☐ Need a laugh? Check out page 99 of the Jan. '80 *Ms.* magazine. Congratulations on your recognition. It's about time those bitches who wish they could stand to piss have a class picture in their rag.

M.J.
Babylon, N.Y.

■ That's not the first one they've printed from our rag.

A Suggestion

☐ For a bunch of easy riders who like an easy ride and some rough ones too, there sure are a lot of wasted words in letters and articles in your pulp that could be converted easier than a rebuild job on a bike. Words like fuck, shit, dicks, ass-chasin' counted up and converted into some

readable action on paper to your state legislators, your congressmen and senators, would do wonders for the bikers' position. Take it from a grass-rooter — those letters do count, but they are not instant action from the gang in the capitol. They have to have image and face-to-face over-the-desk or lunch-table helps. Make appointments, don't just walk in on the guy. Have facts.

When you write, address your legislator formally, such as The Honorable (name). Use the formal greeting in the beginning of the letter and a formal ending such as "Most respectfully yours, . . ."

You know your beefs on the state and national level. If you are a lousy writer, send magazine and newspaper articles, and then say that you agree or disagree with the article and why, in a few words. Do not call names or threaten. Don't send a letter you will have to say you were hasty in mailing. It's better to let that letter lie around a day or two, reread it, make changes, and send a cool-sounding missive. You're more likely to get eventual action.

Elizabeth S. Lever
Columbia, S.C.

No, Thanks

☐ I'm sure glad I'm not a girl, 'cause I'd have to suck dicks and ride on the back of motorcycles. No, thanks.

John Boy
Bowie, Md.

Defends Cockfighting

☐ I just read Gerard Hahn's letter to "Wordmonger" and I'd like to say I don't think he knows what he's talking about.

I used to think that cockfighting was cruel until we started raising them. It's bred into them. You have to keep your cocks on ties or they'll kill each other out of pure enjoyment. You might think it's cruel until you see how they long to fight.

That's like telling Sugar Ray he can't box anymore because it's cruel to humans.

A Greek writer in 320 B.C. wrote a verse in which he said

that people could learn four things from roosters: fight, get up early, eat with your family, and protect your spouse when she's in trouble. So, Gerard, go back to petting your kitty.

T.J. Ebenstein
Denton, Tex.

Also Seen The Light

☐ Just a few lines to Terry Robinson, who wrote the "Seen The Light" letter in your December '80 issue: I'm a saved and riding Christian myself, but I don't believe you can go around telling other bros how to live their lives.

I read the Bible and *Easyriders* 'cause there's good and bad about almost everything in this life, so you've got to learn to use the good of one thing to get around the bad of another. Right? But keep praising God, 'cause He's what brotherhood is all about.

Tony Harding
Des Moines, Iowa

Tailgating

☐ You're always writing about how dangerous cages are for the motorcyclist. I'm a driver of a cage, but bikes have been in my heart ever since I can remember. I've been very much aware of the motorcycle on the road. More times than I care to remember some asshole on a bike comes barreling up on my ass and stays there. I find myself thinking that if I have to slam on my brakes, that idiot will be my passenger. If y'all will print this and one of those assholes takes it to heart, I'll sleep better. So will others. Keep up the good work supporting safety on the road.

Billie Jo Snyder
Alamogordo, N.M.

■ Assholes like that don't read this mag.

Ol' Ladies In Rag

☐ Some of these ol' ladies you plaster on the pages of your rag really have some bone-poppin' meat on 'em. Thanks for the erection.

Ridin' Wonder
St. Petersburg, Fla.

NASTY FEET

From

EASYRIDERS

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Style	Size	Width	Easyriders Logo* Yes ☐ No ☐
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Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks
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B*	\$79.00	\$ 89.00
C*	\$89.00	\$ 99.00
D*	\$89.00	\$ 99.00
E	\$99.00	\$109.00
F	\$99.00	\$109.00
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MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$8.95 Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



Send money order or check for \$8.95 per pair to:

Good Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

California residents add 6%
Sorry no C.O.D.'s. All foreign orders add \$1.00

Backward Issue

□ What the fuck happened to the April issue of *Easyriders*? It took me three days to sober up to read it.

Gramps
Van Buren, Ind.

□ After I got stoned, I opened up the rag and there it was — not page 1 but 126! I said what the fuck! Them fuckers caught a good buzz and fucked up royally. After I read the fuckin' thing through, I found out I was going the wrong way. I loved the rag — but stop fuckin' with my head.

Rick Foster
Des Moines, Iowa

□ I just want to order a six-pack or pound of whatever you fuckers are doing so I can get as fucked up as you.

The Shooter of Omaha
Omaha, Neb.

□ It was that time of the month again. I opened the mailbox and there was my latest issue of *Easyriders*. A quick dip in the stash and one more joint up in smoke. I was ready to dig in. After reading the whole mag, just as always, I came across some shit from Spider in the back. Hell, he don't need to tell me how to read *Easyriders*. I've been doing it for over six years.

Mike
Flat River, Mo.

■ It sorta kept everyone on their toes.

More Tech Tips

□ I spend most of my winter downtime wrenchin' my scooter, and I look forward to your tech tips (what few there are). I can find as much info on the mechanics of H-Ds in a rice rag as I can in *Easyriders*. How about layin' a few extra pages of tech tips on us bros who put wrenchin' up there with pussy and partyin'?

Tucson
Newburyport, Mass.

□ I've been reading your rag these past couple of months after a couple of years. I'm really surprised. Nothing but

tits, ass (finest things invented), and bikers. How about a little more tech?

Bo
Baltimore, Md.

■ We're putting all our tech tips for the past ten years into a small book for anyone who wants one.

New York Caged Bros

□ My ol' lady is trying to form a prisoners' family union in New York state so we can have some voting power and try to get some things changed in these joints, such as good time — real good time, not C.R. Anyone in the streets can help by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Donna Foster, Box 14, DeFeriet, New York 13628, and she will send a letter telling what she's trying to do.

Ted Foster
Comstock, N.Y.

Where're The Boozefighters?

□ Maybe you fuckers can answer a question that has been buggin' the shit out of me for quite a long time.

What ever happened to Reno, Tiny, Little, and all the other members of the Boozefighters MC? It's been many moons since the likes of them have graced the pages of your humble rag.

Scotty
Spicer, Minn.

■ The writer is in lockdown.

Banned In County

□ I'm fuckin' pissed! I went to pick up my monthly copy of *Easyriders* as I do every month. Bros, did I ever get a fuckin' surprise! I was told that some asshole was cleanin' up Elk County in Pennsylvania. So they passed a law

that your mag and all the skin flicks of bitches, as in *Playboy* and all the rest of them, had to be off the racks by December 16, 1980.

What I want to know is what the hell you are going to do about it. The hell with the skin flicks — I want your mag back on the racks.

Bill Dillard
St. Marys, Pa.

■ Someone in your town is responsible for it; go after him. For the mild shots we have, we certainly couldn't be classified as a skin mag.

Harley Mechanic

□ This is just to say thanks to Bill Bain, owner of Bill's Cycle Salvage. Without his shop in Jacksonville, N.C., a lot of bros at Camp Lejeune would have a hell of a time finding a Harley mechanic within miles of the base.

Lane
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

A Lie

□ I was told by Willy (a bro) that ya gotta know someone on the *Easyriders* staff before they even read your letter.

Rick the Patrick
Nova Scotia, Canada

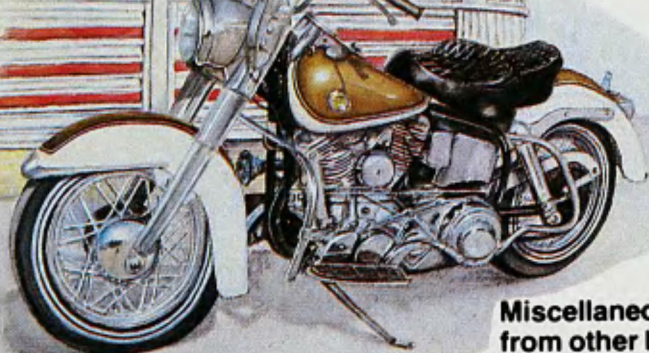
■ All letters are read. Some are read by more than one person on the staff — but every single one of them is read by me.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■



"You stupid bitch, I said to pack an extra master link, not the kitchen sink."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Increased Awareness...

There is an increased awareness of motorcycles by government and the public. Motorcycle safety and licensing are finally being given some real thought. Perhaps the best indicator that a new motorcycle age is dawning comes from the car magazines. *Hot Rod*, *Motor Trend*, *Car Craft* and *Car & Driver* have all begun to run tests of motorcycles. Instead of devoting the space to the subject — cars — that the magazine buyer presumably thought he was going to read about. The automobile magazines obviously think that motorcycles are becoming more important and interesting. Motorcycles are still fun to ride, and now they're more practical than ever.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

Don't Ask Us — Ask A German Friend...

Ein Spinner ist Michael J. Cooper eigentlich schon immer gewesen, lange bevor er in Hollywood begann. Kunst zu studieren. Ernst mit dem Unsinn wurde es aber erst, als er mit den Freaks Martha Rising, Paul LaFalle und Mike Wilk auf der Uni zusammentraf. Seine drei Art-Kollegen haben nämlich ein Faible für Holz. Und zwar für Holz in seiner natürlichsten Form: für Baume. Mike schloß sich ihrem holzernen Hang bedingungslos an.

Das Ergebnis dieser privaten Spinnerel waren 22 verarbeitete Hickory-Baume. Was sie aus dem halben Wald machten, ist auf diesen Seiten zu betrachten.

Das zwischen den Rad-

naben mehr als 2,60 Meter messende Holzkrad — ein Phantasie-Motorrad mit Turbo-Aufladung — sollte ursprünglich Mikes abschließende Semesterarbeit sein. Es dauerte dann allerdings etwas länger, bis es fertig war. Nach gut acht Monaten mit 16 Stunden Arbeit pro Tag stand das Holzmotorrad. Der Erbauer allerdings war auch fertig. Die Kräfte reichten gerade noch, das Gefährt dem amerikanischen *Easysiders* Magazin zu zeigen.

—German motorcycle mag
Motorrad

Why Don't All Have A Safety Standard? Have You Seen \$9.95 Helmets? What Good Are They, And What Good Is Any Helmet Not Meeting Minimum Quality Safety Standard?

It was a racing accident that led to the creation of the first helmet-performance standards for vehicular users. In 1957, the Snell Memorial Foundation was formed in memory of William "Pete" Snell, whose death in a motor racing accident was caused by massive head injuries suffered after his helmet failed. The Snell organization began as a memorial fund, and it still receives a substantial percentage of its operating revenue from donations and private sources. Government grants also make up a large portion of the Snell funding. Although the Foundation charges fees for the use of Snell stickers and the all-important seal-of-approval, the total sum from this source is financially insignificant to the Foun-

dation. The Foundation's by-laws prohibit accepting donations from helmet companies to avoid conflicts of interest.

The Foundation's broad objectives were aimed at promoting "the safety, well-being, and comfort of persons engaged in any type of vehicular transportation" by "delineating criteria for measuring helmet safety, research into mechanisms of injury and levels of tolerance of the human brain, and the development of better methods for protection against potential injury and/or death."

—Cycle

Sound Familiar?

Once, we thought that magazines should be filled with material that was interesting or amusing to the readers.

Now, we're not so sure.

The latest of the 93 motorcycle rags in Britain has a different plan. What bikers want, The New One seemed to suggest, was lots and lots of pictures of the editor. And a few of the staff. But mainly the editor.

At first, we refused to comply. Not because we're too modest (far from it); nor because we didn't have the photographs.

We'd rather fill the spaces with other stuff. Stories, pictures; you know...

I mean, 40-odd pages sounds a lot, and gives plenty to read. But it starts to seem less when you have more than enough good material to fill them.

We don't like even giving space to the ads.

—England's
Super Bike

The INTERSTATE

New Nasty Feet

Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa



No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Callistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrile sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$85.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, CA 91503

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name _____

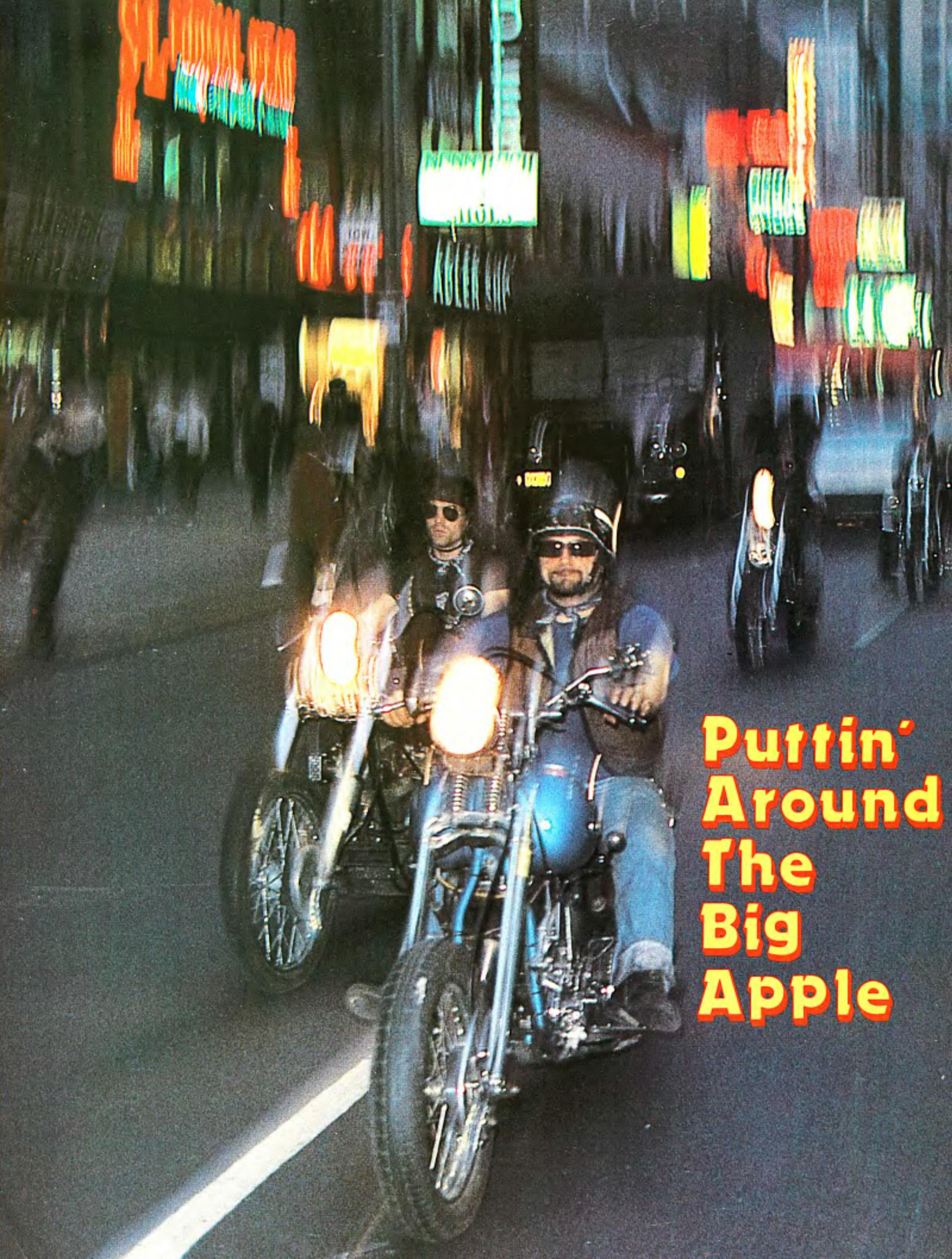
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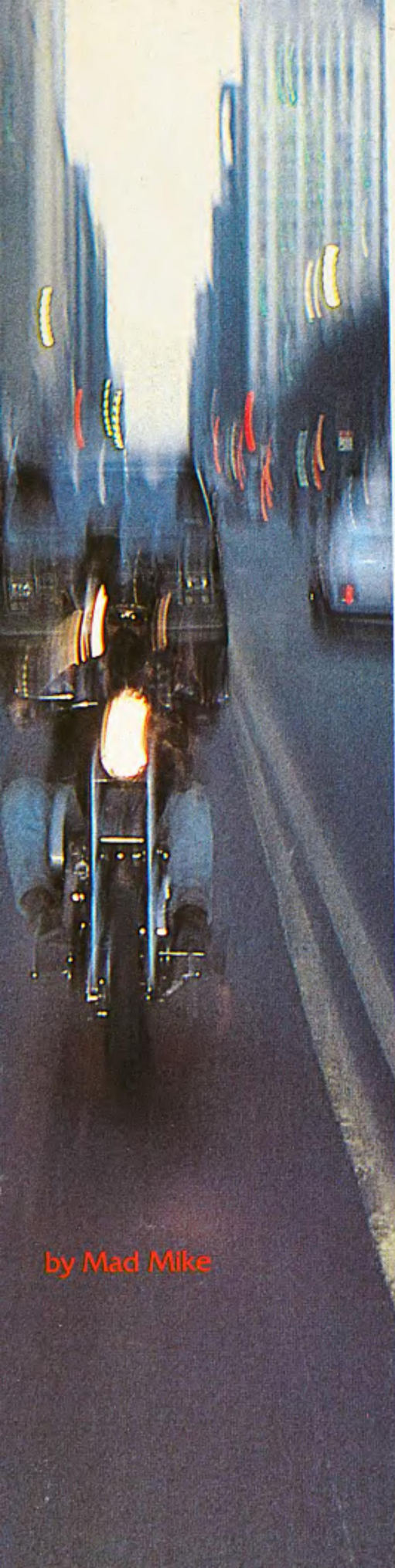
Enclose \$85.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add \$7.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Inquire for shipping costs.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

A photograph of two motorcyclists riding down a city street at night. The lead rider is on a blue motorcycle with dual headlights, wearing a leather vest, jeans, and a helmet. The second rider is on a dark motorcycle, also with dual headlights, wearing a leather vest and sunglasses. The background is filled with blurred city lights and buildings, creating a sense of motion. The text "Puttin' Around The Big Apple" is overlaid in the bottom right corner.

**Puttin'
Around
The
Big
Apple**



Can any of you who have all those wide, smooth-ridin' roads imagine what it would be like to cruise right through the middle of a war zone? Where if you're too fucked-up you can fall into a pothole that's more like a trench? The way everyone's racin' in all directions, you'd think you were in a demolition derby. When I asked Juice what he thought of puttin' in beautiful downtown New York City, he just took out his teeth and garbled, "That's what."

I went for a cruise with some New York City bikers to see what the city was all about. After ridin' through lots of cities, I can now say New York's a city's city. Everything's to the max.

We picked a Sunday 'cause we thought we'd be able to move faster with less traffic, hittin' more sights for all of ya to see — but not so; the place never shuts down. Seven days a week, 24

hours a day, it's always open and there are plenty of people out.

I met an ol' buddy of mine first. Vanoid built his scooter at my place out in Colorado a little over a year ago. Then somethin' hit him and he flipped out; next thing I know he's in New York livin' six stories high. Out west, it would take a lot of weed to get ya up there, but ol' Vanoid's got a freight elevator big enough for his shovelhead; takes the two of 'em (and usually a third) straight into his loft. Sleeps with it right at the foot of his bed so that, no matter how busy he gets, he knows it's still there. Out on the street, while he's kickin' her over, a tour bus pulls up: "And on our left, ladies and gentlemen, we have a typical New York City biker out to enjoy a warm, sunny day. We'll stop here real quick so you can get a closer look and some pictures. Please remember, don't go too close!"

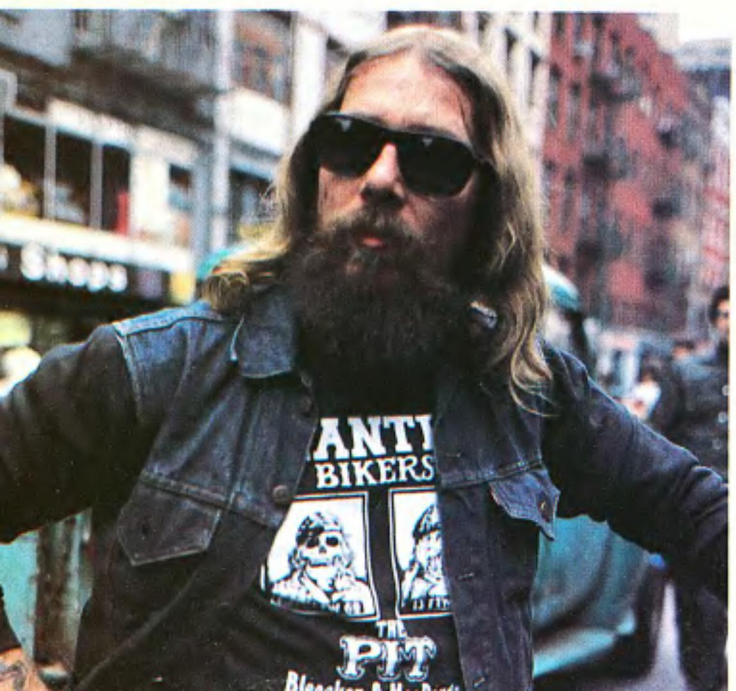
We waited for the other guys

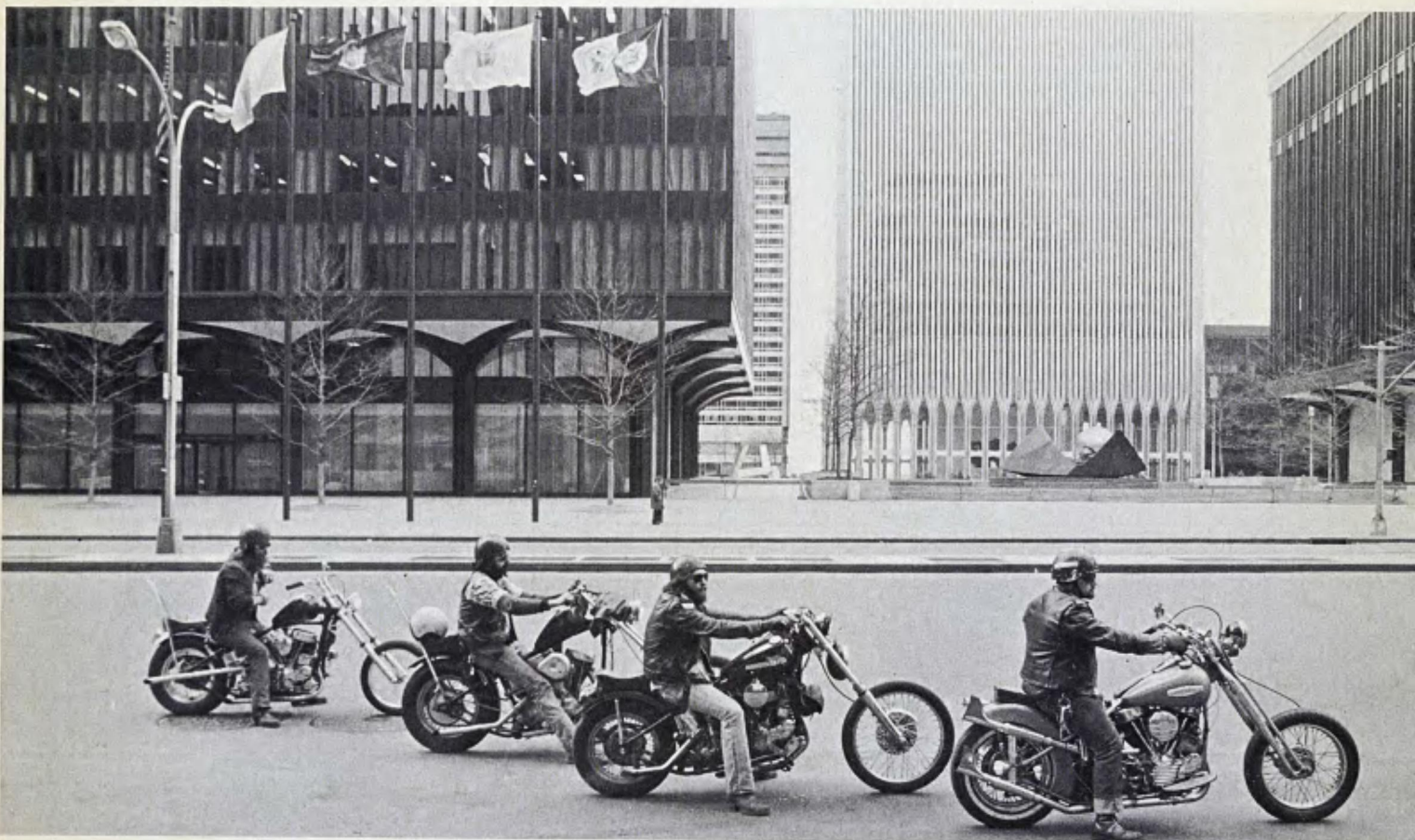


by Mad Mike



Photos by Michael Lichter





down at the Pit. With all those buildings you can't see too far, but they sure do magnify sound; we heard some thunder rollin' in overhead but it was another five before the others pulled up front. There were grand intentions of a star-studded tour of the city for all of ya, but after a few frosties — well, you know. . . We scrapped all the bridges 'cause no one felt like takin' an icy dip by skatin' across the metal gratings they got on every damn one of 'em. Even the highway around this island city didn't work out. Who needs a friggin' highway like that when it's harder on you and yer scooter than crossin' the Divide on a hardtail? It was so bad, parts had been closed for years. So down we went to the streets.

Now that's a trip. Good thing we

had only six bikes (four by the time we got back). Seems like you're constantly stoppin' for one thing or another. Lights, traffic, crowds and crazies, and then we'd have to stop 'cause we'd be overheatin', hungry, or just have to wet the ol' whistle. Out of curiosity we pulled up to some of the supposedly classier hotels. No class at all: the doormen kept callin' the cops on us, 'cept at the new Harley Hotel. They musta figured we were all-right dudes.

Forty-second Street wasn't too hospitable, either. We pulled up near some triple-XXX entertainment, and a lady barker started usin' us to drum up more business. All she got was a crowd of deadbeats to hassle and heckle us, not comin' too close but makin' it a drag to stick around. After the

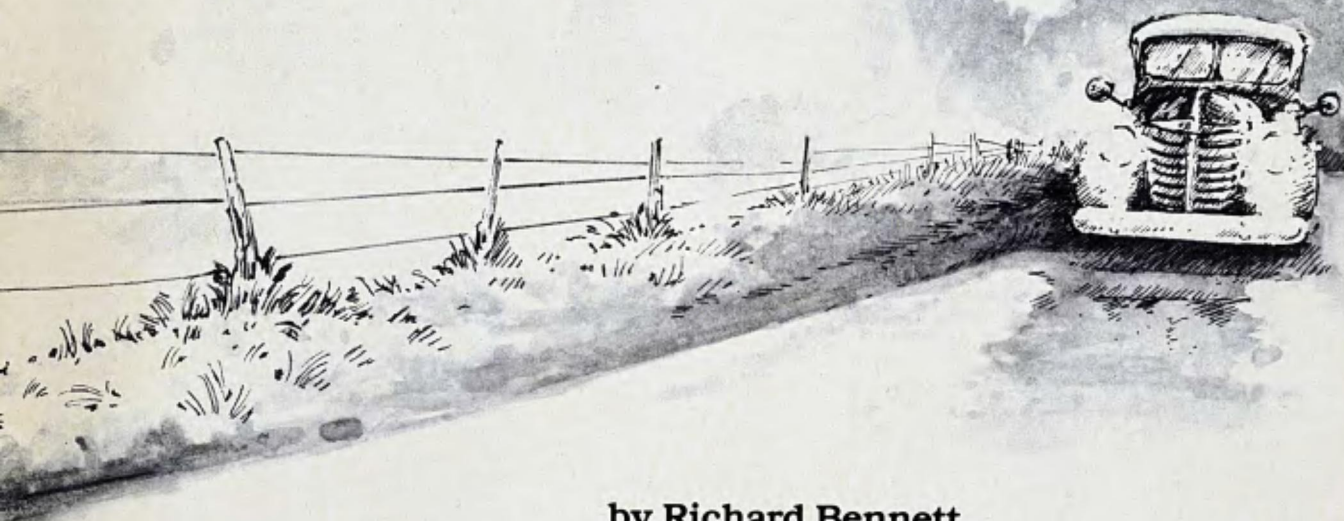
bikes cooled, we cruised to the Village for some pizza and brew. They sure got some strange ones down there; bizarre outfits skate right by ya, but at least they got a healthier attitude than the ones uptown. The ladies seemed to be pretty friendly, too; a couple of 'em even asked to ride for a while.

It had been dark for a while already when everyone seemed more than ready to head back to the Pit. By the time we got to relaxin' back in the store, it was a different group. You win some, you lose some.

I don't think I have to come right out and say what I think of bikin' in the Big Apple. No matter what, though, they got some good folks back there, like the New York ABATE people, who party hearty and treat ya right. It was a blast. ■



COLD COMFORT



by Richard Bennett

There was no slow loss of air to warn Gypsy that the front tire of his Harley was about to go flat. One minute he was laid back, feeling the 70mph breeze and minding his own business; the next he was fighting for control — trying his damndest to keep the bike from careening into the ditch on the right side of the road. Backing off the throttle and carefully applying the rear brake, he managed to slow the machine, but not before the violently shimmying front wheel had forced him into the shallow roadside ditch. Luckily, though, he did keep the bike from going over on its side.

Even though he used the bike's engine to do most of the work, he still had plenty of trouble walking the heavy machine out of the ditch and back to the side of the road. A ruptured valve stem on the brand-new tube in the brand-new front tire explained why it had gone down so fast and without warning. Cursing out loud, Gypsy went to work removing the front wheel and smashed his left thumb in the process. The more he looked at the mangled member, the more he realized that he was going to lose the

thumbnail. Cursing again, he stuck the thumb in his mouth and sucked the blood away.

With the front wheel removed, he took time to look around. The early spring day felt uncommonly hot as he peered up and down the empty, heat-shimmering stretch of Nebraska two-lane. The highway ran east and west, and on both sides of the road for as far as he could see, there was nothing but fenced grassland. Not even a grazing cow to break the monotony of the never-ending sea of grass. He knew that he would be unable to repair the valve stem with the small patch kit he carried, and he wished he had had the foresight to keep a spare tube on hand; but who would have thought that a brand-new tube would suddenly go flat?

Well, the damn thing had, and now there was nothing he could do but sit there and wait, hoping that some benevolent citizen would come down the road and give him a ride to where he could get the tube fixed or, more likely, buy a new one.

A rumbling sound drew his attention and he looked to the west. Low, dark storm clouds had formed out of nowhere. Lightning flashed

brilliantly and the smell of rain filled the air. A swirling gust of wind raced down the highway, lifting dust and bits and pieces of paper high into the troubled sky. Then, in the moment just before the first huge drops of rain splattered the road, the air was still and the sky had turned almost pitch-black. Gypsy hurried to get his coat from his duffel bag.

Three miserable hours later, the downpour was still pounding him. The ditch was running full, threatening to overflow the bank and spill across the road. The temperature had dropped fast, and Gypsy sat side-saddle on his bike, shivering, soaking wet and huddling under his coat. The cold rain was falling so hard that visibility was limited to a scant few yards, and he almost didn't see the battered Ford pickup as it loomed out of the storm. He sprang from the bike and began waving his hands frantically in a signal for the truck to stop; and the driver, able to see even less than Gypsy could in the driving rain, almost ran him down.

Swerving, narrowly missing Gypsy, the driver got the truck

Continued on page 98

HIGH COUNTRY RUN

If you're a bro who's a slave to his belly and his dork and who ain't real lucky at landin' in soft spots, then you've probably had a terrible affliction visited upon your ass at one time or another. That unmentionable malady, known in some circles as "having to work for a living," has been a problem of Snapper Bill and I for way too fuckin' long. Sometimes we all just got to party it down to relieve the tension.

And so the Wheels of Man/MC sponsored a weekend up in Prescott, Arizona. Understand I ain't accusin' any of the Wheels of Man of having to work for a living — they're all righteous bros to the core. 'Sides that, they're an ass-kickin' bunch of bikers.

Brothers Few, which is also a righteous MC, let Snapper Bill and I ride up with 'em and they got all the ol' ladies at the bash to pose for tittie pictures. (Snapper Bill really goes for those female mammaries, so you'll have to excuse him if some of the pics are a little out of focus.)

When we started out it was over 100 degrees in the Phoenix desert. That

night it was 50 in the mile-high pines at Prescott. We had our own private security, and the Man stayed away, so lots of that primo California home-grown was passed around. Let me tell ya, there's nothin' like that resin smell mixed with the smell of pines. It messed with Mutha Nature and even had a few squirrels cavortin' about the place all night long.

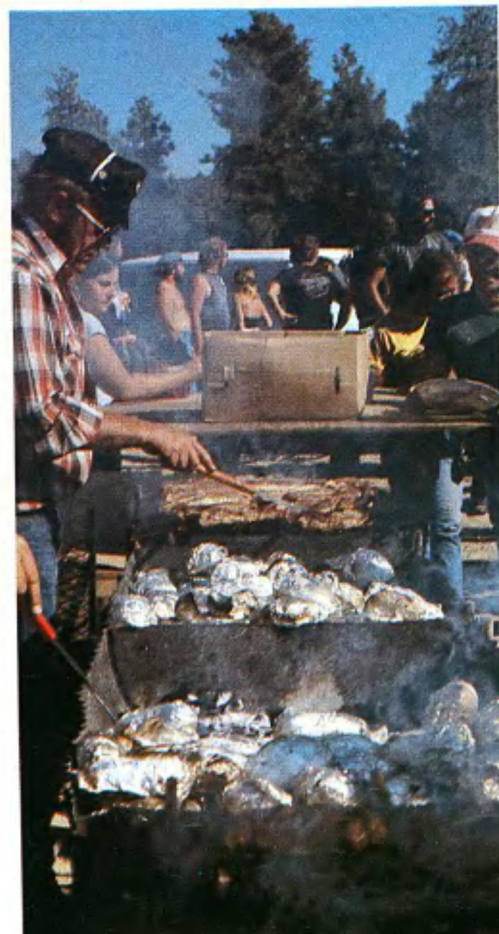
We started with six free kegs of Coors, and there were three more truckful for sale when the free brew ran out. Of course, there was a wet T-shirt contest and a weenie-eatin' event where some of the ol' ladies showed exceptional skill. What they do is spread mustard all over a weenie, then hang it from a string, and you ride under it with your ol' lady on the back of your scooter and she takes a bite. Lots of the bros didn't bring their ol' ladies on account of it cuttin' down on the many opportunities to make new friends.

Quite a few local foxes showed up, so there were enough sack warmers for any of the 900 bikers who wanted one or two. And it was a good thing,

'cause the hot weather in Phoenix meant that lots of the bros rode up shirtless and really needed a honey to keep 'em comfortable at night.

Besides a live band, a steak dinner and doughnuts in the morning — for those who could face 'em — there was bike judging and shit like that. I ain't much on contests, but I do know that some fine-lookin' sleds made it up the big hill. And if Snapper Bill and I still have the same 40-hour-a-week affliction next year, we'll probably make it up the hill again. —Cap'n Booger





Photos by Bill Enzweiler

Wild Indians

1939 In-line 4

Frank Scaletta digs Indians. Visit his Hayward, California, pad and you'll find three of 'em — a 1936 Chief with a 1950 80-incher stuffed into it, a 1933 Chief with a '46 74-inch motor, and, front and center, this ultra-stock 1939 in-line four.

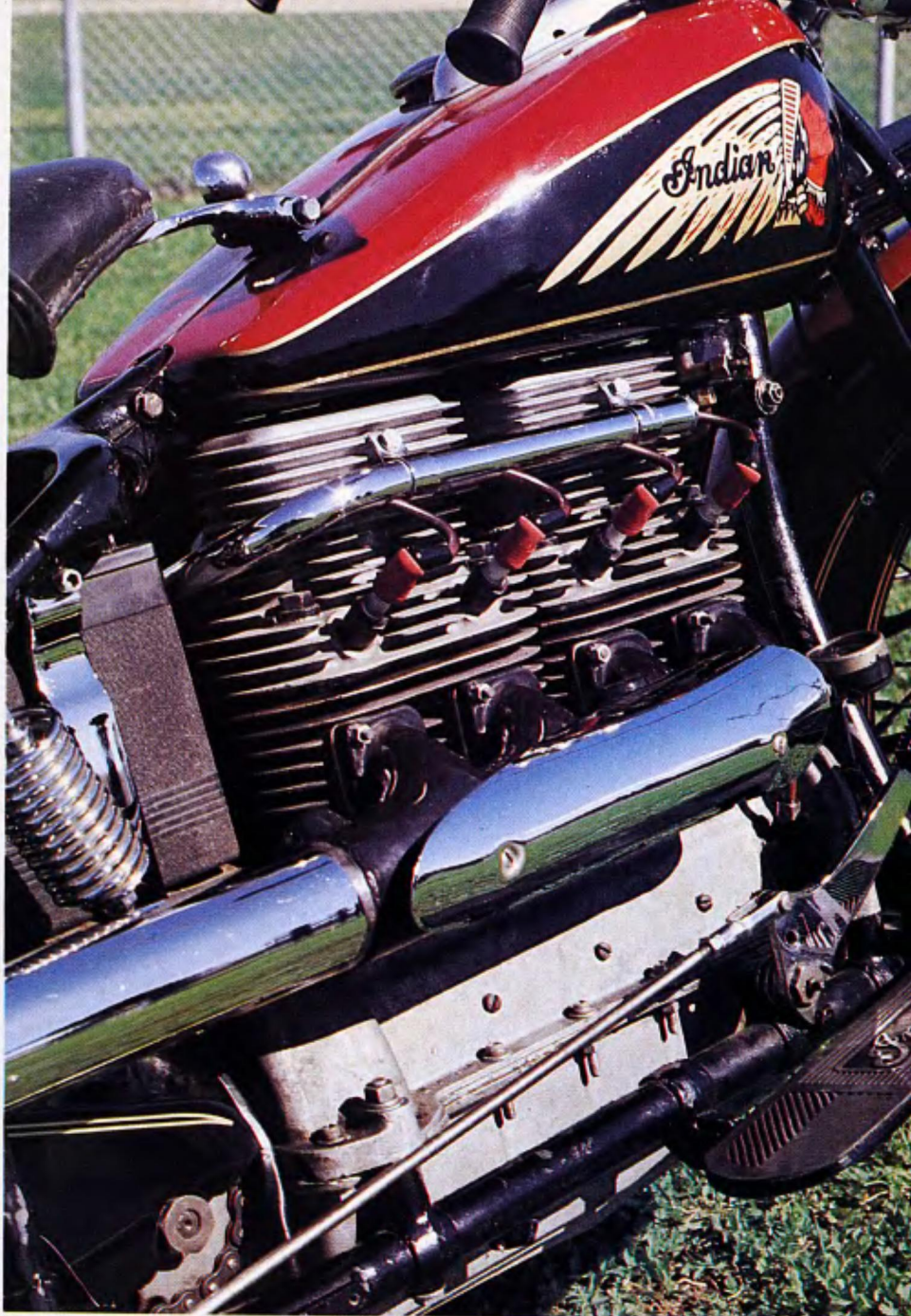
It took three years and six thousand dollars, but Frank's finally got the bike just the way he wants it: completely stock and looking as if it just rolled off the line at Indian's Springfield plant.

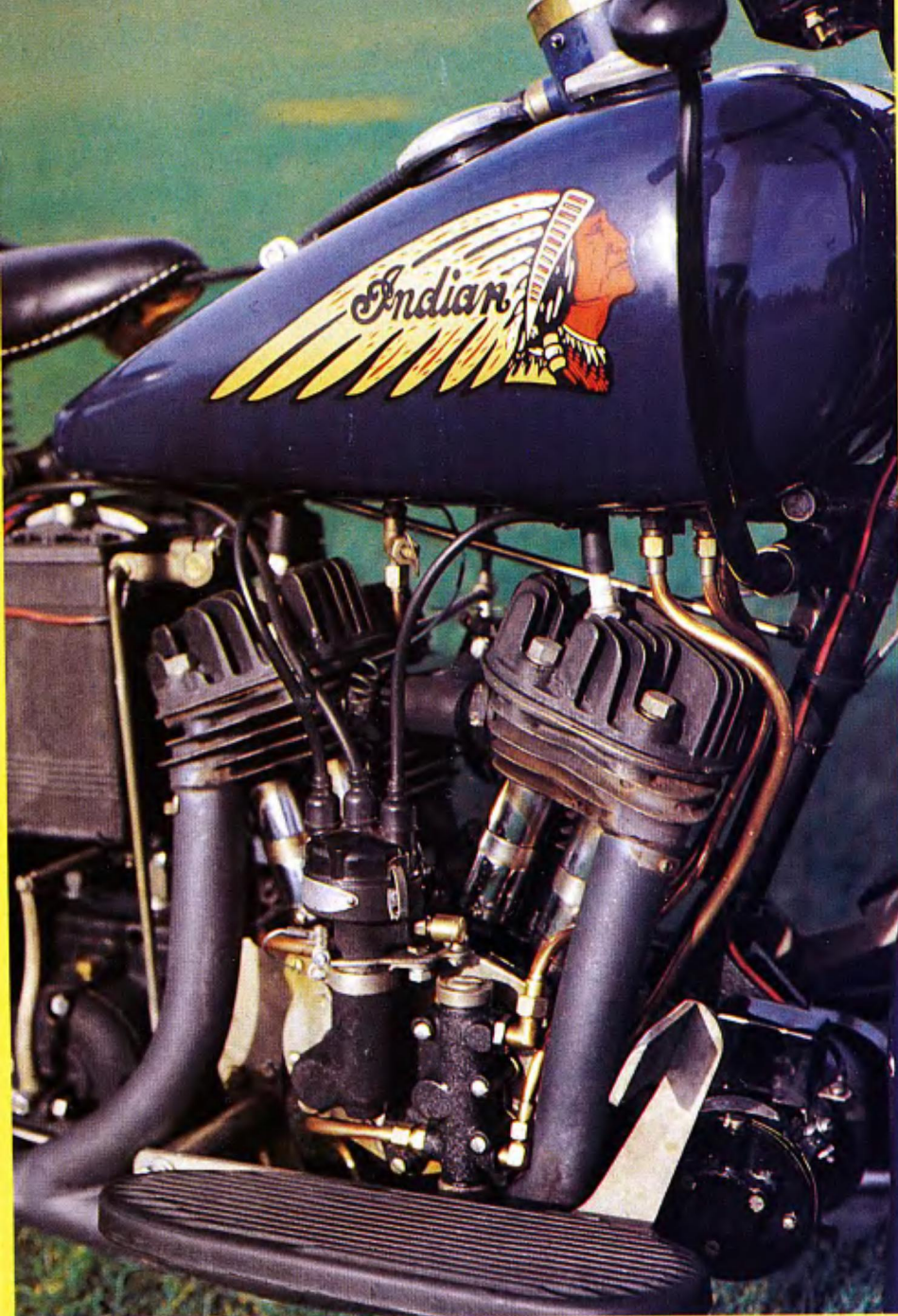
"A few of the parts had to be remanufactured," Frank says, "but the engine was so good I've never even had to tear it down. As far as I know it's still exactly like it came from the factory and has never even been bored out from its original 77.21 cubic inches."

Among the parts that had to be custom built to Indian specs were the chain guard and muffler, provided by Bob Stark, and the kickstand, built by Ken Young. Mark McCann repainted the fenders with original Indian-style pinstripes, and Face Plating did the rechroming.

The Indian Four, featuring aluminum heads, bronze valve seats, steel valve guides, and polished cylinder walls, could have been — and probably was — the inspiration for every Jap four-cylinder, and now six-cylinder, bike on the road. For a

Continued on page 23





1940 Pony Scout

Cheap and reliable, the Pony Scout was Indian's lowest-price model in 1940.

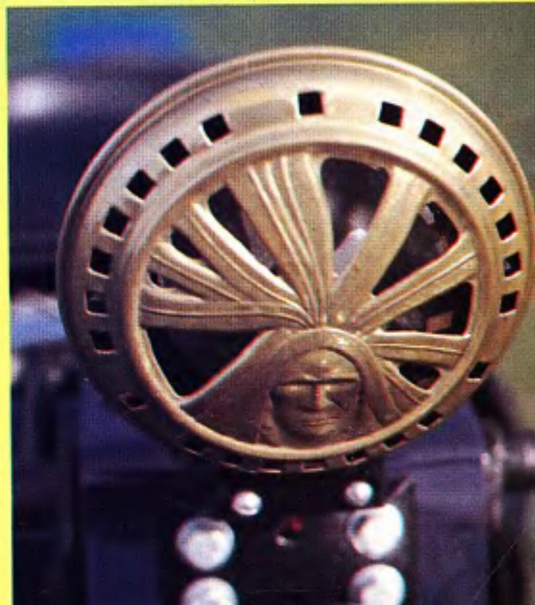
A displacement of 30.50ci per cylinder, and relatively light weight, particularly without the optional fender skirts, kept performance up, and the use of already-obsolete parts — in plentiful supply because of overpurchases in previous years — kept the price down.

The Pony Scout differed from the Sport Scout and Chief mainly in its use of the earlier-type adjustable oil pump, the earlier distributor and housing, and a few other parts such as clincher-style rims and tires.

This seldom-seen — outside of Northern California where you can catch it out cruisin' just about anytime — restoration is the handiwork of Norm Jensen of Fremont. Norm figures the bike, and the year he put into restoring it, are worth about \$4500 and I damn sure wouldn't argue the point. The engine has been bored .040 over, the wheels have been relaced with stainless steel spokes, Norm manufactured a new motor sprocket and kicker pivot arm, and the standard seat pan has been recovered in new leather. Other than that, the bike is lovingly stock, with parts found, freed, and made functional by the owner.

So there you have it. A 1940 motorcycle with what looks like a 1939 motor. A 41-year-old Indian. Sonofabitch — it's

Continued on page 24



1948 Roadmaster

In the years immediately preceding Indian's going out of business, the company was trying anything it could think of to stay afloat — thus the name Roadmaster, a concession to the catchy-name syndrome of the post-war era.

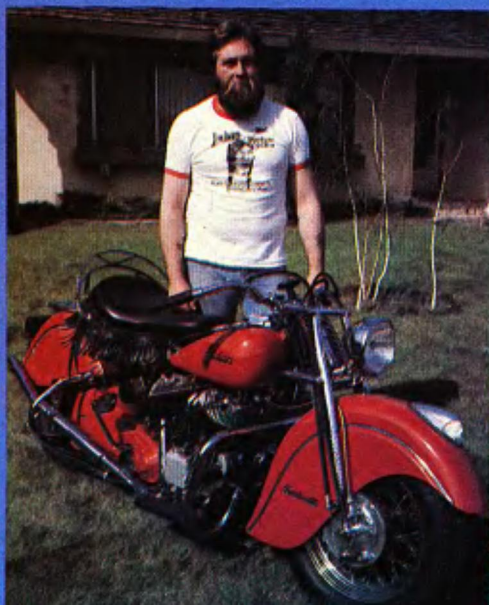
This almost completely stock restoration — about as perfect an illustration of a "crimson steed of steel" as you'll ever find — is the hard-earned property of Harold Mebrer of San Jose, California. I say "hard-earned" because he bought the beast with four years of knuckle-bustin' effort, including rebuilding the 74-inch Bonneville engine to factory racing specifications.

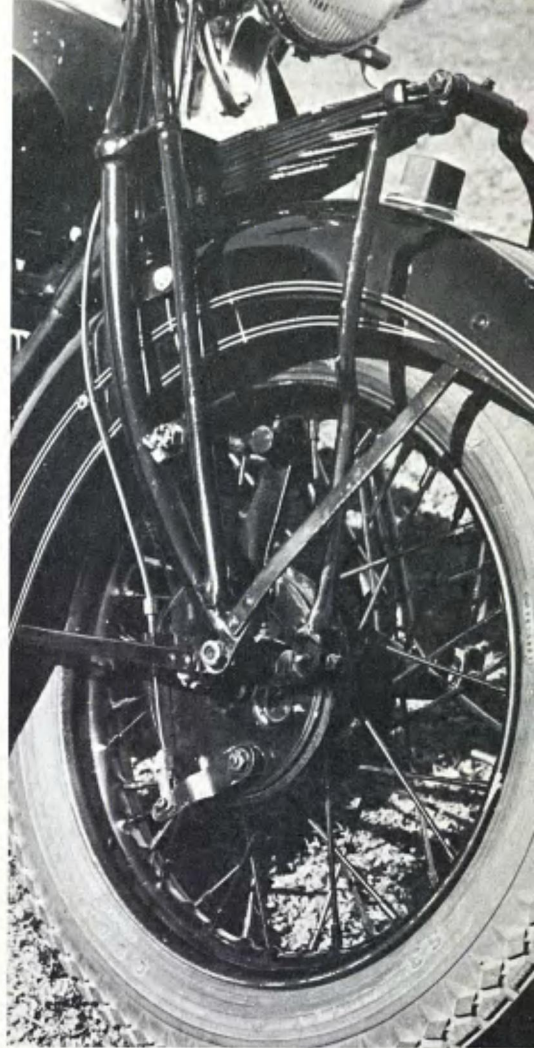
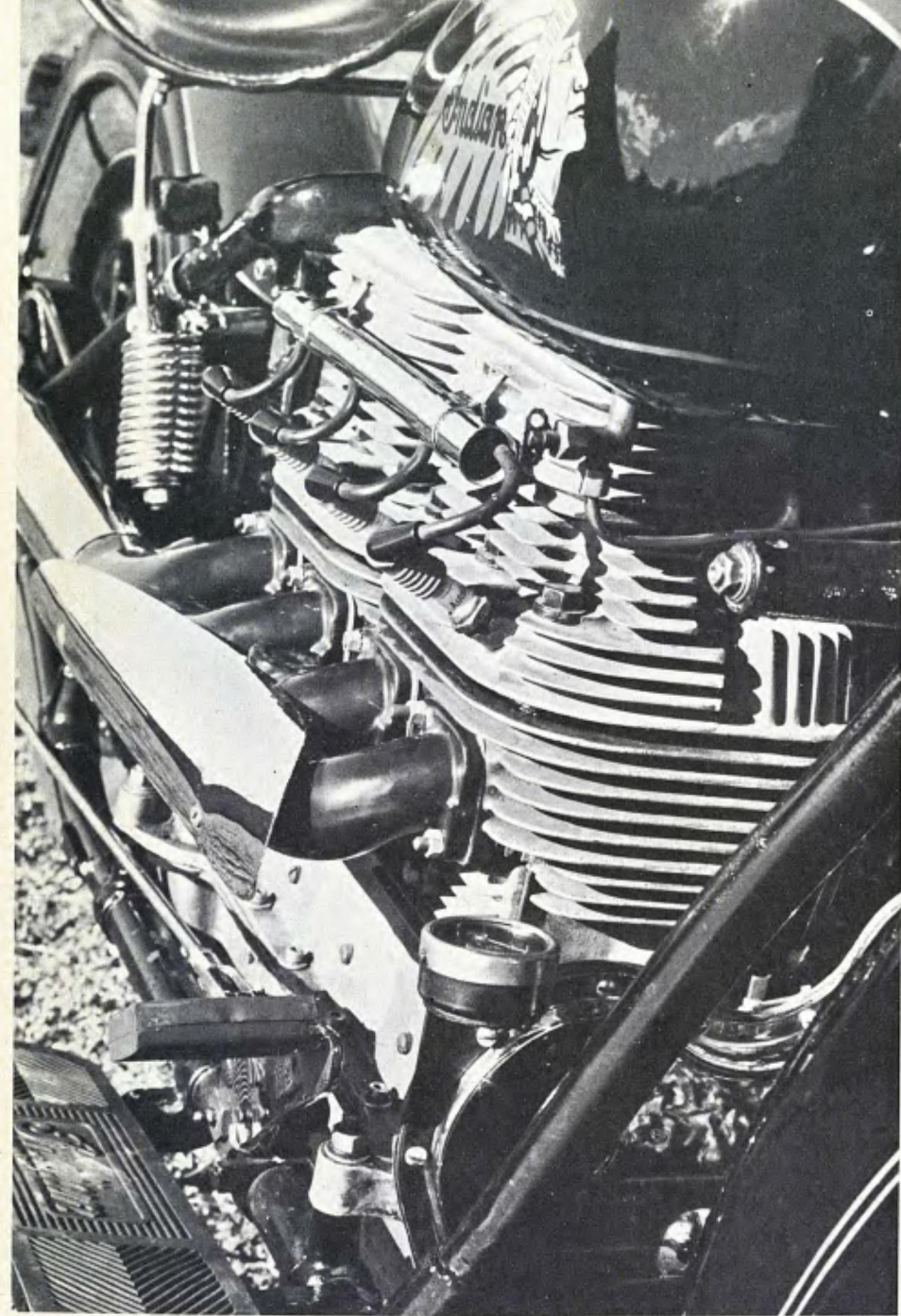
When he's mounted on the crimson steed, Harold figures he's got about \$8,000 worth of motorcycle under his butt, and he's justifiably proud of the fact that he's managed to get the bike back on the road in almost 100 percent stock mechanical condition.

The only non-stock items are cosmetic touches like a primary cover from a '37 Chief and the chroming of just about everything that would fit in the Diamond Electroplate chroming vat. Don't know about you, but bein' a real lover of the shiny stuff myself, I'm not about to quibble about that.

Catchy names, of course, didn't

Continued on page 25





In-line 4

Continued from page 20

glimpse of how such designs should look, and even more, how they should sound, look up Frank Scaletta and check out his Indian Four — truly a bike three decades ahead of its time.

—Boomer



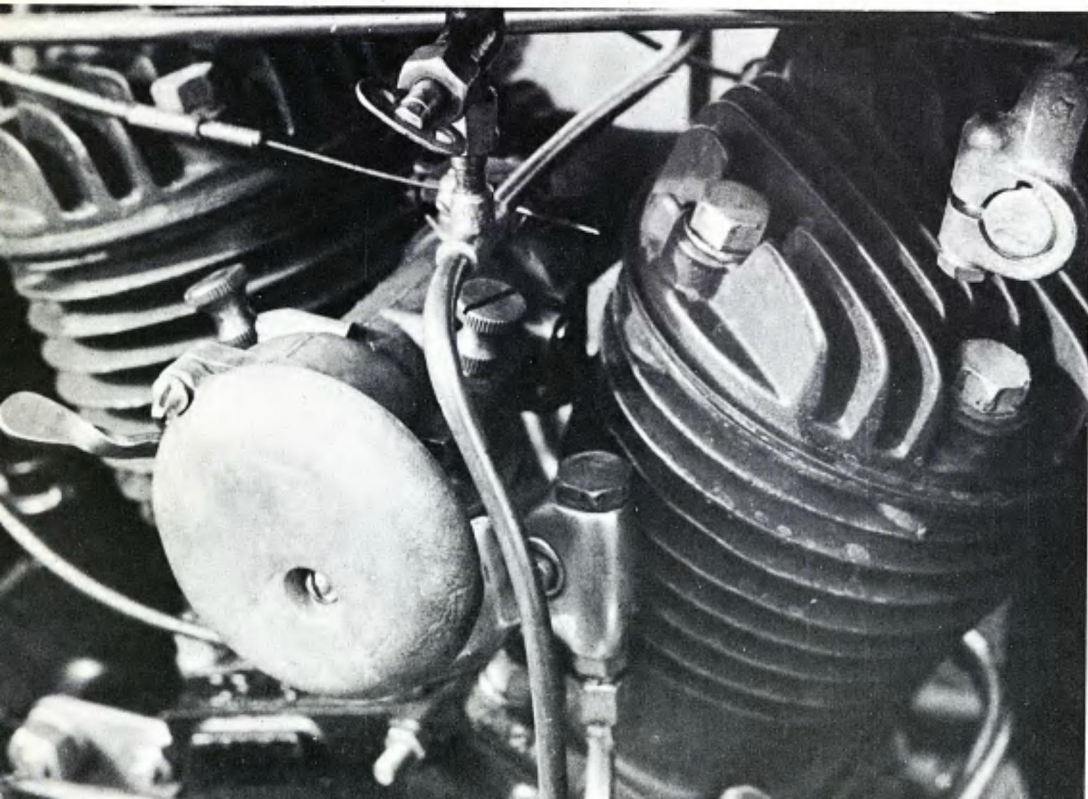
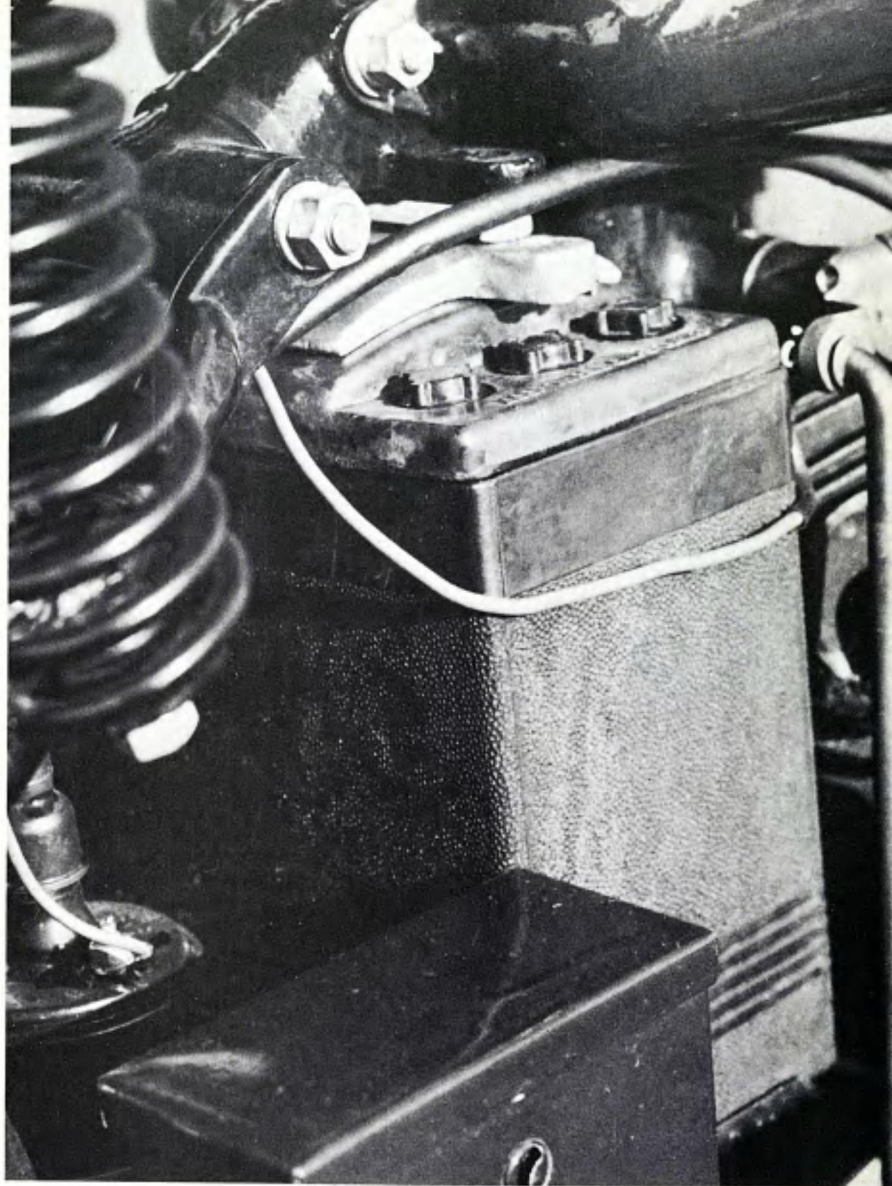
Photos by Buck Lovell

Pony Scout

Continued from page 21

older than me. Older and faster and stronger and. . . wait a second, let me check with the house mouse caged next door. Okay, the bitch confirms it — older, faster, stronger, and better-lookin'.

—Boomer



Photos by Buck Lovell





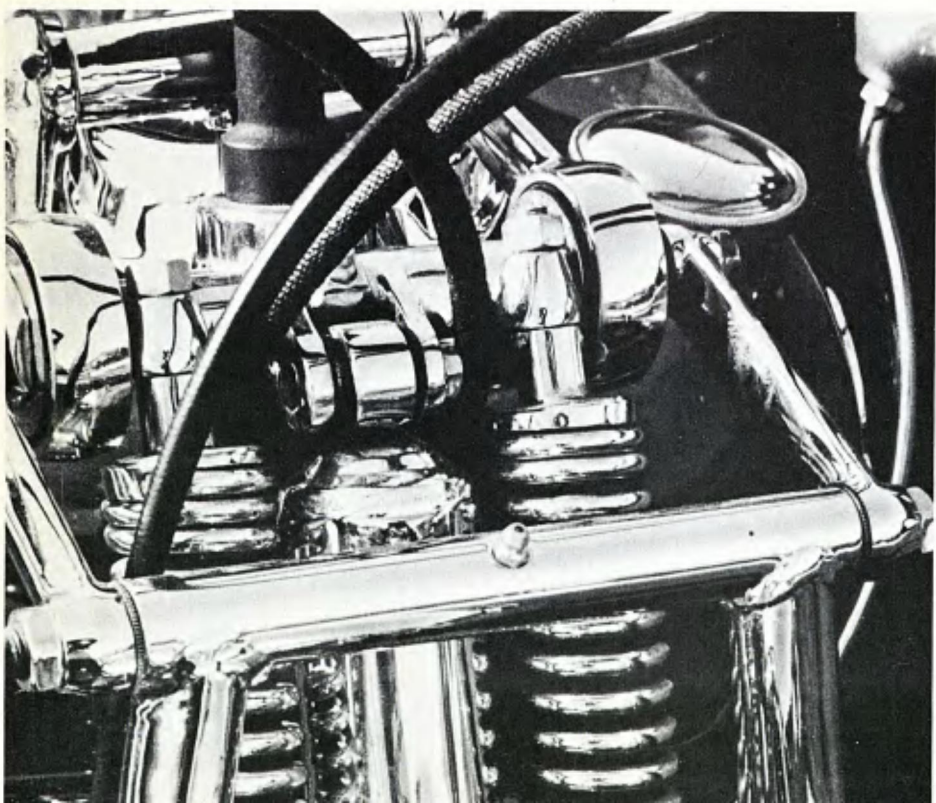
Roadmaster

Continued from page 22

save Indian. Like many other tribes, the company continued on its long march to extinction. Lookin' at this gleaming red beauty you gotta shake your head and wonder why. And, say, see that sad-eyed brave on the front fender? What's that I see on his cheek? Looks like a tear. Can't be. Must be a dead fly or somethin'.

Yeah. Must be.

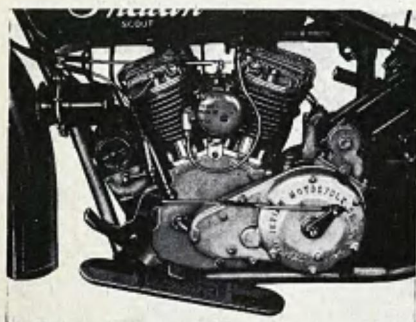
—Boomer



Photos by Buck Lovell

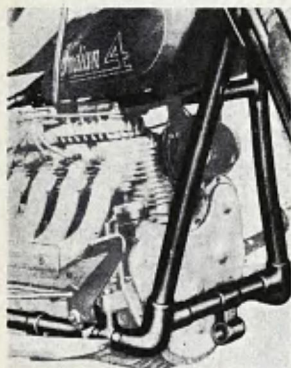


Engineered



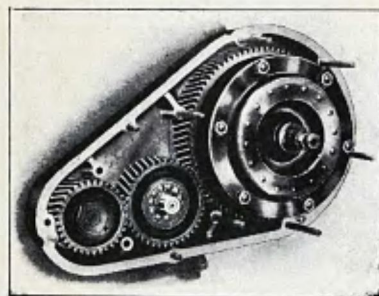
Unit Power Plant

All Indian motorcycles are now fitted with a unit power plant, which combines the motor, transmission and clutch in one permanently adjusted unit. This is exactly according to approved automobile practice.



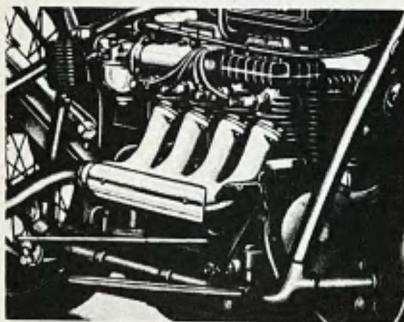
Double Truss Frame

The Indian double truss frame houses the power plant securely and compactly as is shown in the illustration at the left. This frame is designed to withstand great stress both laterally and vertically. All Indians have this rugged frame.



Helical Gear Drive

Instead of the customary chain drive from motor to transmission, Indian models maintain their power transmission from the motor to the gear box by means of very carefully cut helical gears entirely enclosed in an oil bath. Naturally, this arrangement makes for very long life and silent, clean operation.



Four Cyl. Smoothness

The Indian Four cylinder power-plant is a marvel of smoothness and power. Fitted with a massive five-bearing crankshaft, full force-feed lubrication, and a new sturdier transmission with all steel clutch, this "four" combines silky smoothness with dogged stamina of its twin brothers.

IN-BUILT stamina . . . a tough, hardy, keep-going quality—that's what Indian engineers have always put into Indian Motorcycles. World endurance records have proved this, with consistent regularity, over a long period of years . . . the wide use of Indians by police organizations is a striking endorsement of the fact that Indians are engineered for service. New York City's great police force is exclusively Indian equipped . . . the State police of many states use Indians . . . hundreds of municipalities have found Indians the ideal machine for the day-and-night, all-weather, all-conditions service required by police. Each month orders come from satisfied police forces, for additional

INDIAN MOTORCYCLE COMPANY

for Service!

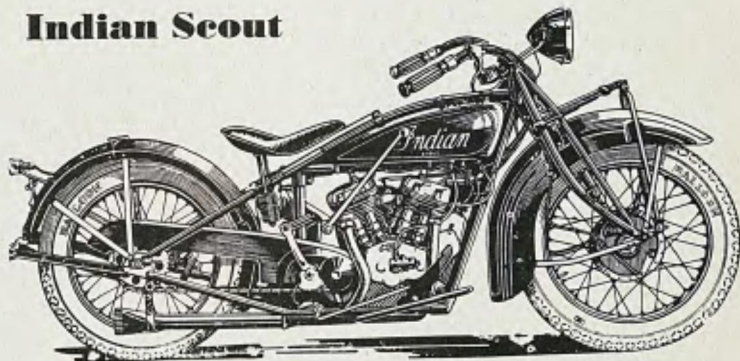
Indian MOTORCYCLE

equipment . . . the latest —
fifty more Indians for Los Angeles.

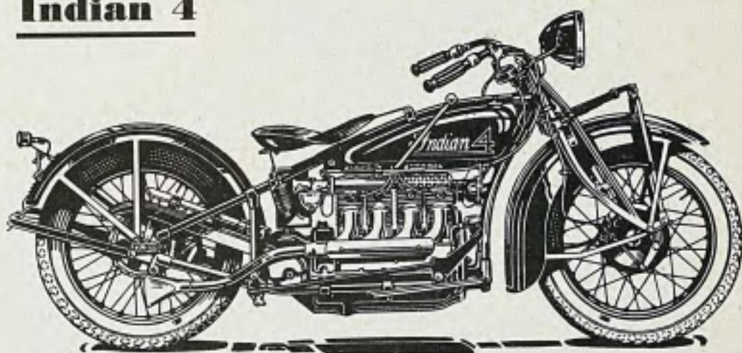
Every part of an Indian is engineered for service . . . extra quality for extra wear . . . elimination of all unessential parts . . . unit construction wherever possible . . . double truss frame—every conceivable sound practice gained through 29 years of successful motorcycle manufacture. Indian was the first to adopt electric lighting . . . the first to utilize the twin cylinder motor. Indian pioneered in the use of the double truss frame, the leaf spring front fork, helical gear drive.

Buy the one machine that gives *real* service—INDIAN.

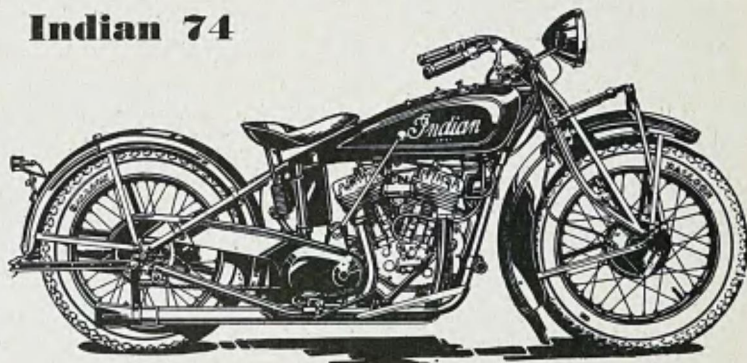
Indian Scout



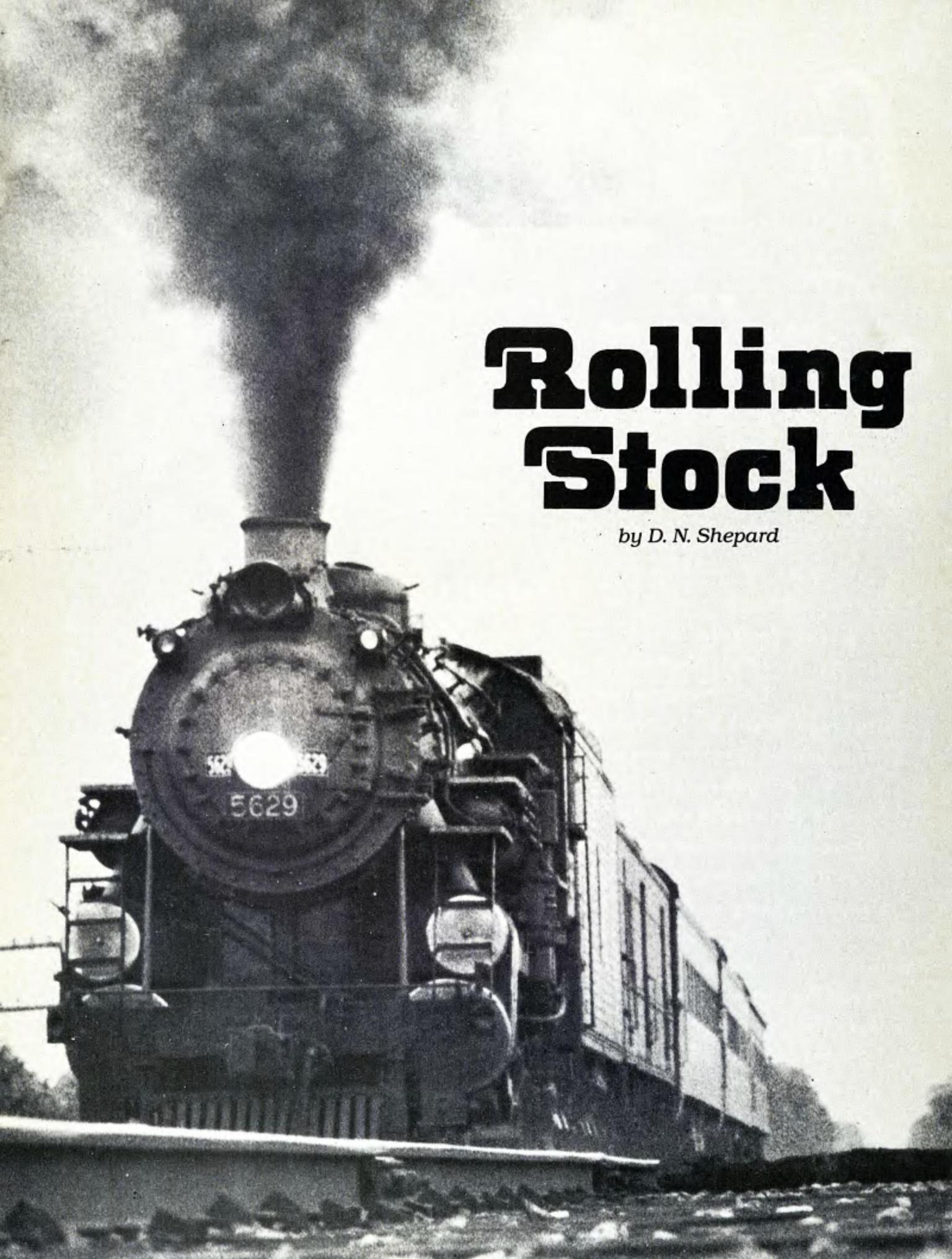
Indian 4



Indian 74



SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

A black and white photograph of a steam locomotive, number 5629, pulling a long train of freight cars. The locomotive is emitting a large plume of dark smoke from its smokestack. The train is moving along a track, and the foreground shows the rails and gravel. The background is a bright, hazy sky.

Rolling Stock

by D. N. Shepard

Creedence Clearwater Revival materialized in his head and their music pounded in his memory. Jack's jukebox needed no quarters — it had all the songs stashed in his head. He played anything he wanted. Anytime. Anyplace. The trouble was shutting it off.

Proud Mary. "Big wheels keep on turnin'." It came on again. He knew it by heart. He knew it was a river boat, proud and majestic, but he somehow thought of *Proud Mary* as a locomotive. A big grey animal that belched black diesel exhaust and blew loud and long.

Outside the Rainbow Inn, his chopped Harley waited, always faithful. Custom machine. His machine. No ordinary machine. This one fit him, and him alone. No other rider could ride it without major changes. This machine was designed by an orthopedic surgeon. Jack built it. It was him, or at least an extension of him.

Down the line, somewhere, around a bend and breaking through a valley and onto a trestle, a train whistled and screamed its way into Jack's head, interrupting the music. Trains — he could hear them the way some Vietnam vets could hear choppers, helicopters, ten miles out and headed for steaming jungles.

Jack raised his empty Schlitz bottle, and Abraham, the bartender, nodded. A fresh beer arrived in front of Jack and the empty disappeared. The new bottle was capped. Jack wanted it that way. The other patrons looked on with anticipation. They knew.

Jack gripped the bottle with his left hand, and in one move, uncapped it with his right. To the newcomer this might have caused a stir, but Jack's mechanical hand could master feats no human flesh could attempt.

Jack turned on his stool and saw him sitting in the corner, alone. Jack slid off his stool and headed toward his table. It was Erwin Johnson. The engineer.

"Hey, Garbage," Erwin began. "What's going on in your shit life?" Erwin abused Jack at every opportunity.

"You're not working today?" Jack asked.

"You spending my money today, Creep?" Erwin asked, picking away.

"You still on that?" Jack was hedging.

"The fifty grand you got from the accident all gone yet, Cripple?"

"No!" Now Jack felt dizzy from the

heckling that the man kept dishing out. He sat in the chair across from Erwin, and the dude let up on him for the moment. Jack's jukebox had stopped, and a new scene ran through his head.

The accident. Two years ago. Old State Road 16. Seven riders at twilight. They ran parallel with the freight train until they caught up with the engine.

Smartass Jack was riding lead and, seeing Erwin driving the train, made a racing motion to him. Erwin nodded and his eyes gleamed. Sure, Jack. We'll go for the junction. Just you and me. You on your bike and me in the loco. The unspoken message was equally understood.

One hundred tons of grey steel. A man-made monster thundering at dusk. A thousand horses pulling with their hearts. An awesome opponent.

Erwin looked at Jack and his eyes gleamed through the evening's fading light. Erwin controlled the locomotive, an extension of himself.

The crossing was a mile ahead, unmarked. The other six riders sensed what was up and beckoned Jack to lay off. They each rode up to him and tried to get him off this kick. Each failed. They dropped back and followed.

Jack's Harley thundered, but to no avail. The iron horse commanded the situation. It was the situation.

Erwin reached for the throttle lever safety release. Unlocking it, he broke company and federal laws. These old tracks had a thirty-mile-per-hour limit.

Erwin pulled back on the lever, locking it wide open. The grey beast responded, unleashing its fury on the ancient rails. Sparks played themselves out on the railroad embankment. Loosened carbon glowed in an ember shower above and behind the exhaust stacks.

Jack soared, the din swallowing him and his Harley. He'd never felt so insignificant before. Nearly invisible. He smiled with heaven in his

eyes. Erwin's eyes burned through the darkness like Lucifer's torches.

Jack was riding by vibration alone. He couldn't hear or feel anything but the train. The Harley wasn't in the same league.

The crossing lay dead ahead. Jack pulled a few yards ahead of the train. He could see Erwin's head sticking out of the loco's window. The guy looked insane.

Erwin pulled down hard on the horn. Three short blasts filled the countryside for miles around. Then the horn blew all the way.

Jack almost made it. The train, the horn, the headlight, the moment, consumed him. It was too much for the kid on the Harley.

As he slowed to make the crossing, some loose crushed stone made him drift. He rode it out, and the engine clipped him. Thirty-eight box cars and a caboose thundered by. Jack was gone.

The six bikers began looking for him. The right side of the Harley had been sheared smooth. So had Jack.

They found him a half mile down the line. The bike had made the crossing but Jack hadn't. Never made it across the tracks. Those shiny rails.

It was expensive. It cost Jack his right arm and leg. It cost the railroad fifty grand, out of court. It cost Erwin his job.

Jack rose from the table, the best he could, and looked Erwin in the eyes.

"The fifty grand's nothin'. It's the arm and the leg."

Erwin looked at him without an expression on his face as he replied, "As far as I'm concerned it takes some kind of a nut to race a train."

Jack chugged what was left of his beer. Giving Erwin a fuck-you look, he then limped out of the Rainbow. He stood on the right side of his Harley, his weight on the prosthetic leg, and kickstarted with his good leg.

He mounted and rode off.
Part rider. Part machine. ■

Photo illustration by Billy Tinney



Whip It Out

I have one helluva problem. I'm fifteen years old and in the last month I have asked three girls out. Two turned me down and the other really buttered me up and said she wanted me, but was nowhere to be found when I was supposed to meet her. I am not ugly or fat. I am 5'8" and have what all the dudes in my gym class say is a horse cock (I'm easily the biggest stud in the class). What shall I do?

Mark
Pennsauken, N.J.

● Forget the bimbos. Show your teenage twat-thumper to their mothers, and be prepared to see a wet, horny, frustrated 35-year-old mama on her knees in front of you.

Down With Dave

So you think you can advise me about a problem, huh? Wrap this around your gutter brain (nothing personal) and let's hear some logical feedback.

There's this "bro" I was very unfortunate to meet a year ago: Dirty Dave out of Long Beach, Calif. He did me a wrong that's gonna be with me the rest of my fun-lovin' life. It's a long story, so I won't bore you with the details. I hope, with all my heart, that you good bros out there aren't messing with little girls' heads, arms, pussies, lives, etc. They aren't as worldly as your ass might be.

If anybody knows this "Dirty Dave," and if you don't think too highly of this no-good, low-down, slimy, greasy, tacky, ripoff, come-caked cock car-

rier, do something not nice to him, okay? But if you don't get him, I'm gonna.

Be looking over your shoulder, Dave. I'm grown up and feeling a bit like payback.

Huntress
Cassville, Mo.

● Thanks a pantsload for boring me *without* the details.

Who Needs Kids?

I was recently recuperating in a psychiatric hospital from being strung out on coke for nine months. While in the hospital I became attached to this 27-year-old blonde (married). She kept teasing and touching me until I finally told her I would meet her in an empty room.

While I lapped that luscious snatch of hers she went completely wild telling me she loved me and wanted me to live with her (she is separated from her husband). After about 30 minutes of good head I lost my load in her mouth and she didn't spill a drop. I finally told her I would move in with her and then I found out she had two kids. What do you think I should do?

Keg Head
Victorville, Calif.

● Cut their heads off an' bury 'em in the desert.

Lean Meat

I am presently doing time in the Mansfield pen. I am 22 and have been reading your column for three years. I am a full-hearted biker and live my whole lifestyle hardcore. I married a beautiful lady two

months before I went down. The problem is that she fucked some other dude three weeks before I married her. I love her very much but I'm afraid my five-and-a-half-inch cock is not enough for her anymore.

Tell me, please, how could I be sure of myself with her when I get out of here in a few months? This has been on my mind constantly. I'm afraid of not pleasing her, so I need a new technique of loving her. Help.

Asskicking Tony
Mansfield, Ohio

● What the fuck makes you think you'll even be able to find her when you get out? In case she hasn't wandered off in search of some longer lumber, remember what Spider always says: It's not the meat, it's the motion.

Faithful To None

If you're such a hot, swingin' bitch, how come you never seem to go down on anything except that hairy Spider?

Juice
Springfield, Mo.

● Ya should have seen us on the beach at Daytona. . . just me, them nice little sandy insects, and the editor of *Iron Horse* gruntin', sweatin', and rollin' around mouth to crotch.

Mutha Meat Eater

You fuckin' douchebag. From reading your English I can tell you have toxic shock of the nose. I heard that Spider mistakes your hemorrhoids for your tits. If he ever chases you with a tube of Preparation H, you're in big trouble. He's gonna wipe you out.

You can come to my pizza parlor and sit on a large vegetarian pie, and we will all lap a slice off your ass.

C. Vitello
Forest Knolls, Calif.

● I don't sit on nothin' unless it's got a big hunk of meat in the middle of it.

Hot Dog

I have a dog named Wacky Wesley and we take turns fucking each other in the ass. I also have a chromed moped with an extended front end. I wish I had a picture of you. With that my life would be complete.

Raunchy Ronny
Kensington, Md.

● Chrome the dog; fuck the moped.

What's To Like?

I just want to tell ya, I think you're the sickest, sleaziest, scurviest, fuckin' whore-dog that ever walked fuckin' bow-legged. An' don't tell me yer not bowlegged, 'cuz any sleaze bag that goes around fuckin' just anyone she can get has to be.

As for the guys that would like to fuck ya, they are just fuckin' gross. I'll bet ya have every fuckin' disease there is and more.

How do ya like that?
Pissed Off
Des Moines, Iowa

● Ask me when I wake up.

Can't Get No Satisfaction

This is from a bro sittin' in a Texas county jail. This is the fuckup. I got the finest of lady around. She is a great lay and gives the best head I've ever had. There's just one problem — I come too fast. She's never satisfied. What can I do?

Little Smack
Ginton, Tex.

● Get a bro who knows how to fuck for more than three minutes without blowin' his wad to hump her while you lean back and enjoy those terrific blow-jobs.

Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■



Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



No wonder you
guys make so
many goofs — this
grass is really
mind-bendin' shit!

No, it's not the high quality weed Spider passes around that's the cause of the fuck-ups you see once in a while — it's actually the quality of the talent the mag has workin' for it. You can't expect too much from bike tramps who merely work for unemployment checks and a slice of raisin pie every week. And if they did have much talent, they still couldn't work with all the fuckin' noise that goes on at this firetrap we laughingly call an office. But we try — really try, and we do hit more times than we miss, which explains this rag's popularity and why the only sure way of getting every copy is by subscribing — instead of running around town trying to find a place that isn't sold out. And you save bucks by subscribing and we even throw in a free color decal.

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BEST OF SHOW.

The 1981 Harley-Davidson Wide Glide.



When the custom show bikes turn out, you and your lady always turn up. And why not. Custom Harleys win nearly every show, but the one you ride wins in the street. This is more than a machine. You're riding a 1981 Harley-Davidson® Wide Glide.™ The only factory built custom in sight.

You do have to admire this bike. It has a 21" laced front wheel, extended front forks with Electra Glide® sliders, staggered shorty duals and a bobbed rear fender over a 16" fat rear tire.

But this bike isn't only for show. It was built for cruising. Grab the pullback buckhorn handlebars and kick your feet up on the forward controls. Wide Glide is the only factory bike that mounts the rear brake *and* shift lever up front.



Get a free reprint of this painting at participating dealers while supplies last. © 1980, AMF Harley-Davidson

When you get down in the Wide Glide's stepped seat you ride low, surrounded by the sound, feel and power of a massive 80 cu. inch V-Twin shovelhead. The handling? Outstanding! There's an exclusive triple clamp system upfront to eliminate the flop you get on homemade front ends. And now you can fill the 5 gallon bob-and-a-half tank with regular leaded gas.

You can get your new Wide Glide painted in vivid flames over black or choose from four deep metallic colors

with gold pinstriping.

The 1981 Wide Glide. It steals the show wherever you take it. Wide Glide tells the whole world nothing stands between you and biking. Only Harley-Davidson could build this one. That's why it's more than a machine.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DEALER NETWORK**

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.



Ol' Lady Contest

Look over this month's crop of cuties in *Easyriders* Fourth Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours — so you must sign the form in their presence.

We ask only one more favor of the contestants. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. It can be a fantasy, sex-related experience, or how you became involved with bikes. What the hell, trip out!

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional — just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year. Judging should be based on looks, build, tatoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on this page must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned — all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is June 26. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #97 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Debra Angela



Tracy

Easyriders

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model's Name _____
 Age _____ Phone _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Photographer _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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Model's Legal Signature _____
 I am _____ years of age _____
 Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Gypsy





Peg



Misty Sun Shine



Susan



D. D.



Diane



Lou Ann



Debra Ann



Jaye

B.J.'s Double-Belted

First impressions are always the worst

This Jim Dandy three-piece suiter gets out of the rented cage that's come out of the big city to case the joint for the D.A. — no doubt the gig is finally up. The whistle's blowin'. Squad cars should be arrivin'.

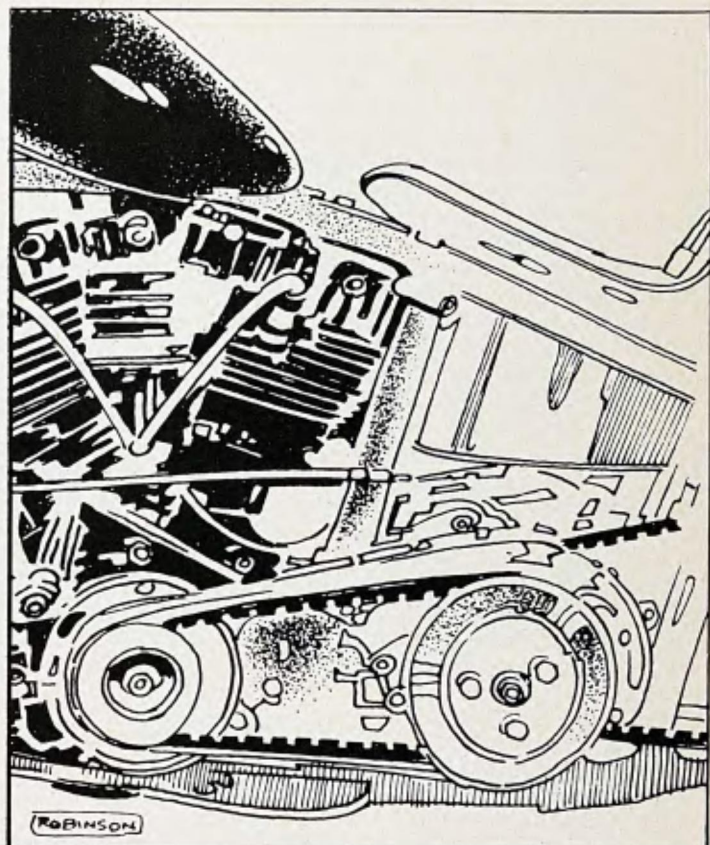


TWO BELTS

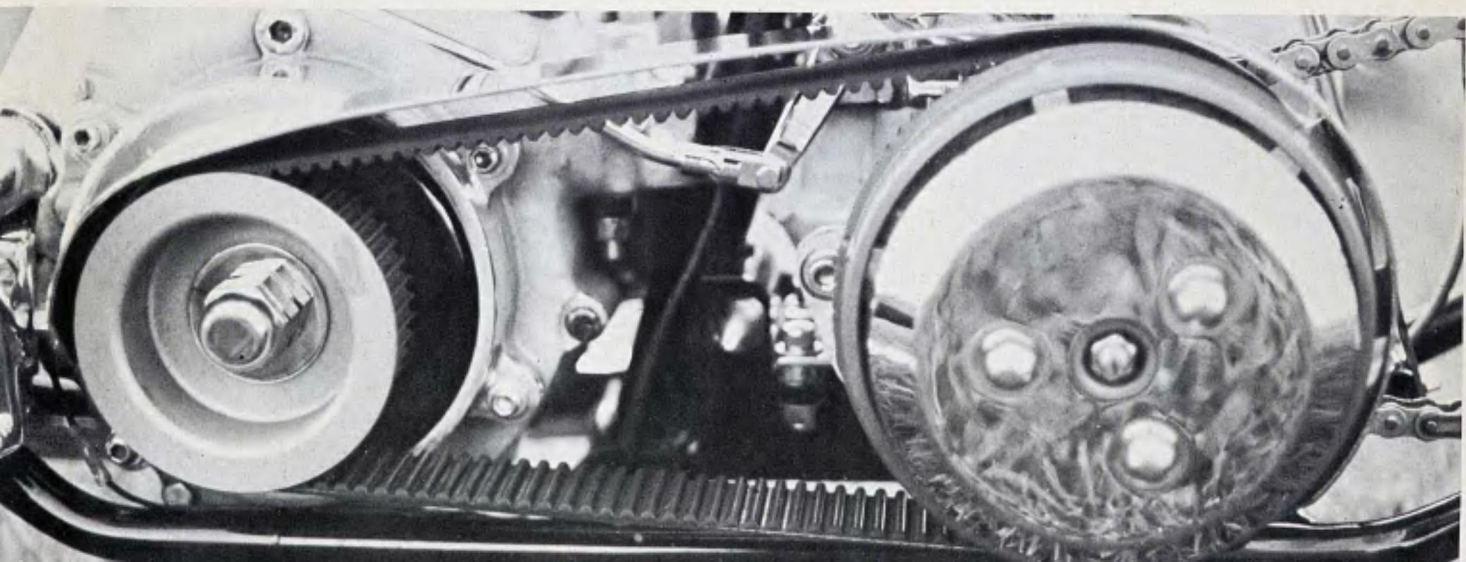
Belted, Whipped, and Undaunted

Faster'n you can say "Eat it," the owner had sent us the flicks of his scoot, we went for it, an' he totalled it. Took just a month from him goin' through his pockets scrapin' up change for a photographer to represent his bike on film, to gettin' in touch





FOR THE ROAD



B.J.'s Double-Belted

within minutes. They'll be leadin' us off the property, cuffed. The Animal will get a perverse glaze of satisfaction on his sweaty Texas brow. Ya see, he's always had the dream of showin' up on the front page beltn' led out a courthouse havin' to hide his face from the hordes of press people vigorously tryin' to throw his life into complete havoc.

Vicious and reasoned thoughts swamped me to my office where I pondered what to grab as I made an all-out ditch-it attempt. Got a couple steps out onto the walkway, looked around a wall, jolted when a comrade was observed talkin' to the man.

Turns out the dude's an engineer who knows more about scooters than I know about dope. A couple seconds of technical hi-phl-losophy went in one ear, bulleting out the other. A brain wave swept. "Let's tape it."

The tape has now broken four times, spliced together in an ugly muddle that has to have the tape heads wonderin' just what da fuck is comin' at 'em. Well, that's life. No slack.

The shovel has 46,000 miles on it since B.J. bought it new, 26,000 miles went on in 1980 alone, and he expects at least to match that this year since he finished the retrofit rebuild. Originally, he was

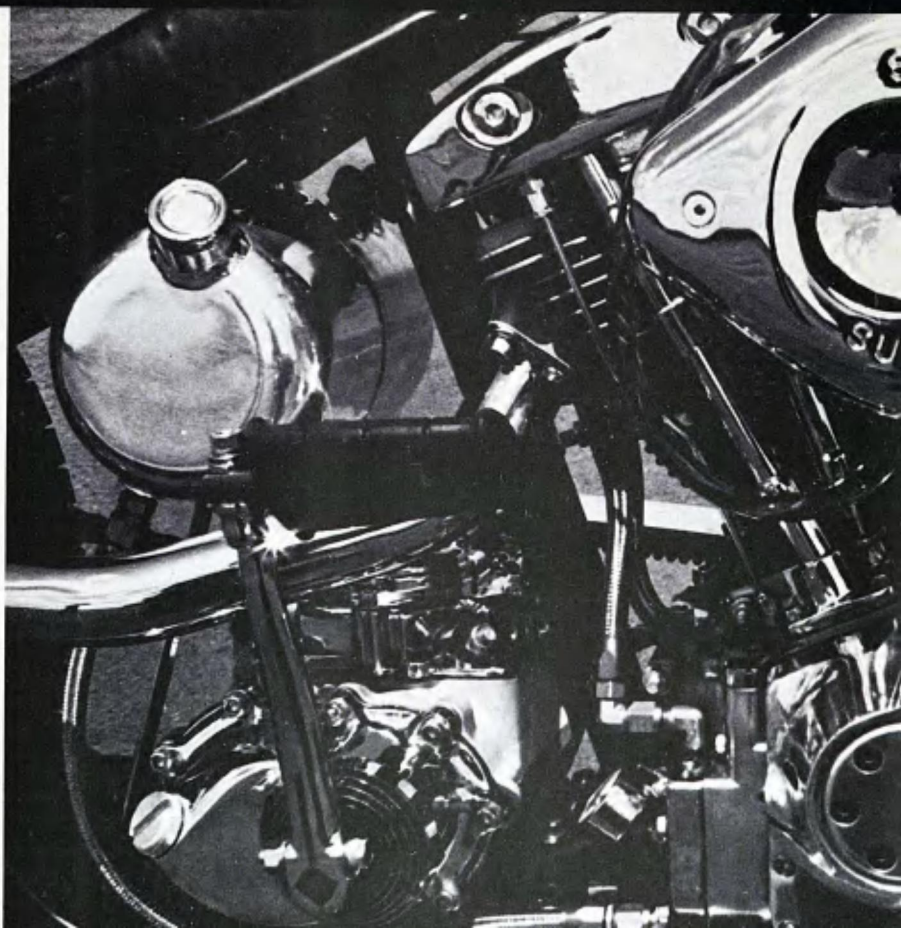


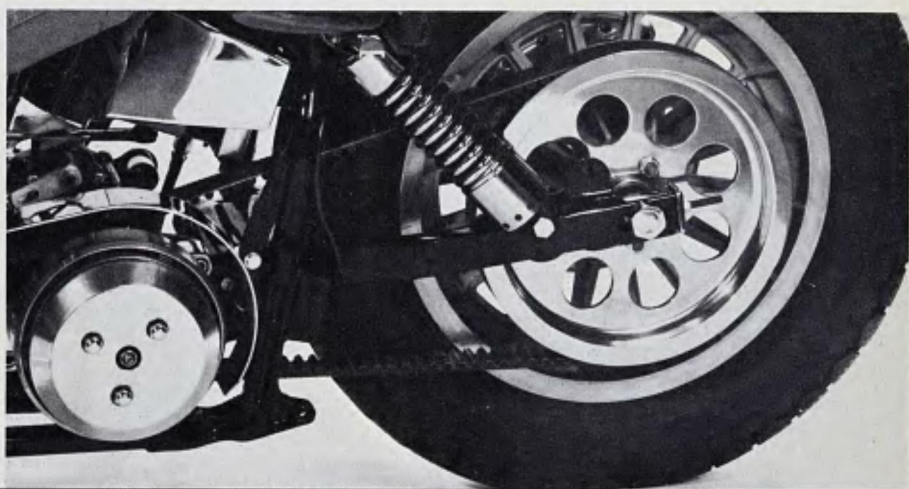
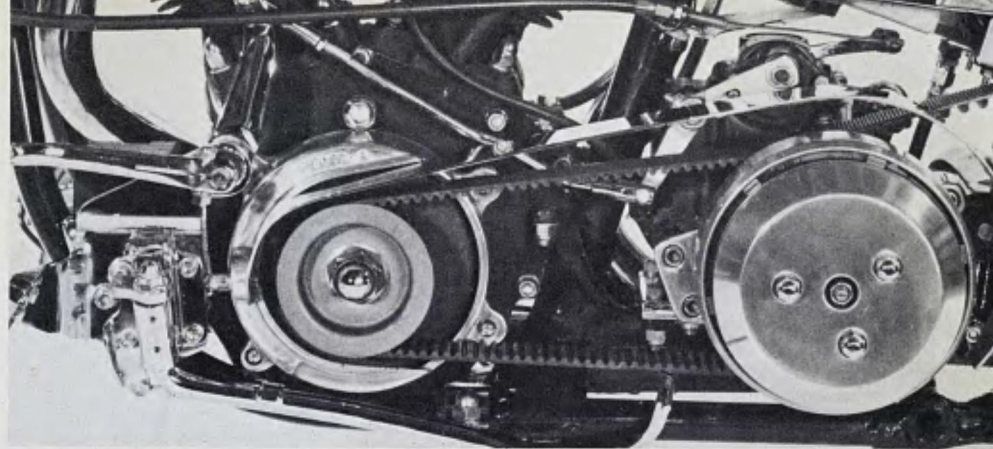
TWO BELTS

Belted, Whipped, and Undaunted

with a good insurance agent an' writin' up the claim forms.

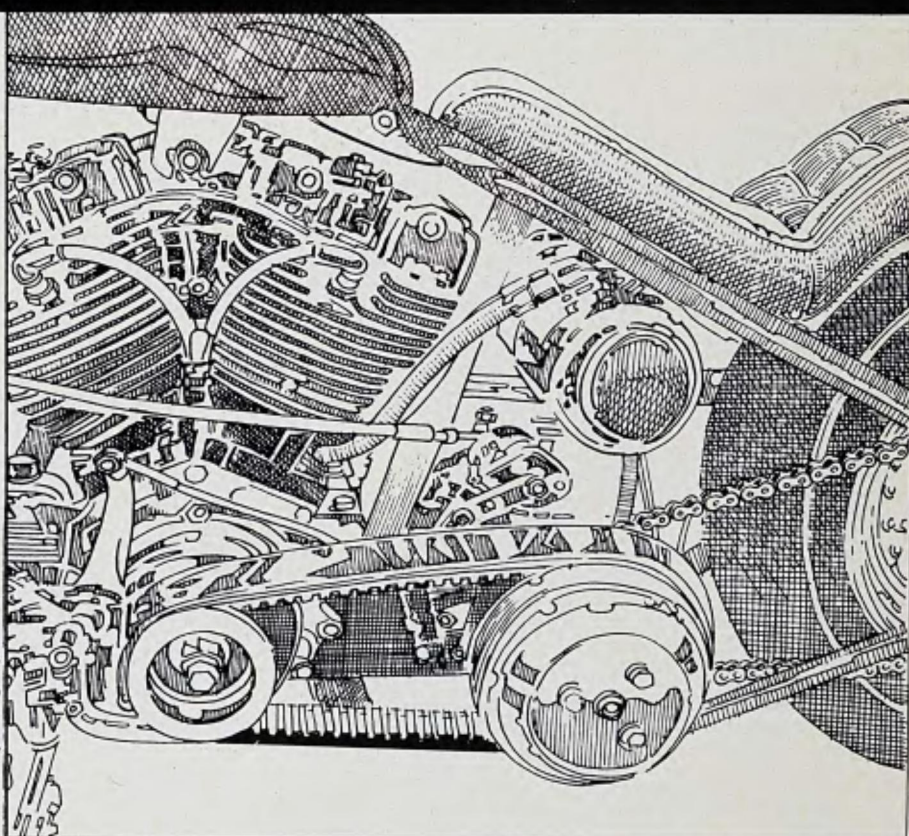
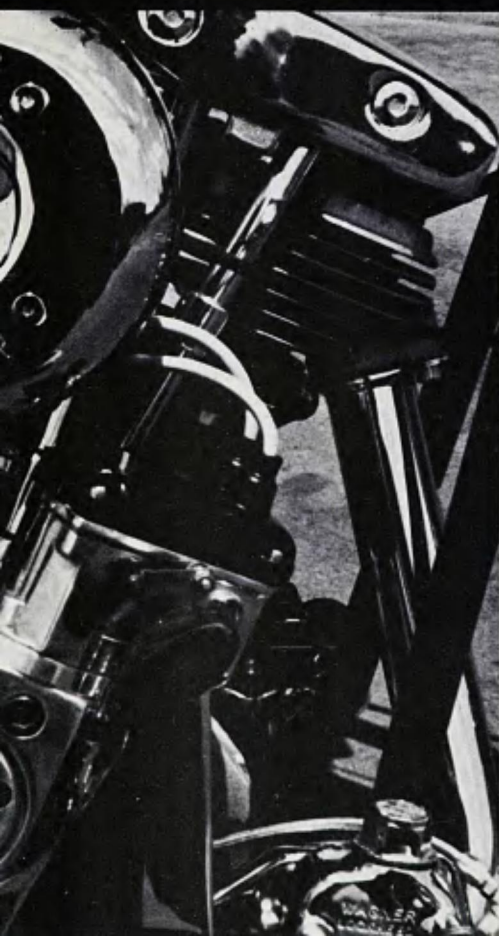
The scooter, Night Moves, was mowed down by an ol' codger who couldn't fathom that he'd done anything wrong. Pat spent the past year whistlin' Dixie down the drain. He was uninjured, but the scooter ate it.





Photos by Michael Lichter

FOR THE ROAD

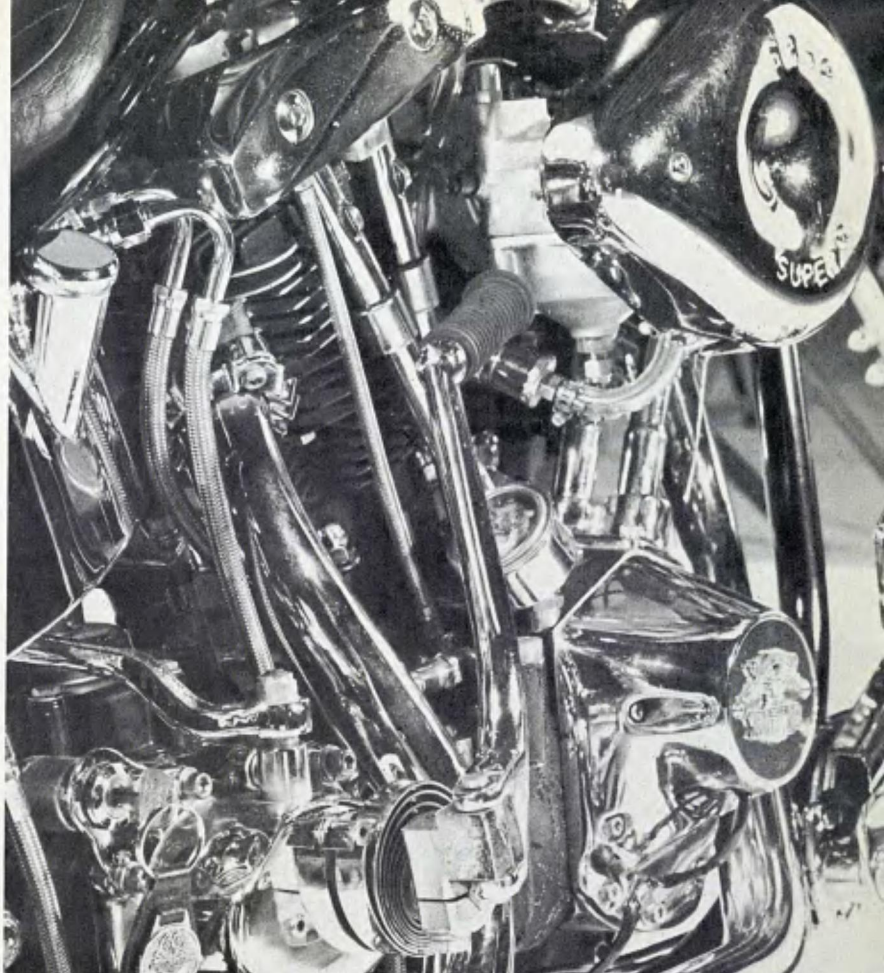


Photos by Gregory Vettel

B.J.'s Double-Belted

considering buying a new Sturgis. He'd been involved with the rear belt Gates Rubber Harley project, and, impressed with all the test results, he decided he wanted to switch. After he was offered two grand for his scooter, he decided to retrofit his own bike. Harley said it couldn't be done without buying all new parts to rebuild it as if it was a brand new Sturgis. Being an engineer, B.J. set out to design a part that would let him do the retrofitting more simply and cheaply than Harley said it could be done. B.J. believes it's the only bike in the country like it.

—Spud



TWO BELTS

So You Wanna Belt

According to B.J. Drasner, the best time to set your Low-rider up for twin-belt operation is when the sprockets and chain are ready to be replaced.

"You're already going to spend a couple of hundred bucks on that," he says, "but for an extra three or four hundred you can bolt in the conversion and save that much just in the life of the thing itself 'cause you're only replacing the belts every forty or forty-five thousand miles."

As this issue goes to press, the one conversion part not commercially available is the bearing support for the transmission shaft (see blueprint). "You need that bearing support to keep the transmission shaft from bouncing all over the place," Drasner says. "Just about any good machine shop should be able to take that blueprint and make you one for under fifty bucks."

The Drasner-designed bearing support takes a standard Harley inner primary bearing and bolts right into any Harley transmission made in the '70s. Next thing you do is go down to a Harley shop and order a transmission pulley and a rear wheel pulley and a rear belt for a Sturgis. If you're into part iden-

tification and notice that the part number on your swingarm is different from that of the Sturgis, don't panic. The only difference is color and the location of the fender mounting holes. Same for the transmission shaft — different numbers, but still interchangeable.

The front pulleys and belt are manufactured by Phase Three of America in Paramount, California, and will set you back about \$320 (as of this writing). Okay, you're ready to begin bolting — whoop-de-do. The bearing support gets slipped next to the clutch hub and the front pulley gets put on. Now the two middle pulleys and the ends of the belts. Finally the Sturgis belt and the Sturgis pulley that bolts so perfectly to the rear wheel that the centerline of the pulley is in exactly the same place that the centerline of the chain was. Amazin'.

Now the crucial part, belt adjustment. Both belts should be adjusted to travel about one-half inch up and down midway between the two pulleys (that's one inch total travel on each belt). This is important because the aluminum parts used in the conversion expand when hot and the belts will not — repeat, will not — stretch to match that expansion.

Adjustment of the rear belt is

easy — you do it by moving the rear wheel, just like adjusting a chain. The front adjustment is a

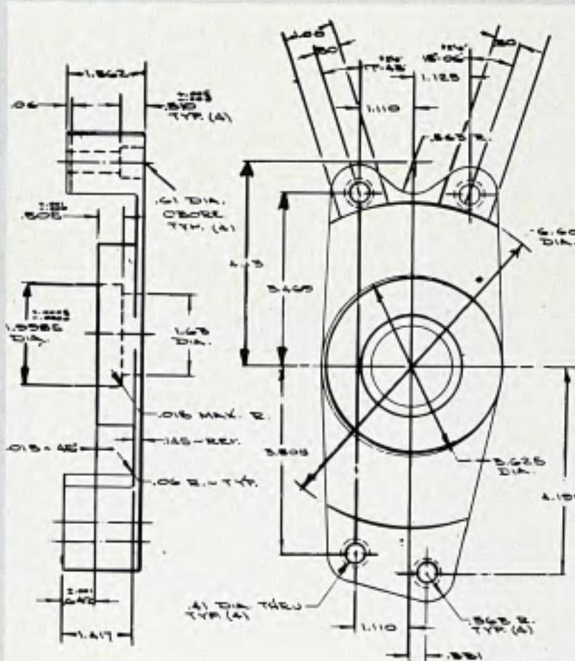
solve the problem. The trick is that the transmission in its forwardmost position on the

belt tension the adjustable plate will do it for you. If you need to move the tranny forward, you have two options — returning the standard 40-tooth pulley to Phase Three for a 39-tooth, or returning the standard belt to Phase Three for a slightly longer one.

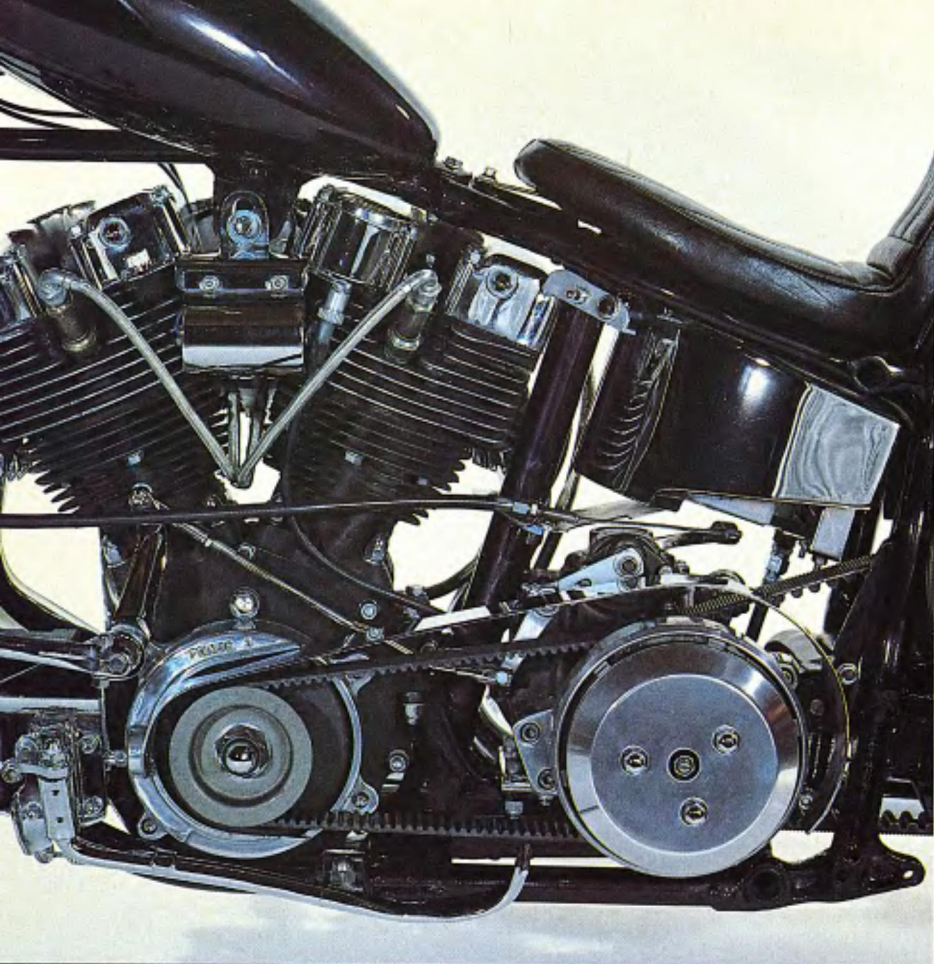
A hint: If you install the belt drive conversion and you start gettin' clutch drag after the bike gets hot, you haven't adjusted the belts right.

Finally, what are the problems and how does it work? According to Drasner, there hasn't been a hint of a problem so far. "As far as slipping in mud or snow goes, I haven't had any trouble with it," he says. "The teeth are just too deep. As far as the belts getting jammed with dirt or something, the thing that impressed me was that when Gates Rubber Co. was testing the belts they used a coal shovel to feed crap into a working prototype and they ran out of gravel and strength before they could bust it."

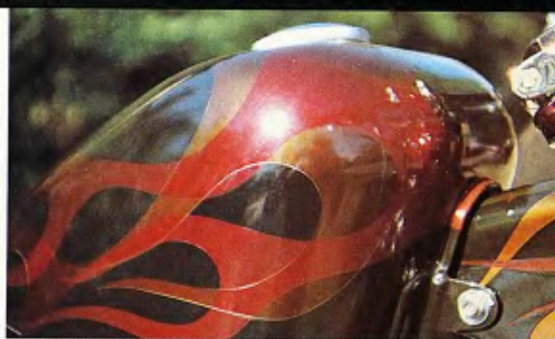
"The biggest thing you notice in riding it, is how smooth it is. You can decelerate and snatch at it and you go vroom and slow down. You don't get shit on the back of whatshame's jacket. Just a lot of little things like that. The best thing is that they're there for the duration. You can just forget about it."



different matter. The stock Low-rider tranny is solidly mounted but Harley does make an adjustable tranny plate which might adjustable plate is exactly where it is when solidly mounted. If you find you need to move the tranny back to get the proper



FOR THE ROAD



Belted, Whipped, and Undaunted

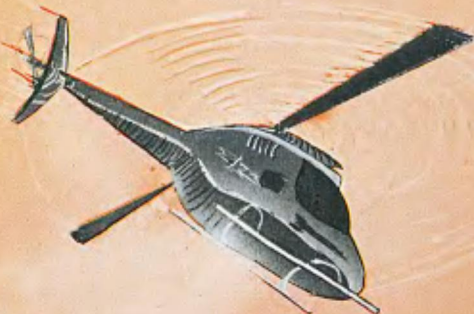
We hear it's still a belt drive bike. But that may be all that's still the same. Pat's caught a bad case of gold rush mania. Remember, I told ya he got a *good* insurance man. The whole bike's probably been gold plated up the wazoo. It's a positive fact — even after gettin' run down there's no reason not to putt.

That's also the attitude of the locals up there in Minot, as in minute, North Dakota. The hardcore ran all year 'cept January. This is Iglooville, man. The drifts of snow — unfortunately, not snortable — go higher than the tallest sissybar of the 60s.

Ride safe.

—Rags

VET VOICE



Wait-a-minute vines held me back, digging into my shoulders, leaving thorns embedded in me for years. I forced my way through the undergrowth and out onto the surrealistic moonscape. Where the hell was I? Nothing alive as far as I could see. Dead grey dust puffed up from our feet as we made a retrograde attack across the barren terrain. Our tracks were being brushed out by the tailgunner as we went, but the trackers were onto us.

Twelve men on a snatch mission to the heart of Laos, this sortie had been labeled Top Priority by Command and Control Central. Kidnap a North Vietnamese truck driver in Laos and bring him back alive. "That's him alive, not you."

"Sure Colonel, no problem," team leader Cpt. Martin Kelly said. "Now let me repeat this back to you. Insertion by helicopter into Laos with twelve men, ambush a truck at night, capture, don't kill the driver, bring him back here for questioning about a major truck parking area, so we can bomb the shit out of it. Is that correct, sir? One more little thing, how the fuck are we gonna get our butts out of Laos with every NVA in the jungle on our ass? Oh, you'll worry about that. I should worry about snatching the driver. Yes, sir, if that's the way it's gotta be, that's the way it will be."

Now, here we were in the middle of a giant, dead, grey, and ghostly, defoliated area, dragging a gook driver with us, thousands of fuckin' NVA all around us — you could hear shots on our tail as we ran through the grey dust.

Sergeant Dick Woody had been shot through both arms, but was staying up with us. He had pulled the driver out of the truck at the ambush and had been nailed during the eight-hour chase that followed.

Seemed like every LZ was hot, so finally the C&C team guided us to this defoliated area for extraction. They had to gas the NVA with "sleep gas" to keep them off the LZ long enough for us to get picked up. When the choppers sat down, the grey dust swirled like a tornado. As we lifted off, the dust seemed to follow us back toward base. In fact, it may have followed us all the way home.

The men on that mission all escaped alive, but they may have encountered something even more insidious and sinister than the NVA: Agent Orange.

The defoliant Agent Orange (a mixture of 2, 4-D and 2, 4, 5-T) was used widely in Southeast Asia between 1962 and 1971. Of the 2.4 million vets of Vietnam, forty-six thousand of them and their children are estimated to be suffering from the effects of exposure to this herbicide used to destroy the jungle cover of the VC and NVA.

Symptoms of Agent Orange poisoning include chloracne, unexplained sores on the body that range from pimples to large cysts; liver damage, often evidenced when a vet gets sick or intoxicated after only one or two drinks of alcohol; loss of sex drive; changes in skin color and sensitivity to light; numbness or tingling in the extremities (possibly misdiagnosed as multiple sclerosis); psychological changes, especially inexplicable irritability and depression; fatigue; rapid weight loss; insomnia; sore joints (possibly mistaken for arthritis or bursitis); cancer, especially testicular and tumors not normally found in young men; birth defects in the children of veterans, often deformities of the heart, spine, and extremities.

Disability claims based on exposure to Agent Orange have been filed by 5,595 veterans. None has been approved on those grounds, and in 1,030 of the cases

"There was no medical problem we could detect," a VA spokesman said.

Veterans' lawsuits demand the VA take greater pains to identify veterans suffering from Agent Orange by notifying all Vietnam combat veterans and their children that "they are at risk of genetic and bodily damage"; conducting a detailed medical examination of any combat veteran who complains of skin, neurological, or alcoholic problems or other difficulties that might indicate exposure to Agent Orange; ceasing to prescribe mind-altering drugs to combat veterans who suffer from nervous disorders, unless a lengthy psychiatric and psychological examination is conducted and a detailed warning is issued.

The VA has denied there was any connection between Agent Orange and any condition experienced by veterans. VA head Max Cleland has used a study instituted by the VA to show there is no relationship. I wonder whose side he is really on. I mean, is he one of us or one of them — you know?

The National Veterans Law Center has prepared a self-help guide on Agent Orange. They have a four-step guide to help prepare the VA form (21-526) to support your claim for disabilities related to Agent Orange: Step 1. Get your records. Use standard form 180. Step 2. Put your facts together with following sample attachment. Step 3. File your claim at any VA office. Step 4. Obtain a free medical exam from your nearest VA medical center.

I had the following duties during the dates listed below:

SECTION II

I was exposed to Agent Orange in the places and on the dates listed below:

SECTION III.A

I request VA service-connected benefits for the following medical disabilities which I claim were caused by my exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam:

SECTION III.B

In addition to the disabilities listed above, I also file this claim for benefits for other current disabilities. I want to make clear that I do not claim that these disabilities were caused by my exposure to Agent Orange. However, I believe I am suffering from these problems because I may have been exposed to Agent Orange and now fear that I have contracted or will contract chronic disabilities suffered by other Vietnam veterans who also may have been exposed.

(If you make an extra copy of this attachment and send it to the National Veterans Information Clearinghouse on Agent Orange (c/o VEP, 1348 Connecticut Avenue NW, Rm. 904, Washington DC 20036), we may be able to monitor its handling by the VA.)

(Staple to VA Form 21-526 to support your claim for Agent Orange related disabilities)

NAME: _____ Date filed: _____
ADDRESS: _____ Claim number: C-

I request that the VA, in addition to the information given here, develop pursuant to 38 CFR 3.103, evidence of my exposure to Agent Orange while I served in Vietnam. Specifically, I request the VA to match the movement of my unit in Vietnam with any spraying operation described in the HERBS tapes. I would like to be notified immediately when such development has been completed and be sent a copy of the results of such development.

This also is to request that the VA presume I was exposed to Agent Orange, as I describe below, unless the VA can affirmatively establish that I was not exposed to Agent Orange. Because military service records contain no information about veterans' exposure to Agent Orange in Southeast Asia, proof that I was NOT exposed can be established only by a cross-check of my movement with the HERBS tapes. This request, and that any reasonable doubt involving my claim (particularly with regard to the question of whether I was exposed to Agent Orange) should be resolved in my favor, is made pursuant to 38 CFR 3.102.

SECTION I

I served in Vietnam from the month of _____, 19____, to the month of _____, 19____. I served with the following organizations: _____

I was in the following provinces and towns on the dates listed below: _____

If you need additional help or information, send for our free Agent Orange info pack. Send name and address to Orange Info, c/o Vet Voice, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

— Doc

Wants Vet Info

★ Please send me any information available for Vietnam vets. I have a brother who has had two nervous breakdowns, a divorce, cannot hold a job, suffers from severe depression, and last week tried to take his

life. He has not received any true concern from the VA hospital, nor has any of his so-called counseling seemed to help. He has been living with my parents, who are getting up in age and cannot cope with *Continued on page 116*

National
FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
That's

Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

Claybrook's Replacement

Raymond A. Peck, Jr., an executive of the National Coal Association with experience in regulatory affairs but no experience in major vehicle or highway safety issues, has been named by President Reagan to replace Joan Claybrook as head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA). Prior to his employment by the coal industry, Peck dealt with energy regulation in both the Treasury and Interior departments under the Ford administration. Under the Nixon administration, Peck served as special counsel to the Commerce Department.

President Reagan also named Ray Barnhart, a member of Texas' State Highway and Public Transportation Commission, to head the Federal Highway Administration. The Texas State Highway and Public Transportation Commission is the policymaking agency governing construction and maintenance of state roads.

Both appointments are subject to Senate confirmation. —from *Status Report*

Feds Fail To Win — Twice!

After spending \$5 million on two unsuccessful attempts to convict some Hells Angels motorcycle club members and associates, the government has decided to become more selective in racketeering cases.

And U.S. Attorney William Hunter said he would have preferred other than "the despicable set of characters" he had as witnesses.

"There is a general tightening of RICO (a government acronym for racketeering enforcement). There will be much more extensive review by the Justice Department before a case is tried in the future," Hunter said.

The second jury failed to reach a verdict against the nine Hells Angels members and associates after a 4½-month trial. U.S. District Judge William Orrick declared a mistrial.

At a hearing held to resolve pending motions, Orrick dismissed the federal indictment against the defendants. It was the second Angels trial of the same men to end with a hung jury.

Electric Horsemen On Bikes

Here's some California motorcycle legislation up for a vote this session. It won't be long until we'll be made to look like Robert Redford in *The Electric Horseman*. The bill number is SB 941 and it permits motorcycles to be equipped with a headlamp

that blinks from dim to bright at a rate of 200 to 280 flashes per minute during daylight. (The headlamp cannot be modulated during darkness.) The intent of the law is to increase safety on the highways by increasing the visibility of motorcycles.

A Police Raid Challenged: No Search Warrant Issued

Does a motorcycle club that authorities believe to be maintaining an armed camp have a constitutional guarantee of privacy?

That issue was argued recently in the Municipal Court of Aurora, Colo., in the case of the Diablo Lobos motorcycle club, fourteen members of which have been charged with zoning violations, weapons offenses, and drug charges.

The charges stem from an October 1980 raid on a residence by 27 Aurora police officers. The police officers didn't have a search warrant.

The day before the raid, the officers saw men with weapons and attack dogs outside the residence. During the raid, police said, they found a machine gun, more than 20 handguns, black powder and blasting caps, marijuana, and property they believed was stolen.

Police officers have said the house was being maintained as a gathering spot for out-of-state bikers who were reportedly preparing for a violent showdown with a rival motorcycle gang.

The house was protected by Great Dane attack dogs, barbed wire, and Vietnam-

style booby traps, police officers said. Authorities said they had to shoot one of the dogs during the raid.

Because police didn't have a search warrant, defense attorney Bill Fritzsche argued that the case against the club should be thrown out. Following Judge Bernard Berardini's ruling that David M. Liston,



the man who rented the home, had a "reasonable expectation of privacy." City Attorney Marc Colin requested charges against Liston be dropped. Berardini complied with the request.

Each of the remaining thirteen defendants is charged with possession of marijuana, possession of illegal weapons, and four zoning violations: maintaining a public nuisance, harboring vicious animals, barbed wire in a residential zone and inadequate sanitation. —from Bill McBean, *Denver Post*

N.J. Outlaws Symbols.

Displays of the Ku Klux Klan's burning crosses and Nazi swastikas will be outlawed in New Jersey under a bill that has received final legislative approval.

The measure, sponsored by Assemblyman Byron Baer (D-Bergen), passed the state Senate by a 35-0 vote.

Under the bill's provisions, jail terms and fines could be imposed for displaying "cer-

tain symbols of oppression."

(Editor's note: Will bike club colors be next in that insane state? We're not pushin' for either "display" mentioned above, but damn it, when will the bureaucrats quit wringing their hands over nothing and let freedom ring? A person should be able to do anything he wants and wear anything he wants, as long as doing so causes no harm to anyone.)

Harley-Davidson Bought By H-D Management Team

Contrary to rumors started on speculation in *The Wall Street Journal*, Harley-Davidson was not purchased by a Japanese firm. Vaughn Beals, Jr., presently Group Executive of H-D's Motorcycle Products Group, along with John and Willy Davidson, is in the process of purchasing the company from AMF. Following are highlights of Vaughn's speech, making the happy announcement to the motorcycle press.

As many of you know, on Thursday, February 26th, I signed a letter of intent with AMF on behalf of a group of senior Harley-Davidson management which can result in the purchase of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company from AMF by the management group.

In addition to myself, some of the stockholders in the purchasing group will be Charlie Thompson, president of the Motorcycle Division; John and William G. Davidson; Dave Lickerman, president of the International Division; and Ralph Swenson, president of the York Division. All shareholders of the new corporation will be members of Harley-Davidson management as well as being active motorcyclists — putting total control of the company in the hands of current management. Outside financing is being supplied by a group of financial institutions led by Citicorp Industrial Credit, Inc. There are absolutely no foreign funds or control involved in this purchase.

Let me take a few minutes to review the recent AMF/Harley-Davidson history and the business philosophy behind this major change.

Until 1965, Harley-Davidson was privately owned by descendants of the founders. When it appeared clear in that year that broader ownership would enable the company to expand with the growing motorcycle market, the Davidson and Harley families made stock available to the public.

In late 1968, to continue this growth, the company management recommended a merger with AMF, which became effective in January 1969. That year, Harley-Davidson shipped 14,000 V-twins, in addition to a number of lightweights and snowmobiles, to generate sales of \$49 million. With the in-

fusion of AMF capital, Harley V-twin production doubled by 1972, stretching the original Milwaukee plant to its maximum operating capacity. To meet the continuing demand for our motorcycles, in 1973, AMF invested nearly \$7 million to convert their York, Pennsylvania, plant to motorcycle production and assembly. By 1980, this investment permitted production to achieve a record level of over 50,000 units, nearly four times the production level in the first year of AMF ownership.

From 1969 through 1980, AMF's substantial capital investment in the motorcycle and golf car business permitted Harley-Davidson revenues to grow from \$49 million to approximately \$300 million, a six-fold increase.

Now let me comment briefly on AMF's reasons for selling us the business. AMF has stated publicly over the past several years its objective to increase the ratio of AMF's industrial sales to its leisure sales to a one-to-one basis. In 1980, 38 percent of AMF's \$1.5 billion revenues were from their industrial businesses and 62 percent were from the leisure side. AMF's recent acquisitions of Scientific Drilling International and geo-space companies were direct steps toward this objective of equal revenue.

Harley-Davidson has been by far the largest single business within AMF for many years. Today, it still is twice the size of the next biggest business. This fact, combined with the projected growth of Harley-Davidson, has made it increasingly difficult for AMF to reach their objectives of 50 percent industrial and 50 percent leisure while retaining ownership of the motor company.

AMF's decision to sell Harley-Davidson was facilitated by two facts: Harley-Davidson had demonstrated its ability to be financially independent in recent years, and secondly, the management group was ready, willing, and able to make the purchase. In fact, this ability to be financially self-sufficient even when the investment in new product development was increased by two and one-half times, combined with a strong growth in earnings, was the reason that we could attract the financing necessary.

Biker Loses Leg In Wreck — \$720,695 Awarded For Loss

A 26-year-old Kitchener (Ontario) laborer has been granted a settlement of \$720,695, most of it to be paid in monthly installments over the next 39 years, for injuries received when his motorcycle was struck by a car.

As a result of the mishap, near Tobermory, Ont., on July 2, 1977, Brian Wiles lost the lower part of his left leg and has an arthritic left knee. His lawyer said Mr. Wiles has been unable to work since the accident, but is currently training as a cabinetmaker.

The defendant was George

Prokop of Blenheim, Ont., whose car collided with five motorcycles going in the opposite direction, one of them driven by Mr. Wiles.

Of the amount awarded to Mr. Wiles in the Ontario Supreme Court settlement, \$682,695 will be paid on a monthly basis until he is 65, the annual payment amounting to about \$17,500. In addition, he receives an immediate payment of \$40,000.

Another motorcyclist, Kenneth Luelo, 27, of Kitchener, settled for \$125,000 and costs. —from *The Globe*.

In short, AMF helped the motor company through a critical stage of growth during the last decade. Without their financial support, I frankly doubt that Harley-Davidson would exist in anything like its current form. The most tangible evidence of their success is the company's ability to now stand on its own once again.

Despite reports to the contrary in the *Wall Street Journal*, we are not — and I repeat, not — buying a company in distress. Rather, we are buying a company that is still number one in the heavyweight market after eight years of the best that four Japanese competitors have to offer. We are buying a company that generated record sales and strong earnings last year despite severe credit restraints and a slowed economy, and despite an increased investment of \$3 million in new product development.

We're buying a company that enjoys customer loyalty of an extraordinary nature and one that has the best dealer network in the motorcycle industry — one that's the envy of all other manufacturers. In short, we're buying a company that is healthy, profitable, and the leader in its chosen market segment.

The Harley-Davidson management team continues committed to even further improving the V-twins as well as to broadening our product line beyond the current seventeen heavyweight models. We don't, however, plan to reenter the lightweight market segment. In keeping with our long-standing policy, we don't plan to elaborate further on our

own new product plans.

The current business climate under the Reagan administration causes us to be reasonably optimistic about the future of motorcycling in the U.S. The recent reasonable EPA noise regulations and America's increasing concern about fuel-efficient vehicles lead us to believe that the 1980s will be excellent years for Harley-Davidson.

We expect to see continued growth in our international sales. As a result of strengthening our international organization in recent years we have enjoyed steady growth in exports. Last year, we exported 67 percent more motorcycles than in 1979, which also was a record year. Interestingly, in 1980, Japan became our biggest foreign market with imports substantially exceeding those of even Germany, where we are served by a network of 25 dealers. Despite our rapid growth in international markets in recent years, we feel we have just really started to tap foreign markets.

I know that I speak for all the Harley-Davidson management team that will be investing in Harley-Davidson when I say that we see the opportunity to invest in the Harley-Davidson Motor Company at this time as a chance in a lifetime. We are inheritors — and protectors — of the legacy provided to us by the founding families. We have a staunchly loyal band of customers without whom nothing would be possible.

Editor's note: Hope they always remember the last sentence and work at keeping that loyalty.

Maryland's Optional Helmet Law Repeal Being Debated

The Maryland State Senate has resumed consideration of legislation to restore the requirement that all motorcycle operators wear safety helmets, but there was no indication when the bill would be voted on. Generally, controversial legislation gets delayed in the Senate by parliamentary tactics.

The proposal, identical to a bill pending in the House Judiciary Committee, would repeal the 1979 law that made helmets optional except for bikers under 18, who had to wear 'em.

Motorcyclists from around the state rallied peaceably in Annapolis recently to tell the House committee they oppose mandatory helmets.

While dozens of cyclists packed a hearing room for the Judiciary Committee session, others milled outside the State House while the Senate briefly debated its bill.

Speaking for the members of the American Motorcycle Association, Robert Ritter told the House committee that a helmet hampers a biker's vision, restricts hearing, and is uncomfortable in hot weather.

Ritter said he was wearing a helmet when he had an acci-

dent last year, leaving him with serious back and neck injuries.

"The helmet was the reason I have neck injuries," he said.

However, statistics presented by a hospital, state police, and the state medical examiner's office indicated the fatality rate is significantly higher for motorcyclists who do not wear helmets.

According to Carol Banner of the shock trauma unit of University Hospital in Baltimore, the death rate for unhelmeted cyclists was 12 times greater than for those wearing helmets. She also said there is a higher rate of head injuries for motorcycle riders not wearing helmets.

A statement prepared by Col. Thomas Smith, the state police superintendent, said there has been a 48-percent increase in motorcycle deaths since the helmet law was repealed by the General Assembly in 1979. "I am convinced motorcycle helmet use can save lives," Smith wrote.

Del. Ida Ruben, D-Montgomery, called the repeal of the helmet law a gruesome experiment and urged the committee to support its reinstatement.

Legislation Heavy For 1981 States To Debate Lid Laws

All turned loose at once, the floodgates of new state legislation opened in early 1981, when close to five dozen bills were prefiled regarding motorcycle insurance, sales taxes, lighting, and helmet use.

"This will probably be the heaviest session in memory," said AMA legislative analyst Gary Winn, viewing the piles of new bills and hearing dates already scheduled for the 1981 session. "There will be hot topics in every state, and many will debate a half-dozen issues of crucial interest to bikers."

North Dakota and Maryland, with helmet law hearings scheduled, head the list of about twelve states that will be considering reinstatement of mandatory helmet laws.

Some states are still trying to untangle themselves from the insurance mess they may have created by including motorcycles under no-fault. Hawaii and Michigan are among the top contenders in that category, both having wrestled unsuccessfully with the question for two years.

New Jersey, Illinois, and Maryland will be considering new rider education laws. Florida passed such a law last session, but similar bills were defeated in Michigan and New York. New bills in the latter two states are expected.

Mississippi will consider reducing its sales tax on motorcycle sales from 5 percent to 3 percent, the same as on cars. This initiative was sponsored by local riders, dealers, and AMA, and is expected to pass.

Assembly Bill 2229 in New Jersey will attempt to stop the state from charging sidecars the same toll rate as ten-ton trucks. House Bill 1321 in Indiana would prevent more than four motorcycles from traveling in a group and would require the "groups" to travel at least 300 feet apart.

This unprecedented flow of new bills is somewhat surprising to AMA, since many staff members believed that the new administration would be throttling that flow. "Because much of the legislation is positive," Winn said, "it may be that states are waking up to the needs of motorcyclists and responding to them as highway users and voters, not just patronizing them, as the record books show. Time will tell just how much positive legislation gets passed and how much gets shuffled into a dusty corner."

Only four states now have no licensing requirements, and you should help introduce bills for licensing in Florida and Mississippi. Bikers in Florida have also secured sponsorship of legislation to open high-occupancy vehicle lanes to motorcycles, and about a half-dozen states will have bills to allow the Q-switch — following the lead of California, which had S-941 signed into law last year.

New York bikers plan to fight legislation that would allow New York City to enact its own nighttime bike ban. —from Action.



Charges At Indiana ABATE

ABATE of Indiana adds another state director. State co-ordinator Wanda Hummel will now be working with Ron Kebler, State Director South, and Mike "Balls" Farabaugh, State Director North. The state has been divided into regions. The dividing line is basically Indianapolis North for the Northern Director and Indianapolis South for the Southern Director.

This division will benefit the regional programs and cut down on expensive traveling costs for meetings, etc. Anyone interested in becoming a regional director should con-

tact the ABATE office.

Balls, who takes over the northern directorship, has always been a member of ABATE of Indiana, and recently resigned from a state position with the AMA to take on a more active role in ABATE. He is also a chief instructor with the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and is currently the director of the MSF Indiana Regional Program. He is actively recruiting ABATE folks to coordinate the Northern Regional Programs.

For more info, contact ABATE of Indiana, Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514.

Motorcycling-Safe And Sane

Motorcycling is not a hazardous, deadly sport as many non-participants believe. As those who ride know, biking is a safe, enjoyable, economical mode of transportation.

It has been said that eight persons were killed on bikes in Portland, during both 1978 and 1979. What should be stated is the number of times bikers have been run off the public highways by the "more scrubbed" four-wheeling maniacs.

As a biker of many years, the only mishaps I have had involved the errors of others. I have had people run stop signs in front of me. I have had people change lanes while I am clearly beside them. I have had people make a left turn into my path and tell me that they could not see my 67,000 candlepower headlight.

Six riders were killed when they struck unmoving objects. How many hit those objects in the hope of avoiding some homicidal maniac in a cage? People won't say. People can't say; because in very many cases, the cage driver left the scene as if nothing had happened. How many of the rider fatalities were novice riders on underpowered bikes? Perhaps these riders were forced to biking by the rising cost of fuel brought on by gas-guzzling cages.

How many pedestrians were

killed or injured while using a crosswalk? Crosswalks are dangerous; do not use them! How many people were killed or injured while in their own house? Houses are a death wish; do not use them!

Motorcycling is not a cult to be feared. It is simply a mode of transportation and a form of entertainment that has been around for many years.

Before people look at limited statistics and make a decision on the safety or sanity of a sport they haven't tried, I only ask that they try it before making their prejudicial statements public. Before people decide how to protect me, I only ask them to consider the fact that I am mature enough to make that decision for myself.

It would be great if we could take all the risk out of riding. Then maybe we could take the risk out of driving, and then out of using a crosswalk. We could make this world a safe place in which to live. Quite a "Roger Ramjet" idea, isn't it?

Art Chenoweth said it all for me in *Death on Wheels*, published in the *Portland Oregonian*. He said, "It would help if the rest of us auto drivers would stop crowding them and watch out for them better." That is where a lot of our risk lies, in the hands of very many auto drivers. Let those who ride decide! —from Larry H. Johnson, Portland, Oregon.

California Is Recognized

California won the State Recognition Award for 1980, according to Dr. Charles H. Hartman, president of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF).

The award is given to a state that has made significant advances in motorcycle safety during the previous year.

The California Motorcycle Safety Program, sponsored by the state's Office of Traffic Safety (OTS), has helped establish 47 rider training sites in California. More than 4,000 students have successfully completed motorcycle rider courses conducted at these sites.

During 1980, the California Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV) completed a study evaluating two improved motorcycle licensing programs as compared with the standard state licensing program. Riders passing the improved licensing test reported accident reductions of 15 to 21 percent. The California DMV also printed and distributed

1.2 million copies of a motorcycle rider supplement to the state driver manual during the past year.

The California Department of Transportation (CALTRANS) created a motorcycle coordinator position in 1980 to assess the highway needs of motorcyclists. The coordinator is promoting motorcycles as energy-efficient transportation and recommending changes in CALTRANS practices that will improve motorcycle safety.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation's purpose is improving the safety of motorcyclists on the nation's streets and highways. To reduce motorcycle accidents and injuries the Foundation has programs in rider education, licensing improvement, public information, and research. These programs are designed for both motorcyclists and motorists. A national, private, nonprofit organization, MSF is sponsored by five leading motorcycle manufacturers.

Utah Defeats Radar Bill

Immediately prior to the adjournment of its 1981 session, the Utah state legislature refused to ban the sale and use of radar detectors. During the same session, legislators also voted to defeat a bill limiting the use of police radar on Utah highways.

The bill introduced by Representative Mecham to prohibit Utah motorists from using radar detection devices was defeated by a margin of 45 to 21 because of constitutional issues and problems surrounding the enforcement of such laws. These issues, which have led to the defeat of similar bills in over 40 other states, include one of constitutional preemption. Congress, in the Communications Act of 1934, prohibited states from making laws regulating radio reception. Radar detectors are simply radio receivers tuned to the frequencies used by police radar and are, therefore, exempt from state regulation. Conflicts with interstate commerce guarantees and the First Amendment right of free speech are among constitutional issues affecting the passage of such state laws.

Practical issues of enforcement have also inhibited at-

tempts to outlaw radar detectors. An example is a law enacted in the state of Virginia, where federal litigation is still pending. Legal challenges based on illegal search and seizure and the abrogation of due process under the law have plagued enforcement.

The other bill, dealing with the curtailment of police radar use, was defeated by a margin of 18 to 9. The introduction of this bill by Senator K.S. Cornaby reflects the comprehensive re-evaluation of radar's fallibilities currently spreading throughout state and federal agencies.

The findings of a three-year study commissioned by the federal Department of Transportation catalogs technological standards heretofore absent in police radar units. Conducted by the National Bureau of Standards, this study provides substantial evidence that today's police radar is subject to numerous errors and irregularities that result in undeserved speeding tickets. Some experts contend that as many as thirty percent of all tickets issued because of radar are issued in error. —from Janis Burenga, N.Y., N.Y.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

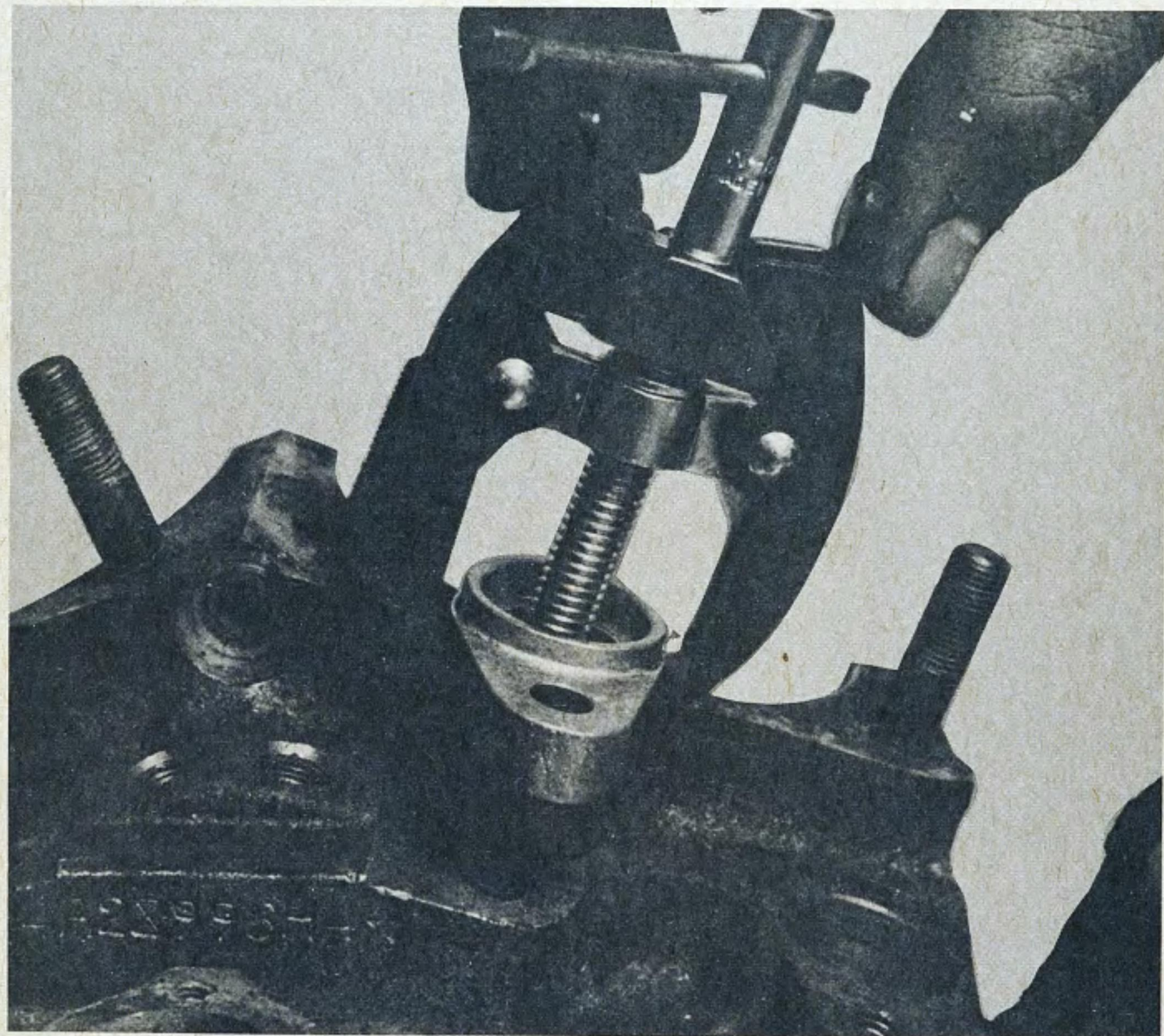
National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name Here _____
I understand that National Abate will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National Abate chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



Pulling Tappet Blocks

Sporty owners who do their own engine work can appreciate this low-buck, dual-purpose tool. What is it? It's a Sportster tappet-block puller disguised as a Pep Boys battery-terminal puller.

In order to remove the tappet blocks from the lower end, remember, it is easier to wrench off the heads and barrels first, leaving the timing cover and cams in place. On the

sides of the tappet blocks there are grooves machined for the H-D puller. These are the same grooves you use with the battery-terminal puller. Make sure the jaws of the puller catch in the grooves on the tappet block. Center the threaded shaft of the puller on the tappet where the pushrod would go, then turn the puller handle clockwise. Now the tappet blocks won't jump

out. Take your time and remember that the tappet blocks are a press fit in the engine cases. Another use for the battery puller is to remove generator drive gears.

Once a tool like this has found its way into your toolbox, new uses will smack you in the face at least once a week — so you can be pretty sure of getting your money's worth.

Battery-terminal pullers can be had for four or five bucks at most auto parts stores. The one that appears in the photo was donated by a few bros who turned in the mountain of recyclable brew cans that held up my shopping-cart workbench. Now, if they had returnable Jack bottles, I'd be slicin' the wind on a new Wide Glide.

—Wrench

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Willie warned us. He said that if the jokes didn't get better he was gonna drown himself. Well, he's in the toilet and goin' down for the third time. Only you can save Witty Willie. No, asshole, ya can't save him by holdin' hands and chantin' "I believe"; ya can save him only by sendin' him your best funnies. You know, the jokes you've been savin' to tell at your landlord's funeral. We'll be so grateful to ya for gettin' Willie out of the can (ever try an' piss with someone clawin' at your balls?) we'll pay ya \$25 for every joke we use. Send 'em to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

The teacher asked her class for reports of exciting events in their lives.

One bright young lad stood up and said, "My brother was in the war and got shot in the ass."

The teacher told him, "Don't say ass; say rectum."

The kid stared at her. "Wrecked 'im, hell! It killed 'im!"

—Kevin Higgins
Alpine, Calif.



"Respect you in the morning?
I don't respect you now!"

What do you get when you cross Iran and sex? A big fuckin' joke.

—Max Palmer
Compton, Calif.

After hearing his ol' lady bitch for days because he didn't bring a turkey home for dinner, the hunter, spotting a bird, shot it full of buckshot. His pleased wife did the best she could cleaning the bird, and the family ate it for supper that night. Soon after they finished eating their first son came running in yelling, "Mom, Mom, guess what. I was outside taking a piss and a B.B. popped out!"

She said, "Never mind, it was just in the turkey." Next the second son came in saying the same thing. Soon after that the third son ran in yelling, "Guess what."

Mom said, "Don't tell me. You were taking a piss and a B.B. popped out!"

To which he replied, "No, no, I was upstairs jackin' off and I shot the dog!"

—Lori
Ellwood City, Pa.

Seated in the whorehouse lounge, the sailor was trying to decide whether to pay the \$100 or the \$1000 price to get laid. Since he'd been at sea for three years and hadn't had any in that time, he decided to pay the \$1000 for a lay, figuring the difference would be worth it. After having the chick stand up against the wall, he dropped his pants and started humping her bellybutton. "Hey, buddy," she said, "You're humping the wrong place."

"Listen, bitch," he snapped, "for the price I'm payin', I'll drill my own hole."

—F. Rochniak
Rochester, N.Y.

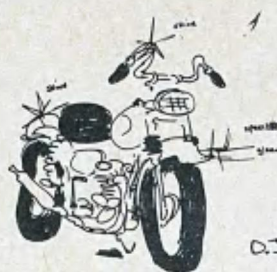
Did you hear about the new cereal called Prostitutes? They don't snap, crackle, or pop; they just lie there and let you eat them.

—Vivian Swisher
Arcadia, Mich.

His ol' lady is so ugly that they won't sell her a screw in a hardware store.

—John Quercus
Lawton, Okla.

Easyriders



Easyriders

This guy was sitting at the bar sipping his beer when he noticed quite a smell coming from the drunk next to him. He said to the guy, "Hey, did you shit your pants?"

To which the guy replied, "Yeah, as a matter of fact I did."

The first guy said, "Well, for chrissakes why don't you clean yourself up?"

The drunk replied, "Because I ain't finished yet."

—Charles E. Townsend
Tucson, Ariz.

What do women and airplanes have in common? Cockpits.

And what do women and screen doors have in common? The more you bang 'em, the looser they get.

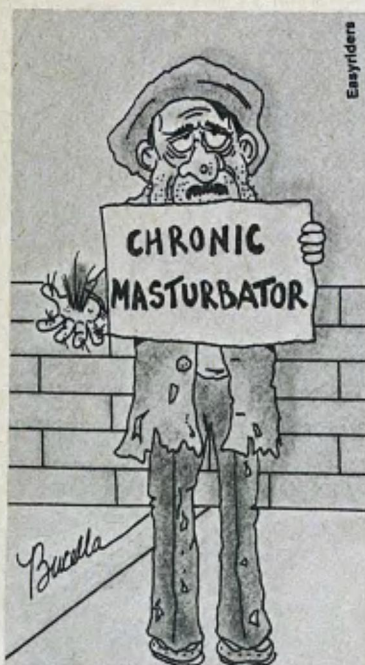
—K.C. Cox
Boise, Ida.



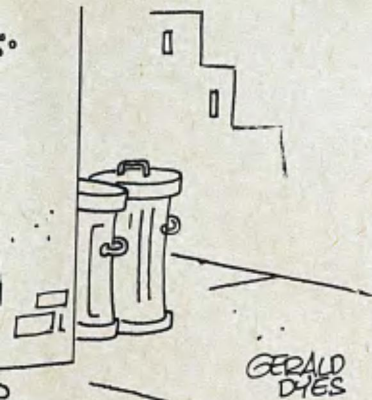
Easyriders

If I had a face like yours, I'd tape a Stridex pad to my ass and walk backwards!

—California Dreamer
Westminster, Calif.



Easyriders



Two women were walking down the street when one turned to the other and said she smelled hair burning.

The other said, "Well, we better stop walking so fast."

—Jim Baker
Hannibal, Mo.

You know what's gross? When you wake up in the morning with a lump in your throat and a string hanging out of your mouth!

—Wally Johnson
Castro Valley, Calif.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone
When she bent over
Rover took over
And she found out he had
A bone of his own

—Frankie Morea
Miramar, Fla.



Roses are red
Violets are blue
A biker's come
Has vitamins too

—Vulture
Commerce City, Colo.

Before I met my wife, I was sort of like Delta Airlines. They went from city to city; I went from titty to titty.

—Stuart D. Mize
Cassville, Pa.

There was this biker who, after going down hard, had to have his hand amputated.

At the hospital the only donor was a chick, so her hand was sewn on.

After weeks of rehabilitation the doctor asked if he had any problems.

"Only one," said the biker. "Every time I take a piss, the bitch doesn't want to let go."

—Widow Maker
Sunbury, Pa.



What do pussy and potato chips have in common? Nobody can eat just one.

—Mike Bratton
Lindsay, Calif.

A little girl in the third grade excused herself from class one day to go to the john. While there she discovered a strange new word written on the wall. Returning to class she inquired, "What does fuck mean, teacher?"

Completely flustered, the teacher replied, "Well, it's uh, it means to serve."

"Okay," said the little girl, and returned to her seat.

After years of sheltered upbringing, she got married and had a family of her own. One Sunday afternoon at a family gathering she happily announced, "I'm going to the kitchen and fuck the chicken."

Uncle Ernie looked up and said, "Well, if it's gonna be one of those parties, I'm gonna stick my dick in the mashed potatoes."

—Thomas Wiggins
Oregon, Ill.

What do you get when you cross M&Ms with a rooster? A cock that melts in your mouth, but not in your hand.

—Miss America
Alto, Mich.

"Darling," she said, "how could you make your prick ten inches long?"

Smiling, I said, "Fold it in half."

—Ted Traland
Staten Island, N.Y.



"Remember the motorcycle club next door, and how you said you'd like to tell them off? Well, you may get your chance — I just backed over two of their bikes."

How can you tell which biker smokes Camels? You can't. We'll all ride a mile for a hump!

—California Dreamer
Westminster, Calif.

Do you know why a virgin and a balloon are the same? One prick and they're gone.

—Steve Baxter
Kansas City, Mo.

What do you get when you mix a rooster with an owl? A cock that stays up all night.

—Freebird
Walnut Creek, Calif.

How come the rubber went flying across the room? It got pissed off.

—C.A.B.
Tumacacori, Ariz.

The biker was drinking beer and reading *Easyriders* when his rugrat came running in, threw a handful of M&Ms in his mouth, ran over and bit the cat, and then ran back out the door. The biker just sat there and shook his head.

A minute later the kid came running in, bit the cat, threw a handful of M&Ms in his mouth, and ran out the door. The biker wondered what the hell was wrong with the kid. When the brat came running in again, the biker grabbed him. "What the hell's wrong with you?" he asked.

"I'm practicin' to be a biker."

"What does all that shit have to do with bein' a biker?"

"Well, Mommy said all a biker does is pop pills, eat pussy, and move on."

—Mike Foerst
Harrison, Ohio

This old Indian went into a whorehouse and told the madam he wanted some pussy. Kind of worried about lettin' this renegade mess with one of her girls, fearing he might hurt her, she told him to go home and practice on a tree for a few days. He did, and returned a week later.

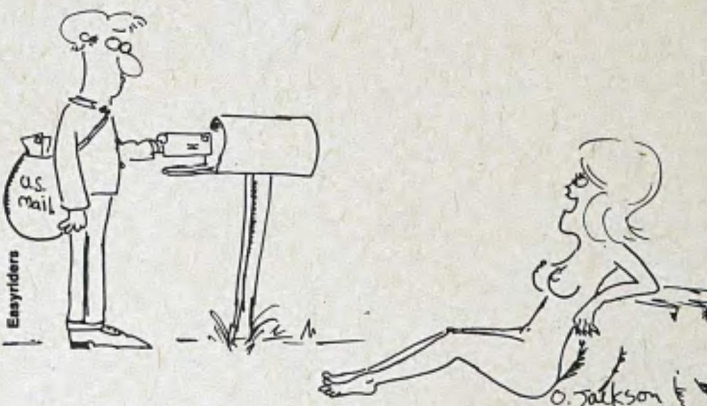
By this time she had hired a big fat hooker who, she figured, could easily handle him. So off to her room he went.

Almost immediately, the madam heard a loud scream come from the room. When she opened the door she saw the Indian pokin' a broomstick in and out of the fat broad's cunt.

"What the hell you doin'?" asked the madam.

"Me checkin' for bees," said the Indian.

—Seaweed
Draper, Utah



"Now how about some male in my box?"

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

If I weren't such a big-hearted sumbitch and all-around nice guy, I might harbor a few hard feelings about the three albums reviewed below. It's not the fault of the music; it's just a matter of bad association.

You see, a couple of weeks back I was riding home from work on the old Snortster, thinking about this month's batch of albums and what to say about them. Worried about the upcoming deadline, I was lost in thought and hardly noticed when the weather clouded up and a light mist began to fall—no big deal, but enough to make the streets wet and slippery with a thin layer of oil a harder rain would have washed away. When I slowed down for a stop sign the front brake grabbed a bit, the rear wheel tried to come around, and the bike almost went down—"almost" because I held the listing motorcycle up with my leg for a brief instant till I could heave it upright. For the merest second the exhaust pipe touched my calf.

As any biker knows, hot pipe burns are instantaneous and mysterious. You know how it goes. You pull up at a bar at night, grope for the chain while locking the wheel, and accidentally graze—the pipe. Instant blister. Say goodbye to a patch of skin the size of a silver dollar and say hello to permanent scar tissue. My jeans weren't even scorched, but somehow for my lapse of attention I wound up with a nasty burn that's taking its own sweet time to heal and my girlfriend's so grossed out at the condition of my leg that we had to stop fucking with the light on.

Since this whole miserable turn of events began with my daydreaming about these records, you can understand why a lesser man might have been uncharitable in his reviews. But not me. So read on and I'll tell you what I think of these fuckin' records that gave me a painful scar I'll carry to my grave.

Border Wave/Sir Douglas Quintet: There's talk these days of Doug Sahm's making a "comeback," with this album, but that's bullshit 'cause he never really left. Even after the Sir Douglas Quintet broke up in the 70s, the two most critical members, Sahm and organist Augie Meyers, continued to make music separately.

Last year's **Hell Of A Spell** showed Doug still rocking after all these years, and this "reunion" album is a gas—rowdy, ragged, real music in a style too distinctive to be copied. The ten cuts thump and pump with the raw, crazy energy of a border bar on a Saturday night in August—the smell of smoke and spilled beer, the feel of your sweat-soaked shirt clinging to the small of your back as you scarf down chicharrones and order up another round. And everything—even drunkenly hustling the middle-aged whores—has an adrenalin edge to it, the impossible-to-describe odor of violence mingling with the other smells, the faint air of danger almost making you laugh, making you want it to come, forcing your mouth into an even wider and more dangerous grin. A night dancing recklessly along the razor-fine edge of hysteria, a night when anything can happen.

If you're an SDQ fan, this sawdust, sex, and blood world is familiar territory. For example, the cheatin' gal in "It Was Fun While It Lasted": *Had a girl down in Houston/Man, she sure was fine./Her ol'; man worked on an oil pipe line./He came home one night too early, caught me with his girlie/And she whispered to me as I slipped on out the door/It was fun while it lasted; it was fun while it lasted./Man, we really got blasted; it was fun while it lasted.*

There's plenty of good cuts on this release, like "Down On The Border," "Sheila Tequila," and "Old Habits Die Hard." In addition to original members Doug, Augie, and drummer Johnny Perez, the remarkable Austin

fiddler Alvin Crow appears, as well as bass player Speedy Sparks. Crow's fiddle was lost in production, I assume, because I can't hear a note of it—and that's a pity. But he does manage a rocking lead vocal on his own composition, "Tonite Tonite."

For summer fun, the ol' Animal's suggestion is to call up a couple of the bros, ice down a case or two of suds in the back yard, have the ol' ladies whip up a heap of tacos, drop **Border Wave** on the turntable—and crank 'er up.

Playin' My Thang/Steve Cropper: I ripped the wrap off this disc with high hopes, having been a fan of Cropper's work since the 60s, when he played with the premier soul backup band of the era, Booker T. and the MGs. Most recently seen backing the Blues Brothers and always to be remembered as the writer of hits like "In The Midnight Hour" and "Dock Of The Bay," Cropper seemed a sure-fire bet (I reasoned hopefully) to debut as a solo artist with a kick-ass album, full of the rocking simplicity and understated drive of his Stax heritage. Wrong again.

Playin' My Thang, while not an altogether bad album, is a timid, uncertain effort—and a disappointment. The better cuts like "Give 'Em What They Want," "Ya Da Ya Da," and the title tune, are worth hearing for Cropper's impeccable guitar breaks. But everything suffers from his inability to take control of a song vocally. A backup singer till now, Cropper's voice here seems thin, his phrasing tentative and tense. For that matter, this album doesn't even serve as a good showcase for his extraordinary talent as a guitar player. The solos are good, but they seem stifled by the overly-slick production (Cropper's not above going for the Boz Scaggs sound on one cut, "Fly."), the diluted vocals, and the generally lame lyrics.

Evangeline/Emmylou

Harris: This album somehow eludes me, like a nebulous

wiring problem on my bike, one that comes and goes and constantly escapes my grasp. Like the Cropper release, this isn't actually a bad album; but the music is, for the most part, relatively ordinary and quite forgettable.

Some cuts on this album—like "Bad Moon Rising" and "Oh Atlanta," for example—serve only to make me wish for the original versions by Creedence and Little Feat, respectively. I hope Emmylou hasn't fallen victim to what we in the medical profession call Linda Ronstadt Disease, so named because of its habit of striking pleasant girl singers and turning them into mad killers, senselessly butchering fine old tunes with embarrassing cover versions. And one cut—"Mr. Sandman"—indicates Emmylou's problem may be complicated by the dread Cute Cover Syndrome.

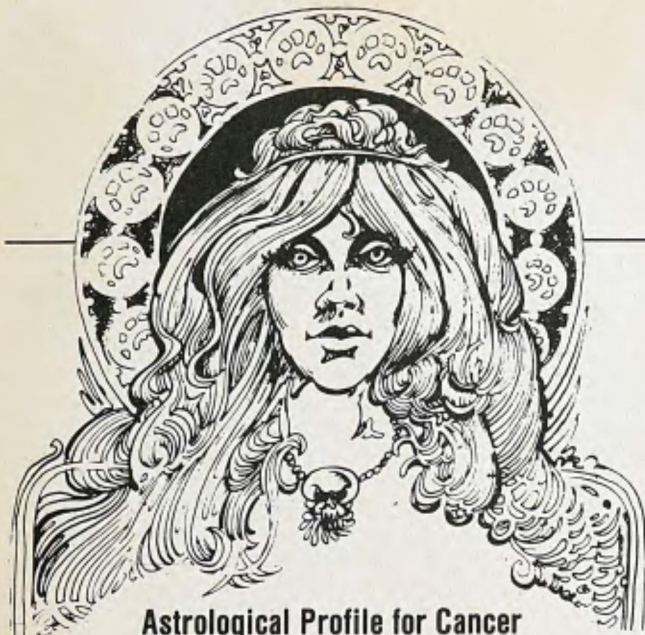
Emmylou does well on two Rodney Crowell tunes, "I Don't Have to Crawl" and "Ashes By Now." My pick for best cut on the album is "Spanish Johnny," an off-beat, moody, outlaw ballad by Paul Siebel. Emmylou is aided on the tune by Waylon Jennings singing harmony and Mickey Raphael playing harp.

But what do I know? "Mr. Sandman" is a big hit and everybody thinks I'm an asshole for not liking it. And David, one of my fellow inmates at this hog flophouse of a magazine office, got so pissed that he quit drinking tequila with me every morning before work. Not only that, he informed me eyeball-to-eyeball (punctuated with an index finger stabbin' me in the chest) that I was fulla shit and that he'd personally whip my ass if I didn't include this message: Emmylou, Dave loves you.

Okay, Dave—so lighten up, huh? ■



Asstrology



Astrological Profile for Cancer

Cancers are one of the most difficult signs to understand. They are moody and tend to go from one extreme to the other. Because they can be so oversensitive, it's hard to know what pleases them from one day to the next. (Some female Cancers always cry when they fart in public, but like to be served tuna sandwiches while they're taking a crap.) Both sexes have an overabundance of false modesty and use too much asswipe.

Cancers have nervous stomachs and a tendency to retain fluid and put on too much flab in later life. They should

avoid junk food and too much salt. Their recuperative powers are weaker than those of most signs.

Cancers can be very good at accumulating money, or anything else, for that matter. They hate to throw anything away and will collect anything and everything. Luckily, some of the junk they hoard eventually becomes valuable. It's not by accident that some of the world's richest people (J.D. Rockefeller) are Cancers.

Generally speaking, Cancers are the least violent of the signs, and would rather fuck than fight.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

Time to tie up a few loose ends financially (not your hemorrhoids), and cut down on fuck-ups. Stop spreading yourself thin socially and don't mix business with pleasure. Show your serious side, even if it's the back one. This means saying no to some party time and getting your act together. Otherwise, the only way you'll stay on top is in the missionary position.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

Be sure you have all the facts before you blab your balls off at work and you'll avoid a load of shit. Otherwise, life on the job can be a real pain in the poop-chute. Some transactions could be going on under your nose while you have your head up your ass. Keep alert and don't let your guard down. Go ahead and drop your drawers, though. Don't let your meat loaf.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

A large cast of characters is on the agenda and a few of 'em need a boot in the butt. Remember, not everyone is trustworthy and you're not running a motel. Send them packing before they

eat you out of the house, wear out your house mouse, and leave you limp with their lies. Save your hospitality for your tried and true partners. Better yet, pack up the ol' lady, get in the wind, and leave your troubles behind.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Happy Birthday! Having a full-fledged fling is fine for most of you, but a few of you will end up between the sheets and the shits. (So what's new?) Try for a happy medium — quit while you can still crawl. News on the home-front is encouraging. Some long-time hassles can finally be flushed down the shitter; your ol' lady will stop douching with Janitor In A Drum, and the rash on your crank will disappear.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

This month could have you cryin' in your beer an' nursin' a hangover. It's seemin' someone you either thought was outta your hair, or someone you're still holding a hardon for. Even worse, you may be blown away by what's happened to this person. Either way, don't be taken in for a second burn. If the situation

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Although they are prone to whining and crying in their beer, they make loyal and sympathetic friends. They are excellent at giving advice and give till it hurts — your ears, that is! They have uncanny intuition and should follow their own advice more often.

Some famous Cancers are Charles Laughton, Henry the Eighth (two biggies), Linda Ronstadt, Ringo Starr, Phyllis Diller, Red Skelton, James Cagney, Rembrandt, good ol' Captain Kangaroo, and Ann Landers (and her twin, Abigail Van Buren). In case ya didn't know, those last two ladies write Mutha columns for straight folks.

Cancers have mechanical capabilities because of their good manual dexterity and patience. They are good at taking things apart, but often too lazy to put them back together.

Cancers make generous lovers and friends. Except for a tendency to sleep with their shoes on, have sex with rubber ducks, and smell buffalo chips, they're perfect.

folly. The only shitty snag could be a legal hassle you sure don't need. Check twice for forgotten violations and don't be holdin' your goodies on the streets. Don't handle any legal confrontation with an on-the-rag attitude, or you'll be draggin' your nuts later. Look 'em in the face and smile, even if you've got bugs in your teeth!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

If you're still feelin' low while ridin' high, you're doin' things backwards. Slow down and pay attention, or you'll hit bottom and wind up with your cock in a cast and no one to chew the rag with. Seriously, your tendency to be accident-prone is doubled this month. Save your ups an' downs for between the sheets — unless, of course, you look good as a basket case!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Flingin' your meat to the wrong filly could prove hazardous to more than just your health. Right now, your reputation (?) is at stake. Gossip can have your ol' gonads gallopin' for cover. Circumstances beyond your control could force you to change scenery for a while. Family matters are better left undiscussed with certain friends who don't understand your situation. Don't forget!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Not only do you have an overabundance of energy, but your private stash also has fire in her hole. There's gonna be sparks flyin', hair burnin', and skid marks on the sheets! In other words, there's a hot time at the homestead — or wherever you drop your drawers. As long as you don't rub anyone the wrong way, have the neighbors join in. Now's the time to shock off some socks an' get away with it.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

You can't blow your whole wad now, but you can sure let a lot of it leak out. Don't get your horns up — I mean cash assets! 'Course, if you can find something to wiggle your ears in, that's okay, too. Before those extra bucks burn a hole in your butt, best check out your machine. Most likely, something needs replacing. Oh, well — easy come, easy go!

is too hot to handle, get in the wind awhile till things cool off. Face facts!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

It's your turn to return a favor. A partner who has bent over backward to help out your ragged ass may be too embarrassed to ask for help. Throw a few hints his way — you'll be glad you did. Remember what vicious gossip can do, 'cause you're liable to catch an earful this month. Don't take home any rumors with you.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

You could have some hard lessons to learn this month. It's time to stop seeing things the way you wish they could be. There's not much difference between an enemy and an enema. They're both the shits, and the only difference is the bag they're in. Right now, unless you own the Good Ship Lollipop, it's time to stop being taken for a sucker. Excuses are like assholes — most of 'em stink!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

This month is somewhat a continuation of last month's

SUNNY DAY

by Jody Via

Dancer awoke clearheaded, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, as the first beam of morning sunlight slanted across his face through the window beside the bed. He rolled out of the sack and padded naked to the window for a look at the day outside. It was golden, with only a few puffs of fluffy white cotton scudding across the blue bowl of the sky. A perfect morning for a putt. Dancer gazed through the glass for a minute while he scratched the hair on his belly and thought about what he was supposed to do that day. He was supposed to go to work, but that held no attraction for him. He felt too good to stifle himself in an airless sweatbox of a factory for eight hours while all that sunshine went to waste. Of course, he had made a commitment to show up regularly, more or less, when he took the job. On the other hand, he hadn't signed on to become a full-fledged wage slave. A job, to Dancer, was only a way to earn a living; he wasn't geared to let it become a way of life. Besides, he was bored shitless with his current gig. The lousy job paid well, though. He turned from the window with a sigh and reached for his Levi's hanging on the bedpost. After stepping into them and pulling on his socks and boots, he went into the kitchen for a swig of orange juice and then to the shitter for a quick piss before leaving the house. The leak was satisfying in the way only that first blessed relief of the day can be. That persistent itch he'd been plagued with lately was gone without a prickle, he realized as he stuffed his crank away and zipped his fly, and there was nary a sign of a crotch critter. That ointment the free clinic gave him worked, then. And a good thing it did. Now he could simply stock up on it instead of having to make all-new social acquaintances.

Outside, Dancer headed for the garage to roll out his sled, yanking a T-shirt over his head as he went. An escaped parakeet twittered on a utility line overhead while hungry cats closed in from all over the neighborhood. Din-din, fellas! Come and get it! chirped the dead-duck tweetybird. Dancer's belly rumbled at the thought of grub. After re-

locking the garage and resetting the alarm — the fact that the scooter ain't home doesn't mean ripoffers will go away emptyhanded if they can get in; those skulkers take tools and spare parts too — he swung onto his H-D and kicked the powerful motor to life. He sat on it, listening to its throbbing music while he considered breakfast options, until a baby whirlwind gusted road

smells under his nose and decided the issue. He put the big bike in gear and pulled into the street. He'd grab something quick at the nearest diner and grub down tough wherever he happened to be when he felt like filling up later. Right now his biggest appetite was for the wind.

The switchboard broad at work didn't sound as if she believed one word of his explanation about not



being able to come in because his dear old ma got struck with a sudden attack of leukemia and he had to go to the hospital to give her a transfusion. But then, he didn't tell the story as if he gave a shit what she believed, either. Her job was to take messages. He'd called in, he was covered.

An hour later, with city and suburbs on his backtrail and nothing between him and the horizon except rolling hills and ribbon slab, Dancer reached another agreement with his conscience. Then, the matter of compliance with the speed limit off his mind, he put his boots up on the highway pegs and cruised. Moving with fluid

grace as if it was his inner rhythm that guided the big machine down the road, he gave himself to the ever-peaking thrill of the ride. The morning rolled by with only a brief gas stop to interrupt the flow of miles beneath his wheels. The breeze was as sweet as a stolen kiss. In his element, in the wind, he felt complete, maybe fulfilled is a better word, in a way nothing else ever made him feel. This was what he was about, and where he knew in his heart he belonged. It was in a very real sense the substance of his life, with everything else just filler for between the times when he came totally alive with all his senses on Jam. Not that he would express his feelings in such high-toned emotional terms himself. "It's more fun than fucking," he'd most likely say if asked to describe the rush of open-road riding. He'd probably let it go at that, figuring that if you knew where he was coming from that was enough. And if you didn't, a truckload of fancy words wouldn't make the difference.

When his gut-growl got demanding, he turned off the highway on to a secondary road that meandered toward a small town, dollhouse-sized in the distance. The first eatery he came to had several pickup trucks parked outside so he shined it on in favor of the next. A fox in a passing car honked and waved as he parked his bike in front of the tavern's single window, but she was going too fast to flash, so he only lifted a hand in casual response before pushing open the door and entering The Oasis, that being the name of the place. Inside there were no surprises. The roadhouse was interchangeable with a thousand other joints he had been in. At the far end of the bar sat a solitary drunk, mumbling to himself and looking mean enough to kill rocks. A few stools up from him was an over-the-hill hooker who looked so diseased a man would have to have a grudge against his crank to stick it in her. She nursed a drink and eyed the door hopefully for signs of business. In booths along one wall a few scattered diners ate.

As soon as Dancer sat down, the lone waitress bustled over, smiling as if she really enjoyed her job. He wondered what was wrong with her while he gave a quick glance at the menu she laid in front of him with a cheery "Hi there! Can I help you?" He hoped it wasn't catching, whatever it was.

"A couple roast beef sandwiches. Make them thick. I'll have a draft

while I'm waiting, and bring some horseradish for the sandwiches," he directed, handing the menu back.

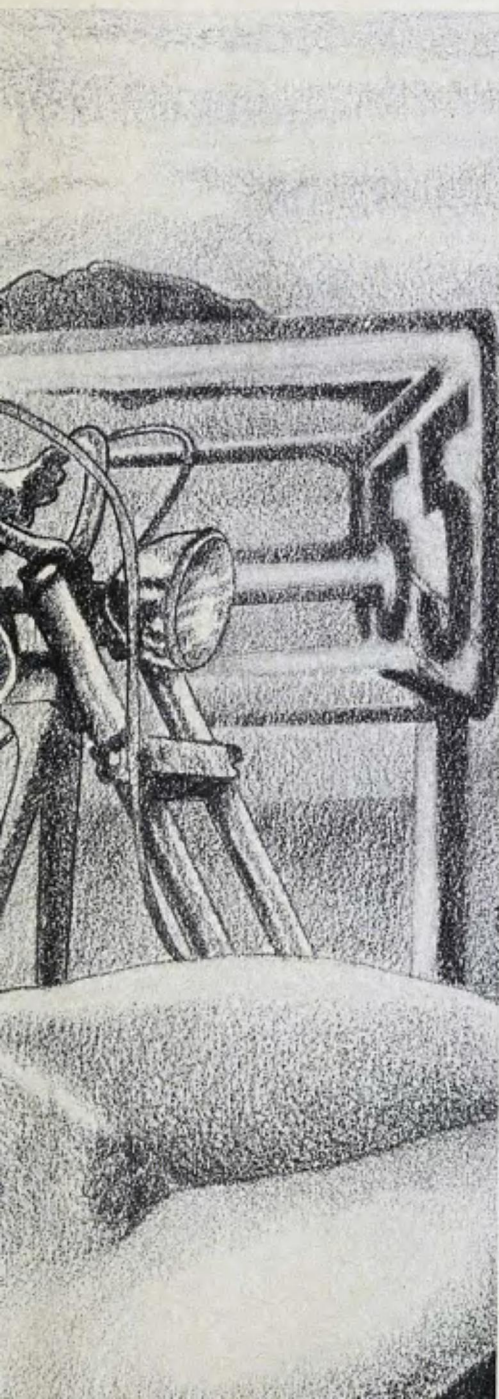
"Coming right up!" she exclaimed, beaming again as she spun away with a swirl of hair and flash of leg. Dancer watched the sway of her hips give liquid motion to her uniform as she made her way across the room to the kitchen. She was back in a flash with his beer, cutlery, and a small pot of aromatic horseradish. Her boobs jiggled sociably, he noticed, while he eyed her approach. They looked as friendly as playful puppies bouncing around under the thin material that covered but didn't conceal them. One of the tits bumped him on the nose when she leaned over to place his napkin. "Oh, excuse me!" she giggled, drawing back a tad.

"Don't mention it," Dancer said, flaring his nostrils in an attempt to make his nose stick out farther. She mistook the facial movement for a reaction to the smell of the horseradish and wrinkled her own nose in complicity before going back to the kitchen to check on his order. She brought the sandwiches and walked away to attend another customer.

As Dancer got ready to leave after finishing his meal, she nodded and stepped aside to let him open the door. When he passed close in front of her she breathed in his scent. It was a remembered smell, one of highways and weather and engine oil and maleness. But it was a new smell too — not her ol' man's or any other man's, but unmistakably this one's. She watched raptly through the window while he pulled on his gloves and put on a pair of sunglasses, then started the thunder-rumbling shovelhead with a single powerful kick. He waved, and before she knew it he was gone. She watched until he rode out of sight.

As Dancer cruised on in the direction of the small town that was still an hour's ride distant, his thoughts lingered on the woman he had just left. On the hunger he had seen in her. He had sensed her intensity when he brushed against her at the door, and he had been aware of a yearning in her eyes that she herself seemed unconscious of. Partly it was a body hunger, he knew, a basic physical need of female for male. But it was more, too. The man had to be the right one, or at least the right kind. In addition, Dancer recognized that much if not most of her hunger was one of the spirit, for

Continued on page 85



Sunshine Girl

AKA: Brenda Buns

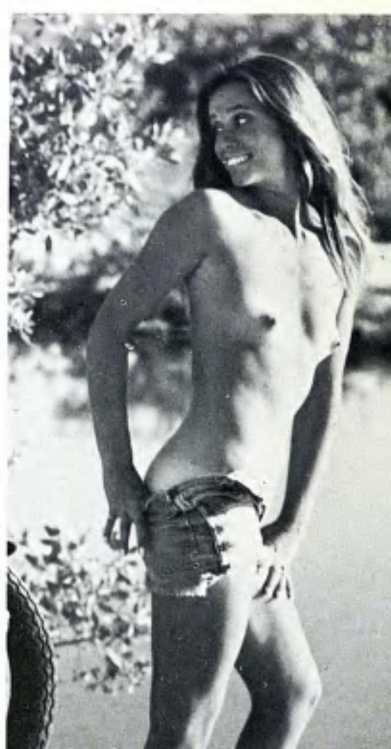
"I bend over backwards to please my man," beautiful Brenda Buns sighs. "He likes me that way and I like it, too. He is the most important thing in my life, and after his Harley, I'm most important to him. He keeps me here in this tropical paradise and I love it."

Looking eighteen, blonde, blue-eyed Brenda is this issue's eye relief. Her clean looks and fresh face remind ya of that dream girl you've been hallucinatin' while ya worked on your scoot all winter. The warmth in her smile is enough to brighten any drab and dismal day. She's a Key West conch, out in the sun all day puttin' mile after mile with the man of her choice.

"I'm the southernmost biker lady in the continental United States," boasts Brenda shyly. "The lower you go the better it gets, you know. I go as far south as you can go, then park the bike at my house. We live in the southern tip of Key West and that's about as far as you can go without a boat. Next stop's Cuba.

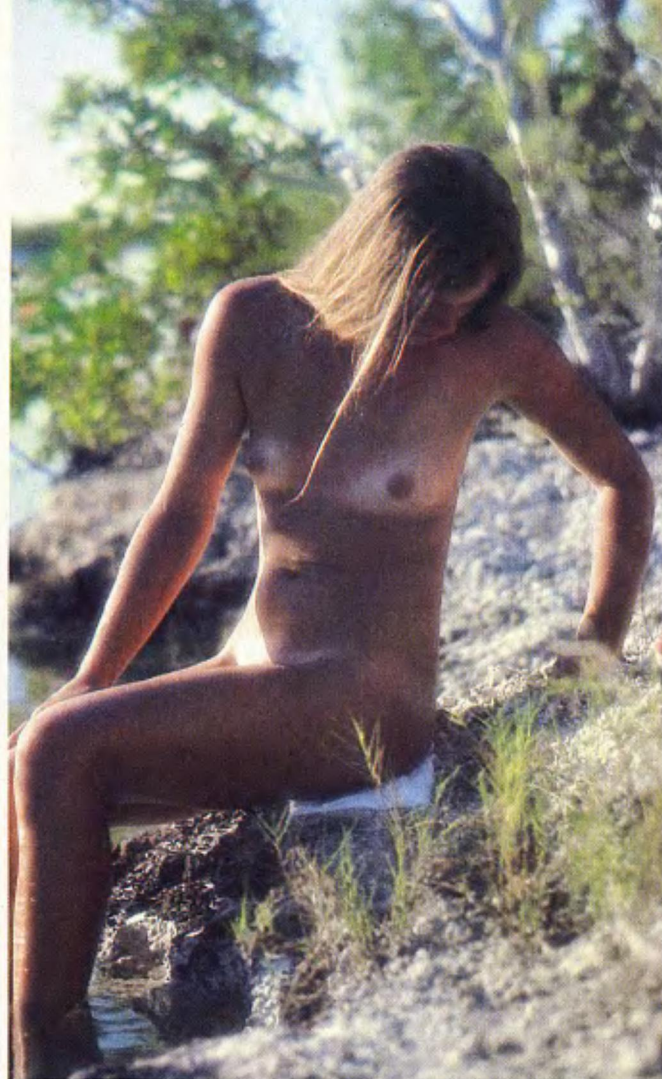
"My ol' man and I putt up and down the Keys. We know where the Key deer feed and where the alligators sun themselves. There's a nude beach two keys north and plenty of private coves scattered up highway A-1-A all the way to Lower Matecumbe. Did you know there are more endangered species in the Keys than anywhere else in the U.S.? We see more creatures here than you can believe. The snorkeling is great and the fish are every color and every size, even big sharks. The water turns from light blue to black then





Sunshine Girl





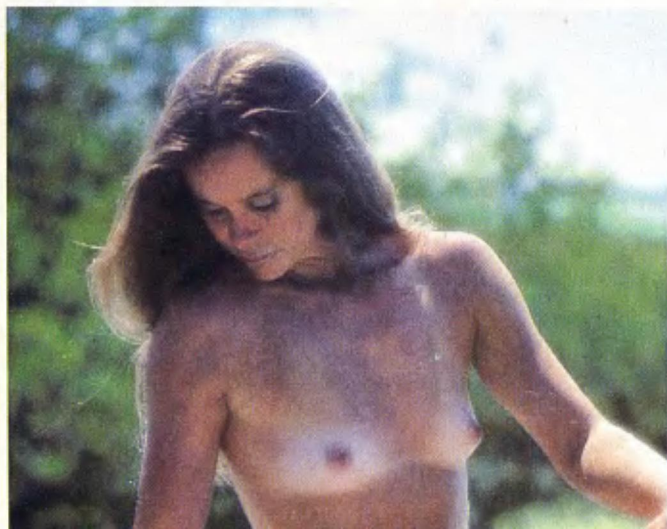
Photos by Billy Tinney

back to blue again — very freaky.

"I love this life and I love my ol' man. The Keys are the most beautiful place in the world and I'm content to spend the rest of my life here, in the sun."

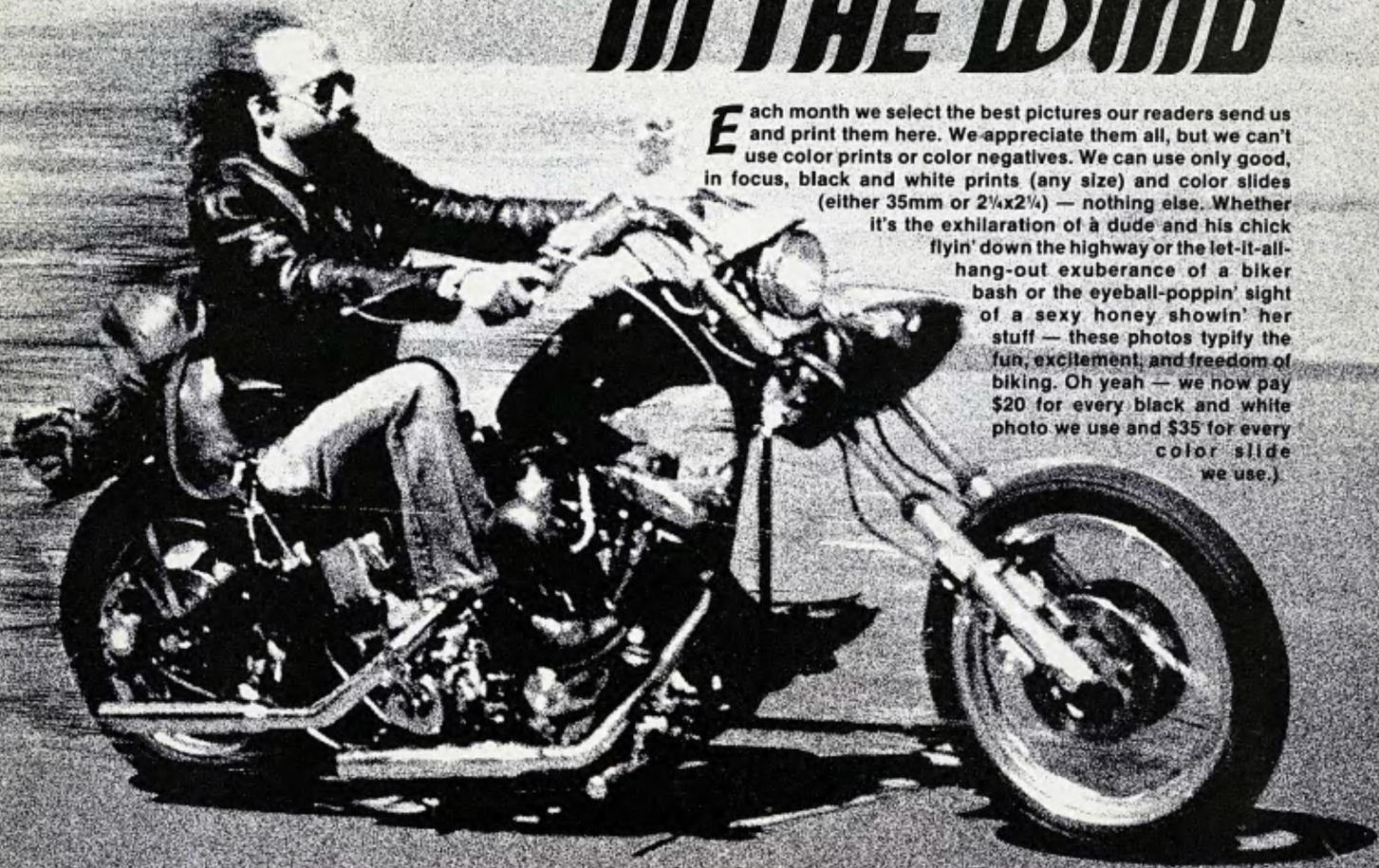
This wholesome all-American woman radiates energy and friendliness. She makes guests welcome and everyone feel at home. She's pleasant and seems to be in a good mood all the time. Beautiful woman, friendly smile, peaceful home — true paradise. Dream on.

—Beast



IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)



— from Longjaw, Reno, Nev.



— from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.





— from Steve Lynch, San Quentin, Calif.

— from Hog Mauler, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.



— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



— from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio





— from Chris Derrick, Oil Center, N.M.



—Sarah Harrison, Ellisville, Miss.





—from Gary Zearott, Wheeling, W. Va.



— from Woody, Vidor, Tex.



—from Robert Ford, Omaha, Neb.



— from Joel McKee, Carlisle, Pa.

— from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



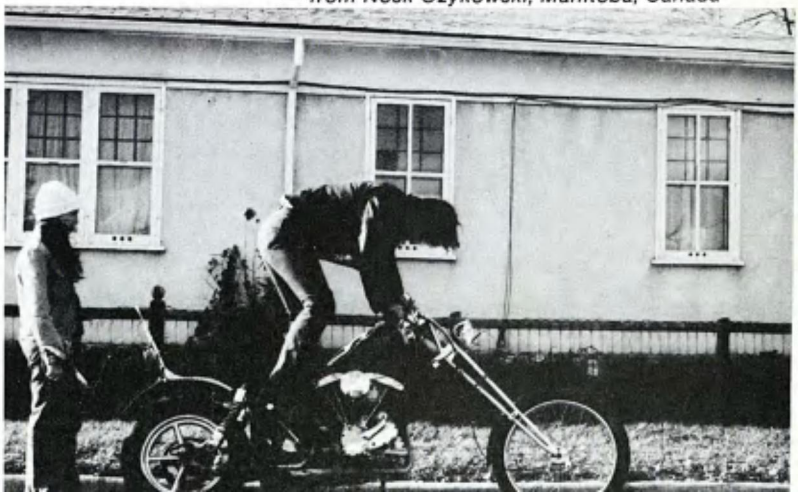
—from Tim Biglow, Pt. Dume, Calif.

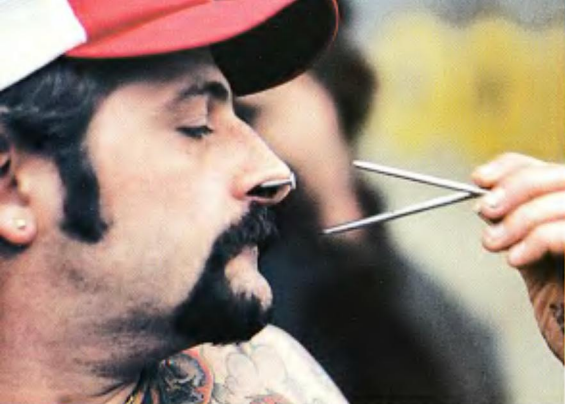


—from Rags, In The Street

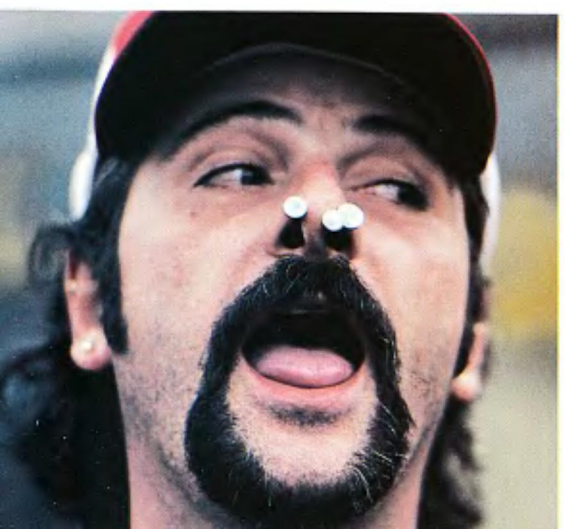
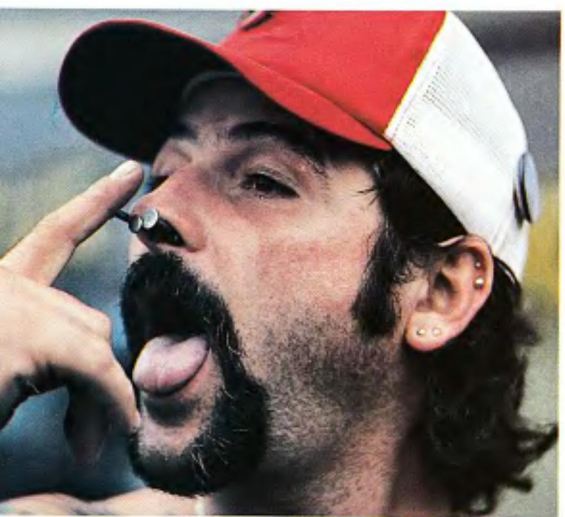
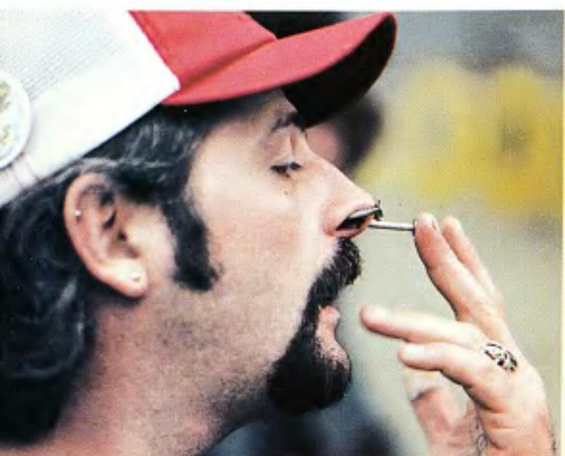


— from Nosk Ozykowski, Manitoba, Canada





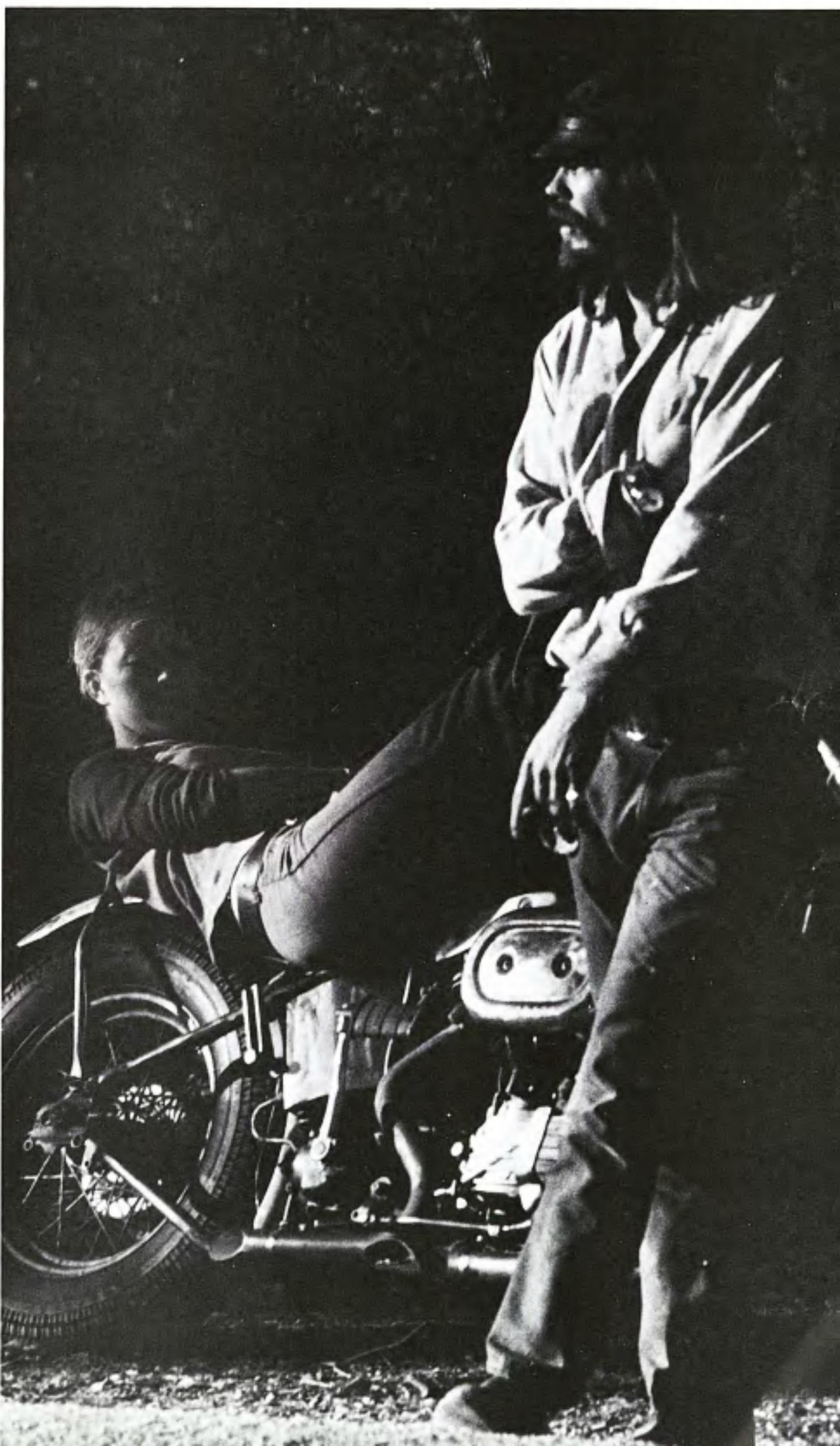
Photos by Billy Tinney



—from Woodrow, Houston, Tex.



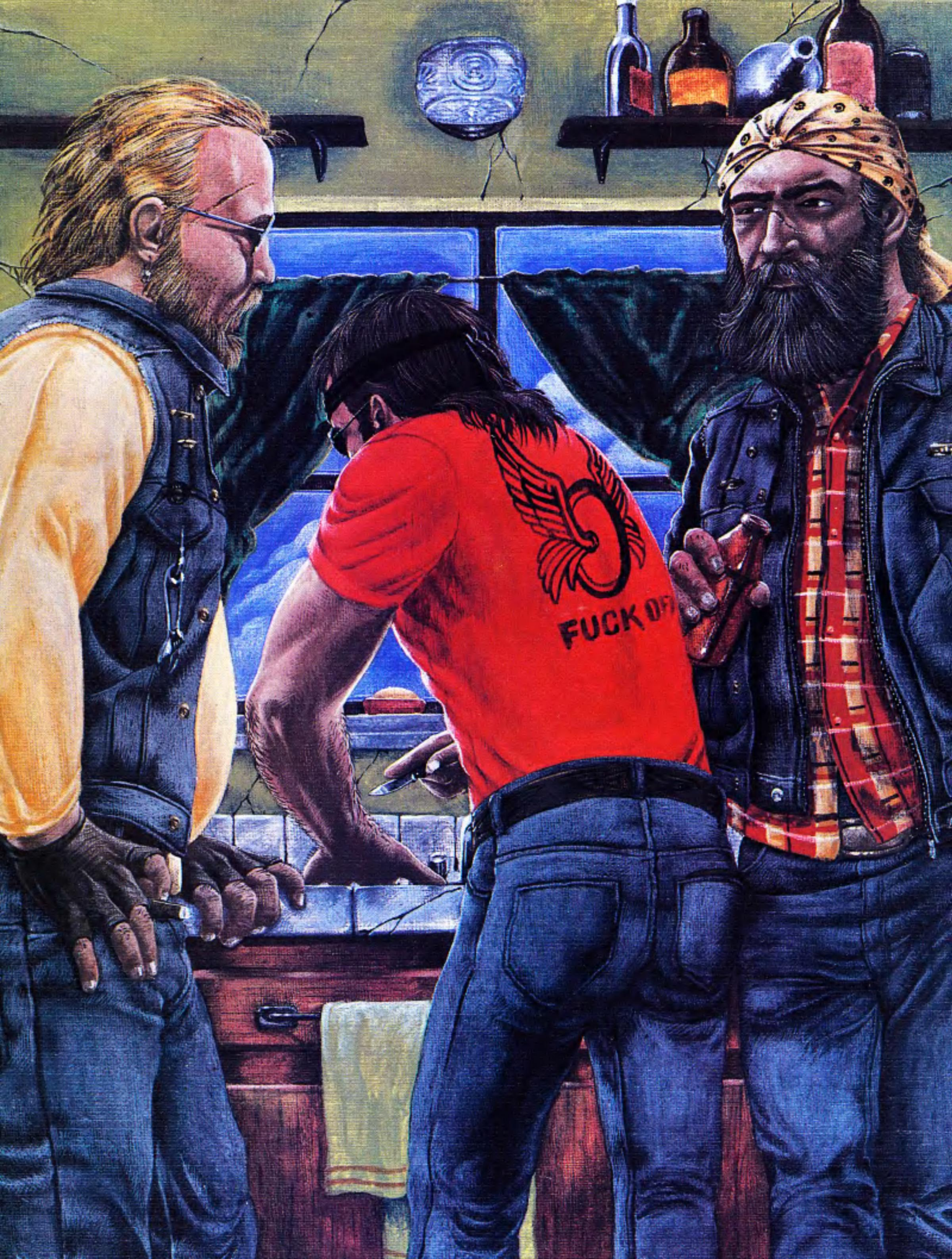
—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.





Easyriders 10th ANNIVERSARY

MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CYCLES



NAME IN RED

BY BEEP

A lot of people take names for granted because everyone has one. Nicknames — that's something different, 'cause not everyone has one. But those that do have nicknames that mean something, or there is a reason for them. Here's a story about a name — or should I say a nickname? — well, hell, whatever.

Now let me begin by saying this is the way it really happened. I know, 'cause I was there. It was Friday afternoon. The meeting was still about three hours away when the kid pulled up in the clubhouse driveway, revving his engine and making his pipes talk — and boy, could they talk a tuned exhaust on a sweet shovelhead.

The kid was hollering for Goat and making enough noise to wake the dead, which is what he was almost doing, 'cause two days earlier two of the brothers, Fireplug and Thumper, had been found not guilty (justice prevails) of possession of cocaine, possession of cocaine for sale and distribution, conspiracy to possess and sell cocaine, besides assault and resisting arrest — good ol' Thumper living up to his name. Needless to say, there was a party held in honor of the occasion, and what a party! Brothers and friends from all over the state, with all the booze, drugs, and pretty little hard-bellies you could want. One of those parties you like to remember.

The kid kept beating on the clubhouse door till Sandee, one of the house mouses, came to the door and let him in. Goat was lying on the floor between some little sweetie's legs, grumbling about wanting to find the little bastard who kept shit-tin' in his mouth every time he slept. The kid was all wired up and proceeded to lay a couple of lines on the floor so he could get the Goat's motor started, 'cause tonight Goat was supposed to bring him up for a vote for membership. He'd been a prospect for about fourteen months, and the club was picky — they didn't let just anyone in. But he was ready, and he hoped everyone else thought so too. He had only one problem, and that was his name — Thearamin Exadoor Cunicanoor. God, how he hated his name. Shit, everyone he knew had a nickname except him. There were Rip, Goat, Thumper, Fireplug, Testtube, Okie, Puss Gut, Snapper — shit, everyone had one, and they all fit the 27 brothers in this chapter; but he just couldn't seem to find one to stick. Everyone was always calling "hey, you" or "come here, what's-your-name" or "have you-know-who do it." There was already a guy named Kid in the club, so that was out. Besides, he wanted one for himself — his own name.

Well, the Goat was feeling a little better and starting to move around, and some of the other brothers were starting

to moan and groan and come to. So being a good and fast-thinking prospect, he found a mirror and poured out some lines and took them around to the other brothers who were in the clubhouse.

When he walked back to the living room, Goat was up. They did a couple more lines, then Goat said he needed some air. They headed out to the garage for Goat's knucklehead, 'cause there is no better way to get rid of the cobwebs than to get your head in the wind. The kid fired his shovel while Goat got his knuckle running. They rolled out and grabbed a handful, then putted out to the local bar — might as well start the day with a smile. By the time they got there the Goat was ready for just about anything. They walked in the door and Amber smiled them a welcome — the way only Amber could. Amber is one fine lady — smokin' body, good head, makes a lot of money, and most of all, she knows how to be quiet. She had two Buds on the bar by the time they reached it. Goat grabbed his and downed it, and by the time he finished it, Amber had another on the

bar, 'cause she knew the Goat — shit, she knew all the brothers 'cause the bar was the club's home away from home.

Waylon and Willie were blowing on the box, and the kid racked the balls for a game of eight ball. They were on their second game and third beer when they heard a couple more bikes pull up and in walked two of the brothers, Lizard and Smokey. Amber had their beers on the bar before they got to it — she was good that way.

They grabbed their beers and walked over to the pool table. Lizard was talking about how he liked that new S&S and how much better his scooter ran with it. While they were talking about how things run better, the kid slid over to one of the booths and made up some lines and

they all had some. He even made a couple for Amber. I'm telling you, she was good. Well, they played pool and listened to tunes until it was time to split for the meeting.

Smokey was tryin' to play with Amber's tits while she was getting a couple of beers for some other customers. See, Smokey was in love with every splittail that walked and some that didn't — but that was Smokey.

They walked out of the bar while Smokey was still pledging his undying love. It was time to book. No use being late and having to pay a fine — better to put that money toward a good cause like buying beer. By the time they got to the clubhouse, most everyone was there getting ready for the meeting. There wasn't long to wait. When the meeting started, the kid went outside to watch the bikes and make sure no one came fuckin' around.

Continued on page 80

"Some of the brothers start talkin' about it and pretty soon there are some yeah, go aheads, yeah, yeah, come on, you said you wanted a name, do it, do it, well, there it is, do you want it or don't you have the heart for it."

Genuine H-D Motorcycle Jack

In 1958, when the H-D factory introduced the swingarm frame, they encountered a small problem. How the hell do ya get the rear wheel off to fix a flat, inspect the brake linings, or adjust the rear chain? A rear ride-off stand like the one used on the rigid-frame models wouldn't work, so the engineers in the accessories department came up with a portable jack stand. Now I know what you're thinking. Where can ya strap a jack on your scooter without making it look like you're carrying a Snap-On rollaround?

The factory designed the jack in two pieces, so that it would fit in the stock teardrop toolbox. The bottom part of the jack is a round metal disc called the base plate, and is stamped out of heavy-gauge steel plate. The center of the base plate is dished so the screw part of the jack can rotate while lifting the bike. The screw part of the jack is made up of a heavy-gauge steel tube that is rounded off at the bottom in order to fit the dished part of the base plate. The top of the tube has a threaded nut welded to it that is the same size as the rear axle. A threaded rod with a smooth dowel and a curved piece of steel threads into the metal tube.

On the swingarm frame the lower rear cross-member extends out past the right frame rail about one inch. This part of the crossmember that sticks out has a half-inch hole



drilled through it from the top to the bottom. I had never been able to figure

out what its purpose was until I came across this jack. The jack's dowel pin

fits in the hole in the frame member, and the curved piece of steel keeps the dowel from turning while you're jacking up the scooter.

The proper way to use the motorcycle jack stand, part number 95825-58, and I quote from the original instruction sheet provided, is "to raise rear end of motorcycle, place shaft end of stand in hole provided in frame crosstube. With large end of stand in place in center of base plate and motorcycle resting on jiffy stand, raise motorcycle using tool kit wrench on hex portion of stand." The instruction sheet also tells how to raise the front wheel of your scooter by using a suitable support under the front of the frame while the bike is on the jack stand.

John, of John's Harley Salvage in Owings Mills, Maryland, lent me the jack you see in the photos. A stock swingarm frame that still had the cross-member intact was harder to get hold of than a greased fork tube. In later years the factory did away with the extended frame crossmember when the accessory bolt on the center stand was made available. I don't know how many of these jack stands were made by the factory, but it couldn't have been very many, 'cause it's easier to score a gram of go-fast in Mongolia than to pick up one of these back savers from your local H-D dealer.

—Wrench

Photo by Frank

Tech Tip



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Helen Is Missing

by Smilin' Jack

It doesn't take much for me to declare a holiday. So when a semi erased my utility pole and my power along with it, I decided to close up shop. This meant getting a day behind in my painting — I do custom work on bike tanks and vans — but hell, an artist has to be in the mood, right? And when the compressor won't run and you can't see your hand in front of your fucking... Well, I'm getting carried away. You get the picture, right?

So I fired up my old Sportster. What's that? No, the tank is still just primer coated. I can't decide what to put on it. Every time I get my mind made up I get another idea and... Well, hell. Carried away again. Oh, yeah. So I fired up my old Sportster and figured I'd head down to Red's Bar. Red's is one of my prime sources of artistic inspiration. And suds. Mainly suds. Red would probably have the joint open by now.

Sure enough, there was Red's dresser by the back door. Another bike in the front, and I'll be damned if it wasn't old Sly. I hadn't seen him in about a month. Listen, if there was ever a Romeo reincarnate, he's it. He changes chicks like I change socks. Oh, I suppose there are people who would say this meant he'd had one woman in his whole life, but listen — if there's one thing I can't stand, it's dirty — Jesus. Flying off again. Yeah, well, anyway, I went inside and immediately got nabbed by Red.

"Jack, I'm really glad to see you. Sly's in a bad way."

My eyes adjusted to the light, or rather the lack of it. Sure enough. There was old Sly, hunched over the



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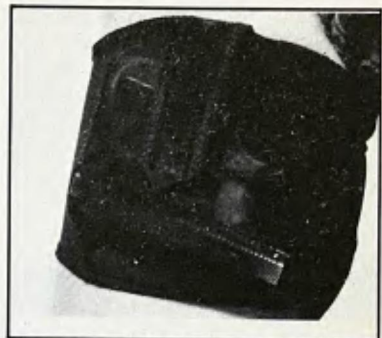
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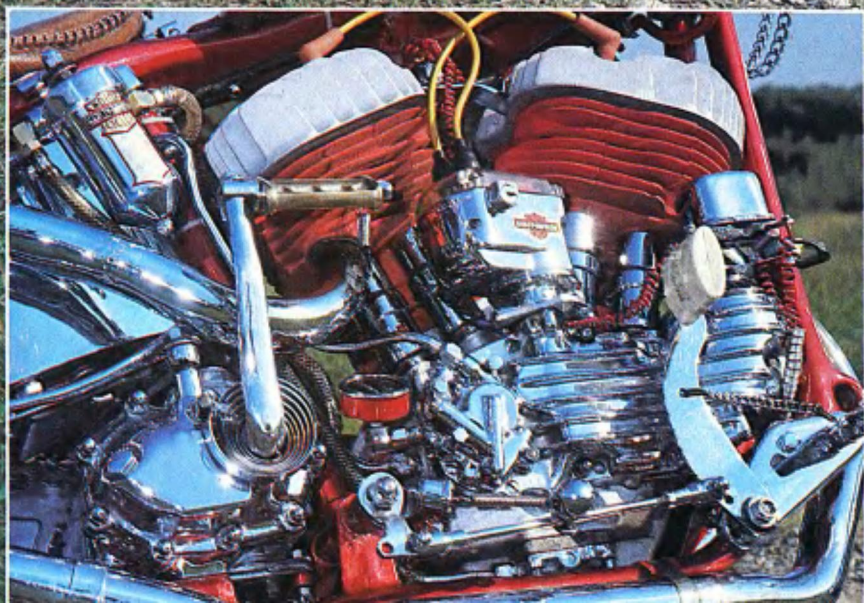
STASH POUCH

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Pow-Pow's Putt

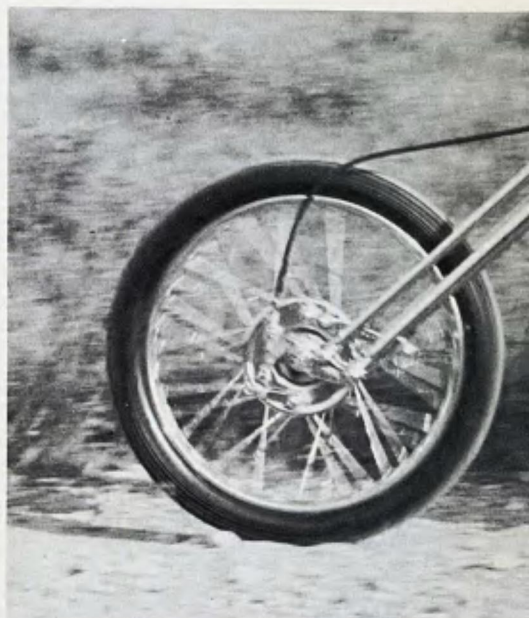


The complete history of this here highway happenstance goes back a taste. Back, in fact, to '68 or '69 when Pow-Pow was makin' music on his feet and in the streets of Paris, France, to nail down a few bucks. A funny foreign-to-frogland flick called **Easy Rider** came to town. And that hunka celluloid put a spark into his mind about buildin' a kicked-out, laid-back sled for cruisin' the provinces, the boondocks, or wherever.

The spark continued to burn through more than a few years, half a dozen jobs, a detour to Florida, and a limey sled or two. It finally burst into a serious conflagration in the likes of Jaffrey, New Hampshire — which does happen to be the matchbook capital of this hemisphere. Pow-Pow, now workin' regular there (and with some lettuce in the ol' wallet for a change), came across an ancient UL in a barn outside of town — complete with a lotta the accessories ya see in these photos.

The Pow-Pow handle came to be soon after.

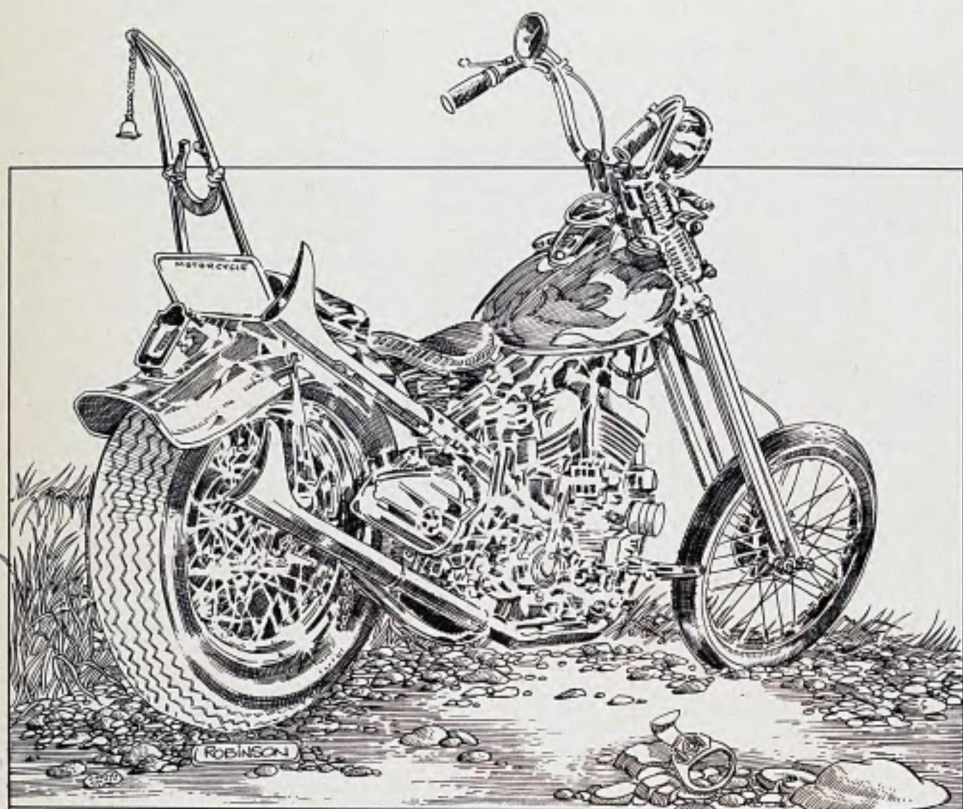
Owner: Pow-Pow		City: New England	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1946	
Year and make: Harley fuckin' D		Builder: Rat/Vermont	
Model: UL		Type: straight leg	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 3/4 in.	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: 10 months and then some		Other alterations: dished for pan	
Chroming by: too many to mention		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner/Rat	
Year: 1948		Risers: 4 in.	
Model: flathead		Fender(s): stretched 8 in.	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Bomar mag.		Taillight: 1948 H-D	
Displacement: 76 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D/owner	
Lower end: Bob Labree		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: stock specs		Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: .070 over		Electrics: 12-volt, 2-brush	
Cases: glass bead blasted		Gas tank: altered bobs	
Heads: aluminum-beaded		Oil tank: stock 4-quart	
Cam(s): ULH		Oil system: pan filter, gauge	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond, vented	
Carb(s): 1 1/4 inch S.U.		Seat: solo, owner, leather	
Air cleaner: Volvo		Sissybar: Rat	
Pipes: owner/Rat		Height: 20 in.	
Muffler(s): baffles		Material: 1/2-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chromed case		Type: springer	
Year: 1948		Extension: 18 in. (radius rods)	
Shifting: jockey-owner		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase III		Special features: shock, hand polished	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Star	Hub: Star
Painter: Jim Lajoie		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: two tone/flames		Tire: Avon 3.00	Tire: Arco 5.00
Type: candies		Brake: early	Brake: mechanical
Special paint: acrylic enamel top coat			
Other special modifications: heads ported and relieved, Phase III belt drive, modified intake manifold, drilled rear rim, fire extinguisher, original toolbox.			





That big flattie, comin' straight outta retirement and still blowin' mouse-shit out of a set of ratty exhausts, had a habit of backfirin' twice each time it hit second gear and cold outside air hit the hot valves — particularly when its new owner crossed the railroad tracks near his pad in matchbook city. The little rugrats in the neighborhood would imitate that sound — pow! pow! — so often





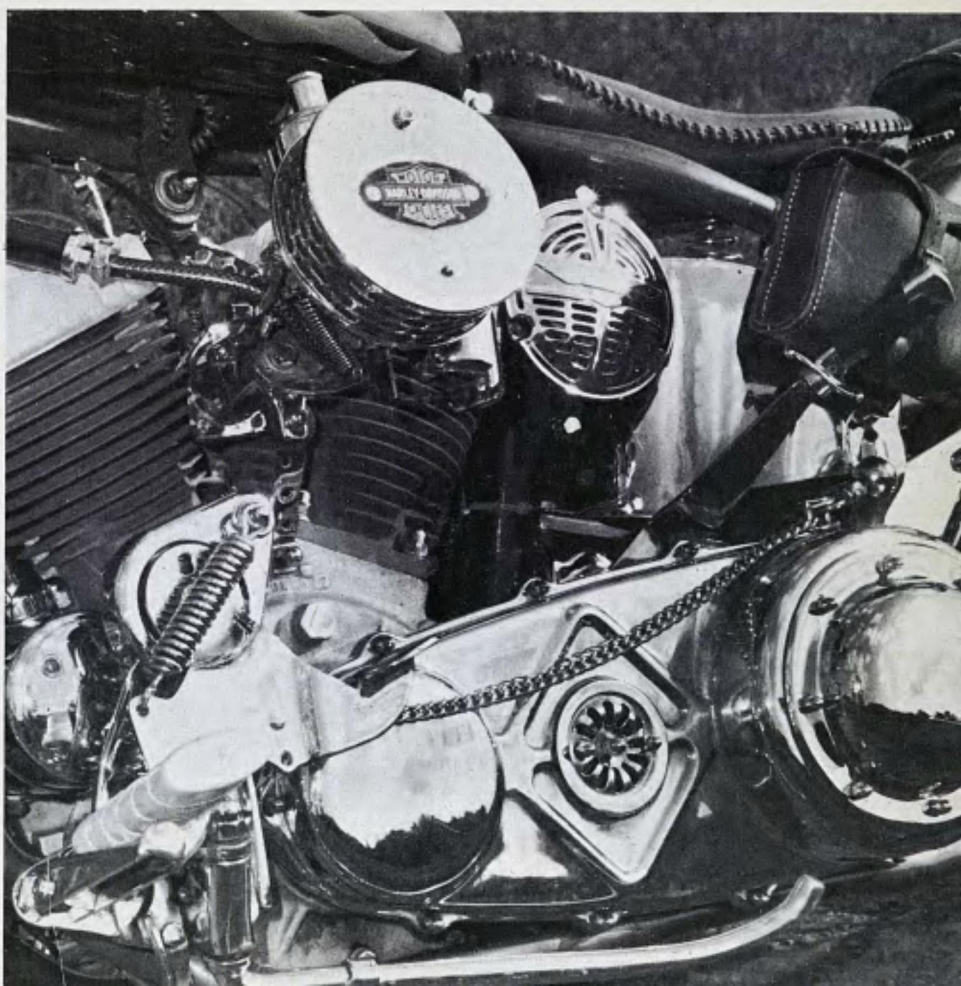
that this bro got stuck with the label tighter than baked-on duct tape. Even had it on his rent receipts.

Well, in the ten-odd years between then and now, this sled has been torn down, rebuilt, and wrenched up more than a few times. And its owner has made about as many moves. Since these photos happened, he's been up to Canada, down to Nantucket, and was last seen headed west.

—Jake



Photos by Jake



Choppershopper

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Few Harleys, others. Also new/used parts. Cheap! Send 2 stamps. Ed Howell, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (98)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write to David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (99)

Need out-of-town postmark? For each letter you want mailed, send 50¢ and stamp to P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (106)

New and different Harley T-shirt designs. Free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (105)

"Get Off My Ass" printed on back of black T-shirt, H-D wings on front. Send \$8.75 and size wanted to Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (101)

T-shirt "Fuck it-Just-Fuck it." White on black, \$8.50. Scratch, 6825 Ramsdell, Rockford, Mich. 48341. (97)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (97)

Outlaw lifestyle, bikers, violence, tattoos, etc. Writer is still looking for letters, stories, tapes, photos; small payment possible. Would like to contact those who've lost touch with me. Dave Hurler, Box 3004, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (100)

Hawg parts: 1200 eliminator clutch cable \$6.95. Disc pads \$11.95 pr. Chrome pan covers \$19.95 pr. Price list with more parts at comparable prices \$2. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (101)

Will pay \$8 for old toy motorcycles. M.J.N., Box 758, Yorba Linda, Calif. 92686. (100)

The Freedom Riders M/C of S.W. Minn. invites all clubs with Freedom Riders patch to a national party and get-together at the Seven-Up Bar and Ranch in Lincoln, Montana, August 1 through 4. For more info call (507) 427-3879 or 427-3362. (98)

T-shirts for the true Harley rider. Send \$8 & \$1 (refundable on 1st order) for catalog, Coco, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (112)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News, "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times, "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (100)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (102)

Tattooing outfit, complete with points, colors, and carry case. Runs on batteries; use it anywhere. Earn extra money or for fun! Send money order for \$102 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (97)

Transmission rebuilding: 74s and 45s, 1936 to 1981, and 4 and 5 speeds. Call or write for free catalog. All work guaranteed. Jesus & Jakes, 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. (916) 885-1672. (98)

Sharp mahogany and pine clocks. Eagle with wings up, sitting on Harley-Davidson shield. 2" thick, 21" long, and 12" wide. No two clocks alike. Custom-made clocks; will mount your own picture. Covered with a high-gloss finish. Start at \$39.95. Special price for dealers. Send \$1 to Hawn Ent., Rt. 1, Box 625P, Leesburg, Ind. 46538, for pictures of our clocks. Look good on any wall. (100)

Turn your FL or XL into a Low Rider. Your shock absorbers re-assembled with new heavy-duty short units. \$60 pp. Show chrome and gold plating available. Pictures and more information, \$1. Dave, 7210 S. Francisco Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60629. (101)

Be a minister, marry, bury, et cetera. Legal all states. Pocket card, certificate, \$10. Brotherhood, Box 10672, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (99)

The Burnt River Scooter Tramp Band is booking parties and swap-meets right fuckin' now. N.E. Ohio (216) 476-0642. (101)

2nd annual Plainsmen spring opener. Saturday, May 2, Berkeley Park, Denver. Open party \$3. (97)

White male, 26, looking for an ol' lady to putt with this summer. No game players, please! Must be into sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Will answer all replies. Send photo. Chicagoland area. Write to Teddy Bear, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Needed: 34B, 116 lbs. or less; send photo. Life student. Write L.G.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (98)

Wizard: No one will ever love you more or better. Your Q. (97)

K.G.: Happy 28th birthday. Love you always. Your #1 lady, Foxy. (97)

Freddy: I hope you like it. Ride on forever. From Jan in Holland. (97)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC61, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (99)

Girls wanted: By the time this ad is printed I will be free from prison after 5 years for counterfeiting. I will be looking for a young lady to help me catch up on the years I have lost and to begin a new life. I'm 36, w/m, 5'10" tall, with slim build at 140 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, and considered by others to be good-looking. I'm financially secure with own business. I will answer all letters, but make sure you enclose a picture and phone number. I also enjoy cassette recordings if possible. I am marriage-minded and the younger the better, but no jail bait. Jim Multaler, P.O. Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (97)

Not just another buckle: I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade, about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is fifteen bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (102)

Marcus: Have yourself a righteous birthday! Love, Lin, David, and Brian. (97)

For sale: Easyriders #1-#30. Excellent condition. Make offer to George Goodman (213) 244-6631. (97)

Harley parts, new and used. Genuine Harley and custom parts available by mail. Also T-shirts, leathers, and more. Send for free catalog or state your needs. 10% off any Harley part mail-ordered. Harley-Davidson of Youngstown, Inc., 7107 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown Ohio 44509. (216) 792-2002. (98)

Seeking honest and sincere ladies for correspondence. Pictures appreciated. Tim Adams #00409-032, Delta Unit, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134. (97)

Do-your-own-tattoo kit: Send for free brochure. C&D, Box 9895, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932. (98)

I'm 21, 6' tall, brown hair, and blue eyes. Open-minded. I've been down 5 years and I'm looking for women 18-35 for correspondence. Will answer all. Please send photos. Only one guarantee: I don't play head games. Write to Greg Sourbeer #K-3979, H Ward, P.O. Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011. (98)

Bro looking for righteous house mouse. Must have plenty of heart and live for her man. Possibly interested in getting hitched, to share love with togetherness and freedom of the road. Should be able to relocate for short time. Will answer all. R.T., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Pretty, young or middle-aged lady please write 24-year-old Italian dude with appealing looks in the Texas area. Have marriage in mind. Also have financial stability. Send picture. Danny Angeletti #262440, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (97)

Wanted: One-man woman, 18-22. I'm 22, 6'1", 170 lbs. Don't like disco, rugrats, or drugs. Marriage? Send picture to Jeff Sellick, 628 Nelson Ave., Peekskill, N.Y. 10568. (97)

Harley-Davidson parts: Enormous inventory of 1915-58 J, JD, Single, VL, UL, EL, FL parts, including 100 fenders, 40 frames, 46 motors, 120 wheels, 67 pr. tanks, etc., etc. Plus thousands more of desirable, hard-to-find used parts. Large quantities of NOS parts. Every part meticulously sorted and immediately accessible for instant resale capability. This inventory has never been picked over and we have never sold anything. Losing storage and splitting up partnership. We've got to sell and we will negotiate! This is a fantastic opportunity for someone to establish himself firmly in a rapidly growing market. Selling as a lot only. Call for more details and a 53-page inventory list. (314) 832-0345, days. (97)

White male biker, age 27, doing 8 years, looking for real lady, age 27-40, with marriage in mind. Send picture to David Russo #B-91586, P.O. Box A-1283, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (97)

Sunny Waters (Florida): What ever happened to you? Steve Gutsch, P.O. Box B-60058, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (99)

38-year-old convict, good-looking, seeking close relationship with mature ladies for correspondence and visits. Send photo; will answer all letters with photo. Paul R. Peterson #00771, P.O. Box W, F Unit, Lompoc, Calif. 93438. (98)

Notice, Indiana Bikers: Indiana has two helmet law bills, one mc proof of insurance bill, and one restrictive group riding limit of 4 bill at the State House, and ABATE of Indiana is fighting them. Your help is needed now! To join ABATE of Indiana send \$12 with name and address to ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514. (100)

Notice: ABATE of Indiana is the original ABATE chapter established in 1975 (the organization that lobbied to repeal Indiana's helmet law) and is a totally different and separate organization from National ABATE of Richmond, Indiana. (100)

To Jenny from Brooklyn: Love you, babe, always will. Fuck the world 1979. The Rat. (97)

Loner looking for loner lady. I have a '77 Sporty and good job. I need a lady with lots of patience and love. No booze hounds, drug addicts or game players. Letters and pictures from serious-minded ladies answered. Send to Rattler, 906 Hickory #1, Jourdan, Tex. 78026. (97)

Be legally ordained; perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax-free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 1274 North Sierra, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405. (97)

Continued on page 118

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Ron "Cuckoo" Lang**, who finally got his Harley, but didn't stay around long enough to enjoy it, Bob and Ed.

In memory of **Duffy**, a very special person. If you knew, or crossed Duffy's path, you know as well as I do that he was one helluva guy. Always in my heart. Naomi Bradford.

In memory of **Mike Dove**, gone but not forgotten. Loved and missed by all his friends. Wedge, Harrisonburg, Va.

In memory of **Roy Uber**. We miss you now; our hearts are sore. As time goes by, we miss you more. Your loving smile, your gentle face, no one can fill your vacant place. Your ol' lady, K.T., and all your brothers and sisters.

In memory of **John Quinones**, who died as a result of a freak accident in May of 1975. You're gone, but not forgotten. Your packin' friend.

In loving memory of **Walter "Wiggs" Duweglou**, snuffed out in a foreign land. A true bro and 1%er. Rest peacefully in Harley Heaven. The Mac, Sherry, Pat, Zero, Linsdale and Tommy.

In memory of **Mark Mulchansingh**, 10/5/80, Furburglars MC. You may be gone for a while, but we'll be together again one day. Walt for me, babe. I love you forever. Your "Kitty-kitty" Melissa, Columbia, Md.

In memory of **Mark Walker** (17). Gone but never forgotten. Halloween '80. Bros and sisters who knew and loved him.

In memory of **Hugh "Pug" Noble**. He'd been ridin' since Harley met Davidson. Side punched at age 86. Ride on forever, Pug. Gene and the crew from American Precision.

In memory of **Turkey John**. A little piece of each of us goes with you. You'll not be forgotten. Number Ones of Dover, Texas, and West Va.

In memory of three Fresno scooter tramps, **Patty Esparza, Steve Brown, and Becky Nieman**. They were loved by everyone, and that's what matters most. Please be in heaven. Sandy Jackson.

In memory of **John Stroup**, a bro who is missed very much. There are not very many people as great as you were; now there is one less. Your memory will be with us forever. Six-pac, Erie, Pa.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of *Easyriders* to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$12 for twelve issues (\$12 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., *Easyriders* Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in *Male Call*. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Someone, please write! I'm desperate! **Ralph Bennett** #36079, Box 7, 2D-622, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Pen pals, guys and dolls, wanted by Florida inmate. Write Ken Richardson #B-015545, M.C.I., H-148-W, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Down 1 year and got 1 to go. Need ladies to write to make the time go fast. Would like pix. **Paul Phelps** #C-13699, Box 600, J-237, Tracy Calif. 95376.

Downed bro doing 3, I'll hit the bricks soon! So write, ladies. Thank you. **Frank Harrington** #00773, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Biker, age 24, with Harley, putting out west in Jan. or Feb., 1982. Would like to meet ladies to stop, party, and putt with. **Rick Glenn**, 406 Melrose, Liberty, Mo. 64068.

Displaced Bostonian and Floridian in Colorado prison. Appreciate hearing from all. Answer all. **Don Schoonover** #46861, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Gentle, loving, handsome, intellectual, hair-stylist, musician, poet seeks friendship with sincere lady. **Marvin Taylor** #C-13680, Box 6-70A, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Sincere man needs sincere lady. I love kids. Leo, 5'11", 165 lbs., blond, blue-eyed. Sincere! Send photo. **Randy Nunns** #C-16994, Dorm 4503, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Hi, ladies. We're two downed and lonely lads. We can dig any letter, 'cause it can't do nothing but get better. All right? **Anthony Cummings** #C-21225 and **Pete Reeves** #C-17663, San Quentin State Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Any beautiful women out there who like to write, please write and send pictures. 22-yr.-old next white boxing champ of the world will answer all. **Ervin Sims** #302552, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861.

When the night is longest, the memory's strongest! 32-yr.-old, 6' an' lean biker would like to hook up with righteous lady who's into her man, his lifestyle, and a home. **Dave Kryder** #B-69811, L-108, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Ladies, downed bro with only months to go would like to hear from anyone. Will answer all. **James P. Gregoire** #89234, Camp A, L/D Tier B, Angola, La. 70712.

22-yr.-old in need of letters from girls any age with marriage in mind. Answer all. Please hurry! **Hal Grist** #C-19110, Box 400, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

25-yr.-old bandit doing time and could use some mail from you fine ladies out there! **Jimmy Cantley** #B-98290, Box 686, CTF/Central, SHU-O-344, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Nice-looking bro from Missouri needs mail from any fine broads. **John Coffman**, Box 809, Salinas, Calif. 93902.

Single, 55-yr.-old bro would like to hear from some very nice ladies. Will write anyone. **Brother Theodore Jackson** #A-83107, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Good-lookin' 24-yr.-old would like to hear from interesting female ages 20 to 50; would gladly write all. **Lamar Smith**, Dutchess County Jail, Box 389, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12602.

Lost and alone. Anyone who cares enough to write, please do. **Willie Coleman**, Cedar Hall E-2, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Lost my ol' lady and kids over this stint! Need nice ladies to write to. Photos okay, but not important. **Jerry Brudos** #33204, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Down and lonely. Need a future with a lady, 18-36. Va. area. **Larry Torres** #122221, SCC Box 3500, Staunton, Va. 24401.

Hey, ladies, write this down dude doin' 10 in Tennessee. Answer all! **B. J. Reynolds** #86683, Turney Center, Unit 8/12, Rt. 1, Only, Tenn. 37140.

Downed biker in La. pen doin' 10 with 1 to go. Need letters from ladies 23-35. Am sincere. **William Edwards** #84902, CBB 1/1-7, Angola, La. 70712.

No. Carolina bro doin' time in Ark. Would like to hear from bros and women. Will write. **Scott Gary Gibson** ADC #75043, #9 Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

28-yr.-old bro, brown hair and eyes. Out in Dec. '82. Need a good lady. Write **Donald Smith** #B-98371, Box A-E 5346, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

41-yr.-old w/m doing time. Down 7 yrs., out in '82. Would like to correspond with any ladies. **James A. Hoff** #525080, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Down and lonely. Need new ol' lady or any righteous woman to write. Answer all and will see ya when free! **John Ross Jr.** #108416, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Thin Sagittarius, brown hair and eyes, needs letters. Please! **Charles Steven Henderson**, Utah State Prison, Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020.

Need mail. I'm lonely. Please write. **Larry H. Bell** #84394, Camp D, Eagle 4, Angola, La. 70712.

Lonely and looking for a good woman to be my wife. **Carl Hubbell** #C-08122, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Down bro who loves to ride would like to write girls 18-24 in Phoenix area, or Dallas, or whatever. **Danny Webb**, Box B-39591, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Some call it the county jail; some call it cute. Some bros say it's livin' hell; well, I just call it the Butte. Sure could use some cheerful notes from biker ladies to pass the time. **Joseph Mattison** c/o Rocky Butte Jail, 9755 N.E. Hancock Dr., Portland, Ore. 97220.

Lonely bro, 27, brown hair and eyes, lanky build, good-looking, dying from desertion. Loving ladies, write **Jim Comer** #95435, 1515 Gist Street, Columbia, S.C. 29202.

Lonely dude in Ohio, doing time, would like to hear from foxy females. All letters answered. Send photos, if possible, but not necessary. **Danny Pritt** #157-715, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Downed bro needs to hear from some kind-hearted and free-spirited ladies. Been down too long. **Dave Wormell** #628422, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

28-yr.-old blond, blue-eyed Viking wishes to hear from young, foxy ladies. Photos would help the time pass. **Danny Westmoreland** #B-76237, L-168, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

26-yr.-old biker, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'1", 180 lbs., doin' time an' it sure is hell! Ladies 17-35, write! I need ya. **Steve Kemp**, Box 97-94305, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Wanted! An ol' lady who's not a fair-weather rider to replace one who was. Prospective ol' ladies, send photos and letters to **Denver Koon** #271985, Box 100, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Biker, down 15 very long years, needs an ol' lady for real. 25 yrs. or older. I'm 37. Write soon. **B. Whitehurst** #2124, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Getting out in a few months and need an ol' lady to putt with. So write soon to **Arnold Horton** #91789, Camp C, Bear 4, Angola, La. 70712.

Lonely Southern man wants you sweet fine ladies to write me and brighten up my day. **Bobby Rocky** #89902, Camp J, Cuda 1-L, Angola, La. 70712.

I'm a lonely man with a lot of love that needs to be shared. Ladies, you will not be wasting your time. **Mark Hawkins** #32712, Box 1568, Hutchison, Kan. 67501.

I am incarcerated in a correctional facility in upstate New York and am interested in seeking correspondence with some intelligent woman on a friendship basis and of a constructive nature. **Mr. Kim Fudge** #7581176, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Would appreciate hearing from some young ladies to spend my time writing to. Will answer all. **Don Hadler** #D112164, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

I want to correspond with young ladies for future relationships. Send this lonely con some kites. Flick appreciated. **Steven F. Wavra** #79A3077, C8, 2911 Arthur Kill Road, Staten Island, N.Y. 10309.

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Riding Our Way?



Name In Red

Continued from page 67

Inside, the brothers went over the minutes of the last meeting — old business and then new business. Then Goat brought up the kid for a vote. Now everyone knew and liked the kid, so while everyone was kicking around the idea of voting, the subject of his name came up 'cause he had been buggin' everyone about tryin' to help him think of a nickname.

Now off in the corner, Snapper is sitting with a sparkle in his eye. Everyone is in agreement to make the kid a brother; but Snapper wants to talk to him first, so they bring him in. Snapper asks what he wants most in the world. The kid answers his patch, of course. Then Snapper says suppose you had your patch? What would you want most then? Without battin' an eye, the kid says a nickname, and the sparkle in Snapper's eye becomes a gleam. Okay, you want a name, huh? What would you do for one? Hell, he would do just about anything — he wants one so bad — who wants to be saddled with the likes of Thearamin Exadoor Cunicanoor? Shit, he not only *wants* one, he *needs* one.

Snapper says I think I have one for you, that is if you have the heart for it. Now everyone knows he has a heart as big as all outdoors, and he has proved it many times as a prospect. But now he's cautious because Snapper is known to drop his sick hand every once in a while. Snapper says all you got to do is cut off one of your fingers and we'll call you Finger, easy as that. Well, the kid says which finger? Does it matter? Snapper, being a reasonable man, says it doesn't matter, it's your choice. So the kid starts thinking and thinking hard. It don't seem like that much, and after all, Snapper didn't say how much of the finger has to be cut off.

In the meantime, some of the brothers start talkin' about it and pretty soon there are some yeah, go aheads, yeah, yeah, come on, you said you wanted a name, do it, do it, well, there it is, do you want it or don't you have the heart for it.

So the kid nods his head and says yeah, I'll do it. He moves into the kitchen with everyone crowding around him next to the sink. He washes his hands real good while he looks at them, trying to decide what to do and to what finger. Now he



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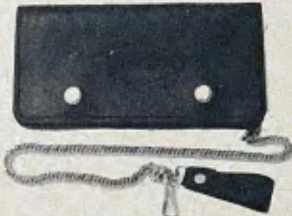
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gets this little pen knife, about two inches long, that looks like a bowling pin. Everyone is tryin' to watch as he starts to cut just the end of the little finger above the finger nail on his left hand. He's standing beside the sink with his hand spread on the counter, and Snapper slides up next to him on his left side while Fireplug on his right says something to him — he turns his head to see what Fireplug is saying and when he does, Snapper comes out with his big Akonua Buck and *wham!* He slams that big 5-inch blade down on the kid's hand and off pops that little finger slick as a whistle. The only problem is that not only does the little finger go, but most of the ring finger, and it damned near cuts the middle finger off too.

The kid lifts his hand up and looks at it like he can't believe it. Meanwhile, there is a mad scramble for the little finger, since he was only supposed to cut one off. They leave the top of the ring finger lying on the counter where it landed.

Now everyone is cheering and hollering and pushing to see the little finger, so the crowd moves from the kitchen to the yard.

The kid is standing in the same spot, looking at what is left of his fingers while everyone else is par-tyin' out in the yard, playin' with the



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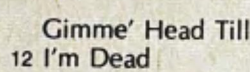
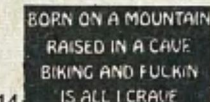
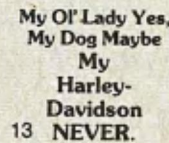
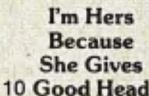
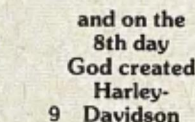
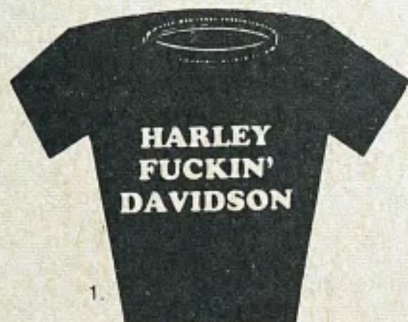


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finger. About twenty minutes go by before Sandee, the house mouse, comes up to Goat and whispers something to him. Then Goat walks back into the house, and there, in the kitchen, the kid is sitting at the table, holding his hand up, just staring at it. Blood is all over the place and the kid looks a little pale.

So Goat goes over to the counter, picks up the ring finger, and tells the kid to get up — he's taking him to the hospital. When they get outside, everyone is drinking and smoking it up big and cheering, calling the new brother Finger.

Goat walks over to his knuckle, fires it up, and tells the kid to come on, he's going to pack him. So the rest of the brothers fire up their bikes and follow them to the hospital. Now, since the hospital isn't far away, most of the brothers have been there at one time or another for something, but the hospital doesn't seem to get used to the brothers coming in. After all, who ever heard of group penicillin shots? But that's another story.

Goat and the kid walk into the emergency room and show his hand to this pretty little nurse, who walks him over and sits him on the table, asking him how it happened. Well, Goat starts to tell her all about it, and her eyes keep getting bigger and bigger till she runs away to get the doctor. Meanwhile, some of the brothers, who are Good Samaritans, are walking into different patients' rooms, wishing them well, telling them how they miss them, and just being neighborly, while some of the others are holding the annual hospital wheelchair races in the hallway.

As the nurse brings the doctor down the hallway toward the emergency room, he is watching the festivities and mumbling to himself while looking at the brothers. As soon as he walks into the emergency room, the nurse tells Goat to tell him the story. So while the doctor is looking at the kid's hand, Goat proceeds to tell him the whole story about the finger and the name — the whole trip. The doctor asks him where the ring finger is, so Goat reaches into his cutoff pocket and pulls it out, handing it to the doc while continuing the story.

The doctor starts working like crazy on the kid's hand, and he doesn't really pay much attention to the story after he sees the ring finger.

A couple of hours later, the doc gets the ring finger back on and the

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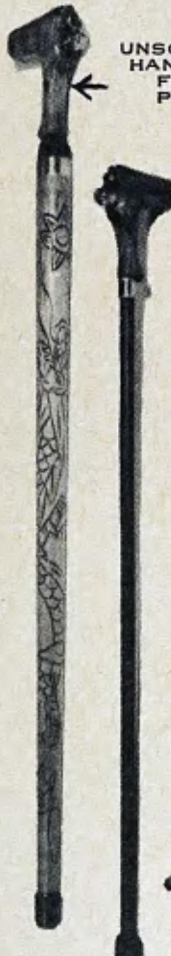
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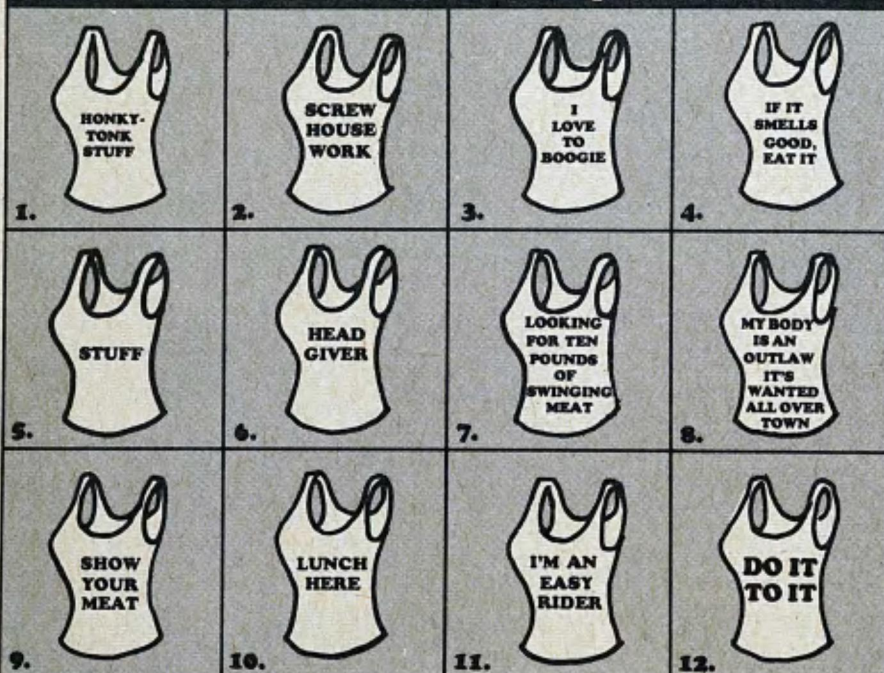
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middle finger back together. He wants to get the rest of the hand fixed up, so he goes out into the hall where he walks up to Thumper, Fireplug, Lizard, and Snapper, who are judging the finals of the wheelchair races. He says he wants the severed phalange — he can save it. Well, the brothers just look at each other, then back at him like he's crazy. They don't know what he's talking about. And besides, they've got races to judge.

The doc gets kind of excited and says the digit, the severed digit. The brothers just shake their heads. They still don't understand. In desperation, the doctor says the finger, give me the finger. I can save it. Lizard says no, you can't have this finger, and pops it into his mouth, runs out the door, jumps on his scooter, and splits before the doctor has a chance to say anything else.

Well, the doc looks kind of pale now, like he can't believe what he just saw and heard, and shakes his head as he walks back into the emergency room. About thirty minutes later the kid is standing in the parking lot by Goat's knuckle with his hand all bandaged up and fixed up good as new with one small exception — his little finger is gone. But with a smile on his face, he turns to Goat, who says, "Come on, Finger, we got some partyin' to do." And Finger is ready with his new patch and his new name.

Shit, didn't need that little finger anyhow.



"Wake up, Lefty, it's time for your conjugal visitor."

Sunny Day

Continued from page 53

the wind. She was one of the rare ones, he reckoned.

He rode out a few miles through more farmland and scrub orchards, past a burned feed mill and an abandoned tannery, before the look of the country side changed again. Where the road next forked, the left branch climbed into a long uphill grade toward rolling terrain. Somewhere in that direction an interstate highway cut through the region. The right fork angled to wind along a river separated from the road by an acre-wide strip of corn-planted bottomland. Dancer went that way. After a while the road crossed a shallow creek where two boys fishing yahooped enthusiastically at his passing. A skunk strolled across the road and Dancer gave that little badass all the room it wanted.

He was flying down a swoopy tree-lined stretch that blurred like a emerald tunnel past the corners of his eyes, when he rounded a curve and came upon a red-faced chick beating up a station wagon. The wagon was parked on a wide shoulder with its hood raised and wisps of steam escaping from the radiator. The chick was whacking it with a big stick. She was cussing that sucker up one side and down the other too. Dancer heard as he rolled to a stop nearby and settled back to watch what promised to be a first-rate piece of entertainment. The irate wench continued to vent her spleen on the effety-blank cage. She whaled away at it two-handed, with each wild but vigorous swing punctuated by a cat-spat curse. Finally, she appeared to have punished the thing to her satisfaction, because she gave it a last violent whack and collapsed in a panting heap on the ground.

Dancer got off his bike and walked over to take a look at the toes-up engine. It was a goner. It looked as if she'd been at it with rocks before she took up bodywork a la club. After a minute or two the chick got up from the dirt and stalked to his side.

"Can you fix it?" she demanded, scowling.

"Nope." He shook his head.

"Why not?" She glared at him.

"I don't know what's wrong with it," he said.

"Don't you have any idea?" she persisted.

"Nary a one," he denied.

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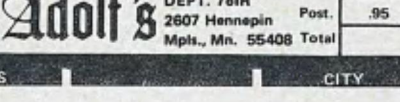
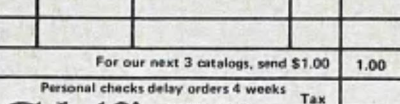
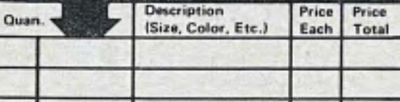
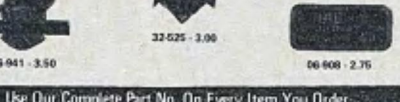
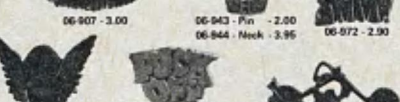
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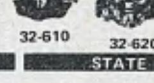
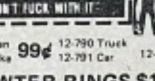
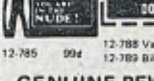
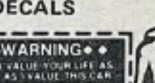
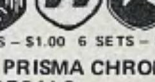
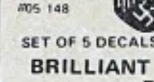
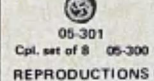
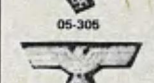
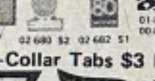
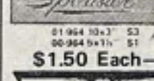


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"I'll take a ride," she said. "How do I get on?"

"First we have to finish deciding whether you're going to for sure," Dancer said, holding up a hand to check her. "I don't want you yammering in my ear on the way. Get rid of that stick, will you? If I have to go out of my way to hook you up with a wrecker or whatever you need, I expect you to either pay for my gas or invite me to dinner at your place tonight."

"I'll pay for the gas," she agreed hurriedly.

About a half mile down the road, when Dancer slowed to turn onto a connecting highway, she leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder. "It might be a little late for me to bring this up, but you aren't a rape-o or anything like that, are you?" she asked.

"Like you said, it's too late to worry about it now. Slip your arms around my waist and lean up against my back for the curves. And shut up!" he called back. He wasn't for any conversation while he was riding.

The first outpost of civilization they came to was a crossroads store with two antiquated gas pumps outside. There was no tow service readily available, but there was a phone in the store on which the chick called an auto club wrecker. "I'll be two hours before the truck will come," she said disgustedly when she came back out. Dancer was sitting on the steps admiring the way the sun glinted on his chrome and drinking a brown-bagged quart of beer he'd bought while she was on the phone.

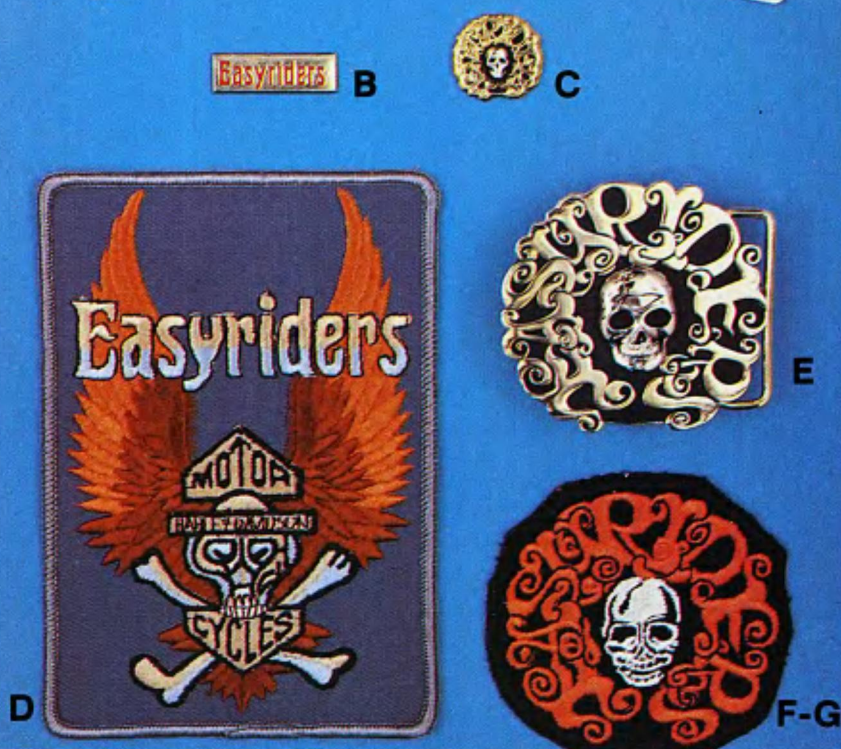
"Care for a drink while you wait?" he invited, extending the bottle.

"No!" She bit the word off, glancing at the brew with sharp disapproval. "Thank you," she added as if in afterthought. Dancer shrugged and took another drink. "I'd like to go back to my car and



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wait," she continued a few moments later. He nodded agreeably and went on slugging the cold beer. "Well, will you take me?" she asked.

"Sure. As soon as I'm through here," he told her, tipping the bottle again. "In the meantime, give the storekeeper a buck."

"What for?"

"Gas. That is, unless you've decided to take me home for dinner instead."

When they got back to the disabled station wagon the chick clambered awkwardly off Dancer's packing seat and immediately began smoothing her clothes. "Well, thank you," she said, glancing around nervously. She looked as if she expected wild Injuns to burst from the bushes at any moment. But she was safe enough, Dancer figured. They wouldn't fuck with her once she got a stick in her mitts.

"You're welcome. Adios," he said. He glanced over his shoulder to check for oncoming traffic before pulling away. There wasn't any, as he knew beforehand there wouldn't be, but looking first had never got anybody killed that he knew of, whereas not looking has been getting people run over ever since dinosaurs had the right of way.

"Wait!" the chick exclaimed suddenly. She gripped his arm impulsively to keep him from leaving, her fingers digging into his skin with surprising strength. When he turned toward her questioningly she withdrew her hand, flushing as she struggled with her next words. "Don't go yet! I mean. . . I don't want you to get the wrong idea or anything, it's just that the tow truck won't be here for some time, and I. . . well, what I mean is. . ."

Dancer gave her a studying look, then nodded. "I know what you mean," he said. He turned his motor off and put the sidestand down. When he got off the bike, the chick backed up until she was standing against the side of her dead cage.

"As long as you don't get the wrong idea," she cautioned nervously.

Dancer sighed. "If I meant you any harm we'd be halfway through seconds by now," he said. "Look, you've got a hangup about being left alone out here in the boonies. I can see that, okay? The thought of all the wild possums and renegade raccoons lurking out there scares you so bad you'll even opt for my disreputable company rather than wait for the wrecker by yourself. So okay. I don't mind waiting with you. Believe it or not, and I know this is

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going to be a hard one for you to swallow, but people like me have the same regard for other folks' feelings as your kind do. Maybe more, but I'm not for arguing that point with you. The thing is, I don't mind helping somebody out when they need a hand. Especially if it doesn't put me out much or cost anything. It's no trouble for me to hang around and keep the boogers at bay for you until your ride comes, and I don't mind doing it...but if you persist in yammering about all the wild ideas you don't want me to get, I might consider chancing a simple Assault and Battery by rapping you judiciously in the chops. Now, I realize a lousy A and B doesn't rank up there anywhere near the Rape and Buggery your fevered little imagination has conjured up, but that's my best offer and you can take it or leave it. So what's it going to be? Do I backhand you, or do you cool it with the fate-worse-than-death trip?"

"I'll cool it," she said. "But can I say one thing first?"

"What?"

"I'm sorry —"

"Forget it."

"— I didn't mean to make you angry. I mean, I wouldn't want you to get mad and..."

Dancer tuned her out and walked away to sit down beneath the canopy of a huge willow tree close by. When he pulled a baggie and papers from his pocket and began to roll a doobie the chick opened her mouth, then closed it without speaking.

"Want some?" He offered the joint after lighting and taking a long hit on it. When she hesitated he motioned her closer, then took her



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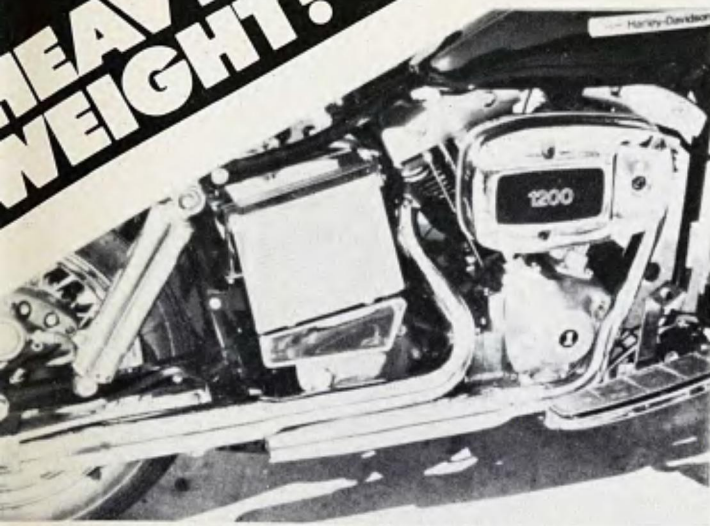
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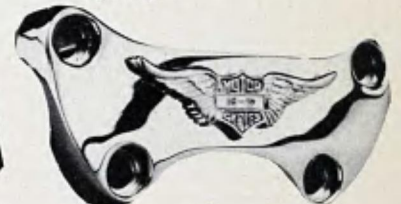


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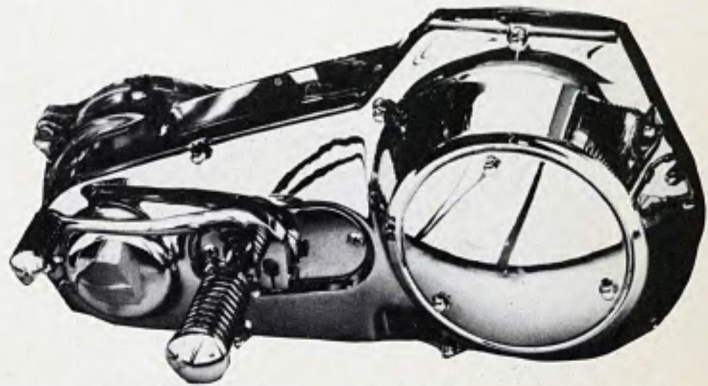
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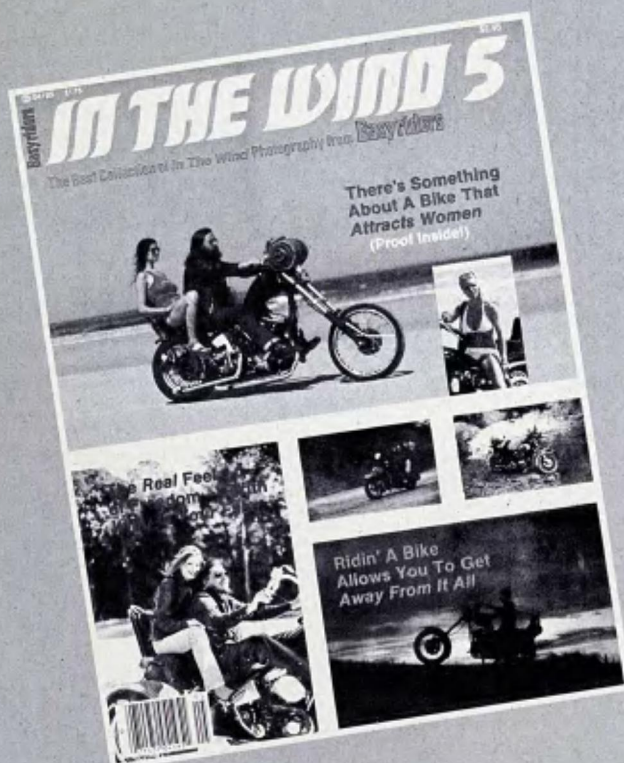


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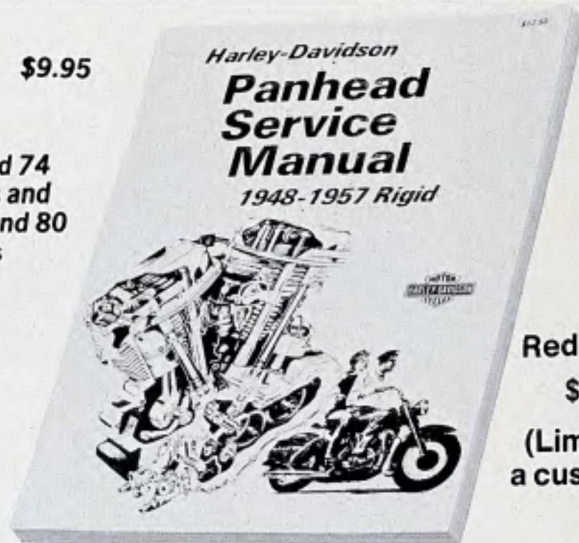
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hand and stuck the joint between her fingers. "Go ahead. It won't turn you into a dope fiend or make you hallucinate monsters under your fingernails. All it'll do is relax you, and you can use some of that in the worst way."

"I've smoked marijuana before," she said, sitting down beside him. She toked experimentally, then took a second, deeper drag before passing the doobie back. "We, um, we got off to a bad start," she said after expelling her breath.

"We didn't get off to any start at all, chickie," Dancer corrected her.

She nodded acceptance of the rebuke and studied her fingernails until it was her turn on the weed again. "What's your name? Mine's Marlene," she said in her next opening gambit. Then, "Why do they call you that?" she asked when he told her.

"Because it's my name," he said, looking at her as if at an idiot.

"Yes, but why Dancer? Why not, oh, Slim or Blondy?"

"Because those aren't my names. They call me Dancer because I boogie through life. You got any more dumb questions?"

"No. I'm sorry." She stared down at her hands again.

"You spend a lot of time doing that, don't you?" he observed.

"What?"

"Being sorry."

"Hey, look, you aren't making this any easier, you know!" she flared. "I was wrong, I admit it. I was uptight and I acted bitchy, and now I've made you uptight and I apologize for that. I really do. I appreciate you staying here with me and I'm trying to make amends, okay? What else do you want me to do?"

"You could give me that roach before it burns up," Dancer suggested.

He rolled down beside her and slid one arm beneath her head. With his other hand he cupped her breast, his fingers molding her flesh for a moment as her nipple tightened against his palm. Then he gripped and drew her to him. She moaned in her throat while they kissed, and then pulled her mouth away with a gasp when she felt his knee move between her legs. He rose above her on his elbows and looked down with that crinkle-eyed grin. "Nobody but us will ever know what happens here," he pointed out. "When the truck comes you'll go your way and I'll go mine, and the only thing we'll leave behind is a secret. The way I look at



If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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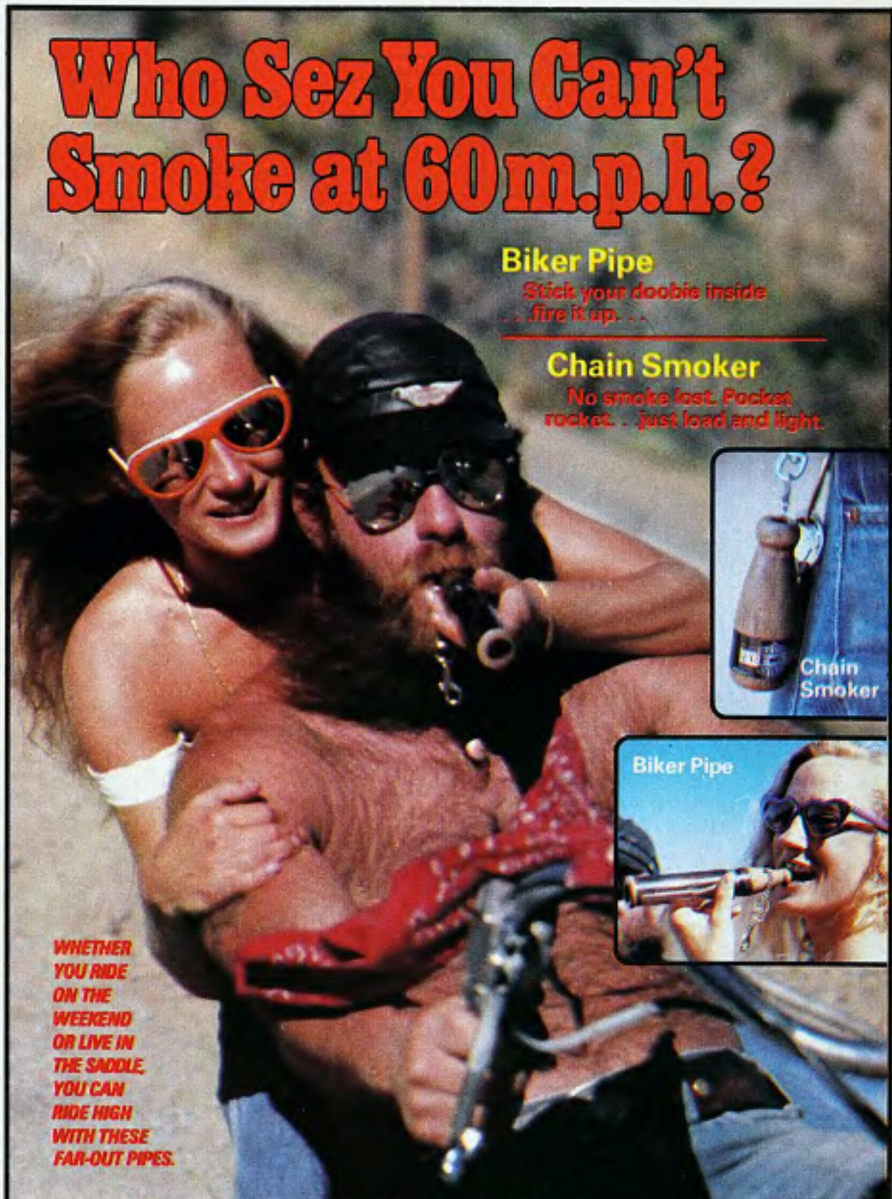
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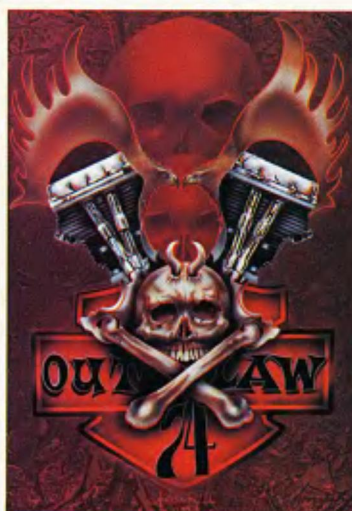
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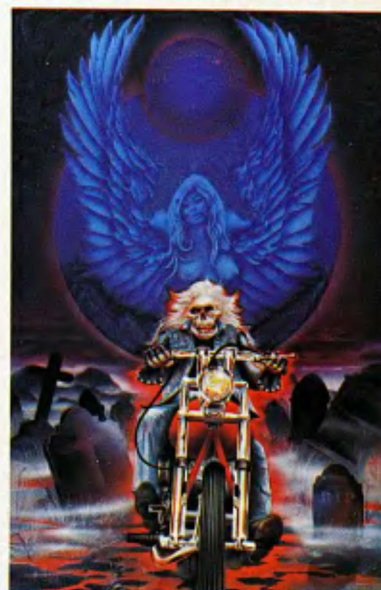
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it, as long as we're going to have a secret we might as well have a good one. What are you doing?"

"Hunting for your zipper," she whispered as she found it.

It was nearer three hours than two before the tow truck arrived, and well before it hove into view all evidence of the roadside dalliance was gone. The flattened grass where Dancer and Marlene had lain sprang back up, leaving no indication of where they had been, and they were dressed again with their demeanor properly straightened when they heard the first faint sound of an approaching vehicle in the distance.

"Do you hear that? Maybe that's it!" Marlene exclaimed, the brush with which she had been neatening up her hair poised in mid-stroke as she cocked her head to listen. "God, I hope so!"

"Me too," said Dancer.

While the wrecker jockeyed into position and hooked a chain to the wagon's bumper, he contemplated his next beer stop. He'd have a large, foamy draft, he decided. In a chilled mug. And after that he'd have another one. His taste buds tingled with anticipation and his throat contracted impatiently. He was waiting only to see in which direction the truck left before he split, to make sure they went separate ways.

Marlene spoke briefly to the driver and produced her auto club card for his billing; then she came back to where Dancer sat on his bike and gave him a folded piece of paper, squeezing his fingers briefly as he took it. "Here's my number," she said. "I'm having some friends over tonight, but they'll leave around ten or eleven. You can call any time after that. I jotted my address down too. You won't have any trouble finding it. But be sure to phone first," she cautioned.

Dancer looked at the piece of paper, then at her. Then he shook his head. "Can't make it tonight," he said.

"Hey, lady, time's money! Let's get moving!" the wrecker driver called.

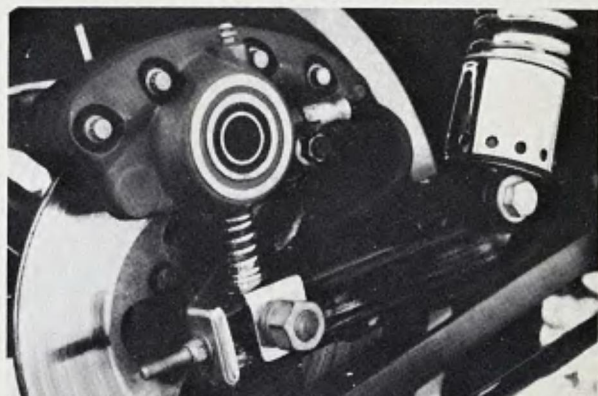
"Well," Marlene smiled thinly at Dancer. "Goodbye then." She hesitated, waiting to see if he had anything more to say. When he didn't, she added coyly, "I could give you a raincheck."

"That'd be really great," he said.

"But be sure to call first!" she reminded him.

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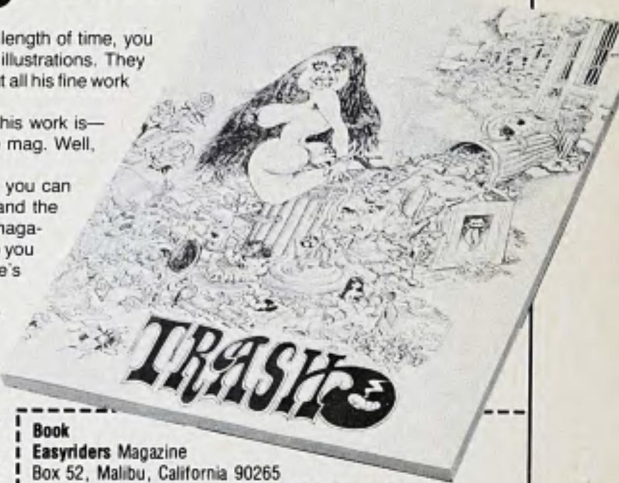
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STURGIS, 1981: BREAKING NEW GROUND.

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Cold Comfort

Continued from page 17

stopped a hundred feet down the road. Gypsy grabbed the front wheel he had taken off his bike and ran to the truck. After tossing the wheel into the truck bed, he climbed into the cab and the vehicle lurched ahead.

"You sure picked a bad spot to break down," the driver said. He sat hunched forward, his eyes only inches from the windshield as he guided the truck slowly down the middle of the road, using the yellow centerline as a guide. The heater was going full blast and the air in the cab of the truck was thick and steamy. The windows were clouded and the driver had to keep wiping the mist away in order to see. He was a gnarled old man, about seventy, with thick wrinkles on the back of his neck and chewing-tobacco stains at the corners of his mouth. These he sporadically wiped away with the same filthy rag he used to clear the windshield. When he looked over at Gypsy, the biker saw that the old man's eyes were a weak, watery blue.

"Yeah, well, I didn't exactly pick the place," Gypsy answered. "I had a flat tire."

"I like to have run you down," the old man commented. "Didn't see you standing there waving till I was almost on you. Damned queer weather. One minute it's nice, almost like summer; next thing you know it's cold and raining like the blazes."

"I know just what you mean," Gypsy agreed. "It was clear and hot when I had the flat; then all of a sudden it's cold and the rain's pourin' down." He looked out the side window at the growing storm. He took off his coat and put it on the floor of the truck where it would dry more quickly.

The old man nodded and wiped the window again. Gypsy sensed that the man was no longer in the mood for conversation, so he sat back in the seat and enjoyed the warmth of the heater. They rode on in silence for another fifteen miles before the old man broke the quiet.

"You heading west?"

"California," Gypsy replied.

"Coming from far away?"

"Florida."

"Then I s'pose you're used to seein' this kinda weather down there?" The old man motioned with his hand to indicate the storm.

"Well, yes. It does rain a lot in

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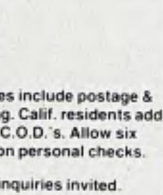
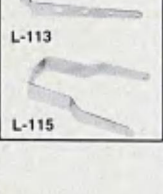


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Florida." Then, as he remembered how quickly the air had chilled and how cold the rain was, Gypsy added, "But not so cold. Even when it's rainin', it's still not cold."

"I never thought about it much," the old man said, "but I reckon a feller riding a motorcycle gets wet a lot — 'specially down there in Florida where it rains all the time."

"A dude can usually find some kind of shelter if he looks," Gypsy said, not liking to be reminded of the times he had been caught out in bad weather.

With a backward motion of his head, the old man indicated the road behind them. "Like back there, I'll bet," he cackled.

Irritated, Gypsy felt the need to defend his method of transportation, and, in essence, his lifestyle. "It's not always like this," he replied sharply.

"Hmph. Just when you have a flat tire, huh?" The old man sniffed, turning his watery eyes on Gypsy. The dark dribble of tobacco juice cut through the man's three- or four-day growth of graying beard and had almost reached the point of his chin. He did not wipe it away.

For some reason of his own, the old man was purposely trying to piss him, Gypsy realized. Probably just didn't like bikers. He was on the verge of telling the old man to take a flying fuck and stop the truck and let him out, but the cab was warm and he had no idea how much farther it might be to a town. And besides, it was always like that; whenever a man chose a style of life that was different, there was always someone ready with a quick tongue and snide remarks. The snide

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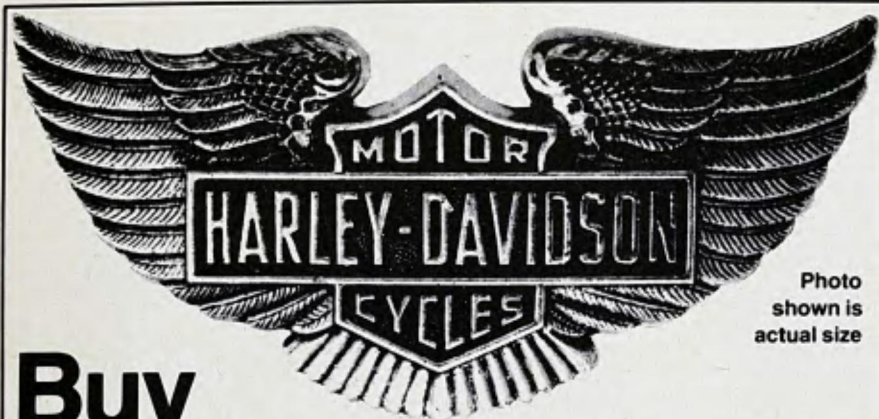


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remarks would usually come in a barroom where a hard slap in the face would shut the asshole up, but there was no way to slap a seventy-year-old man, no matter how cantankerous he was. Gypsy swallowed his anger and said, "How far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, 'bout fifteen miles."

When they reached the small town, it was typically mid-western. Grain silos and farm equipment stores. One drugstore and three hardware stores and law offices over the bank. One greasy-spoon restaurant. Gypsy sprinted through the driving rain (it had slowed some, steadied, as if it might last forever) to the cafe. With a hot cup of coffee warming his hands, he asked the skinny, sad-eyed waitress where he could get his tire fixed.

"Ain't no motorcycle places in town," she answered.

"It doesn't have to be a bike dealer," Gypsy said tiredly, sick of the bullshit day. "How 'bout a place that sells tires?"

"Chindon's," the girl replied. "Go down the street three blocks, turn left on Jefferson, and it's 'bout a mile out." She picked up a straw broom and began sweeping the area behind the counter.

Gypsy finished his coffee, sipping it slowly, hoping the rain would slow down, maybe even stop. It did not. He walked the three blocks to Jefferson and turned left. The air was getting colder all the time. The rain was falling steady and hard.

When he finally got to Chindon's Tire & Battery, Gypsy was told he would have to wait; the man who did the repair work was busy mounting two new tires on a farm tractor for a regular, important customer. When he was finished with the tractor tires, Gypsy was told, and if there was enough time before closing, the repairman could fix the motorcycle tube.

Gypsy offered the repairman a ten-dollar bill to fix the bike tube before he finished with the tractor tires. "Are you crazy?" the greasy repairman said, looking at Gypsy unbelievably. "Old man Chindon would fire me in a minute if I did something like that. You'll just have to wait."

Gypsy sat and waited, wondering idly what it would be like to travel the country in a car, or better still a pickup instead of on a bike. He wasn't going to give up traveling, that was for sure. He had a hard case of wanderlust, was thirty-five years old, and was firmly convinced

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that if he kept looking, then somewhere up ahead on one of the back-roads he chose to follow, he would find whatever it was that kept him moving on. Until then, though, the riding and the looking would do. Yeah, the riding and the looking would do just fine.

But still, he thought, if he had been in a pickup instead of on a bike when he had the flat, he could have just changed it and been on his way long ago.

"Your wheel's done," the repairman said, interrupting Gypsy's daydreaming. He had no idea how long the man had been standing over him, holding the motorcycle wheel on his hands and looking down at him.

Gypsy got up from the floor where he had been sitting. He took the wheel and inspected the repair. It had been vulcanized crudely where the valve stem had broken. The patch looked like an angry black scab on a festering sore. The biker bounced the wheel on the hard concrete floor and it sprang back to his hands like a basketball. "Will it hold?" he asked, looking at the patch again. It did not look very secure.

The repairman scratched his head. "I dunno. Maybe. I never done a patch like that — you really oughta have a new tube."

"Will it hold?" Gypsy repeated. He bounced the wheel again.

"Mister," the repairman said, "I'm gonna tell you straight out: I think it'll hold, but I can't guarantee it will. If you ride easy, it ought to hold for a couple hunnert miles — maybe more. You'd be real smart to get yourself new tube first chance you get."

"No shit!" Gypsy paid the man for the repair work and walked back to the center of town. It was dark now.



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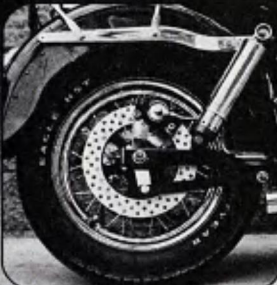
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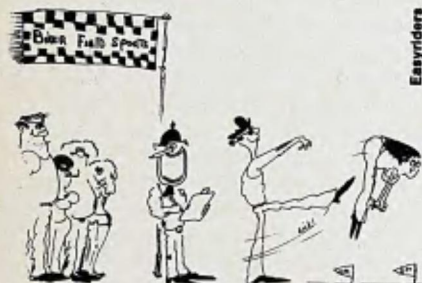
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the rain still falling steadily. Cold and wet, he decided to stop at the cafe and have one more cup of coffee before trying to get back to his Harley. The same sad-eyed waitress was still on duty. She kept eyeing the motorcycle wheel against the wall near the door, where Gypsy had leaned it when he came in.

"Where's your bike?" she asked finally.

Gypsy told her where he had been forced to leave it, thirty miles out of town.

"You got any way to get to it?" she asked. There was a gleam in her eyes.

"Nah," Gypsy answered. "Just have to try and hitch a ride, I guess."

"Fat chance doin' that," the waitress said. She glanced up at the Pepsi clock on the wall. "I'm closin' in twenty minutes; thirty bucks and I'll drive you out there."

The girl had him by the short hairs and she knew it. The road where he'd left his bike was not the main highway. Whenever possible, he rode the lonesome backroads, preferring their quiet, uncongested calm. Cities, crowds of people, and heavily traveled highways got on his nerves. So now, with his bike in such a remote place, he had no choice but to pay. "All right," he said grudgingly. "Thirty bucks."

The waitress held out her open palm. "Up front," she said.

Gypsy paid her the thirty dollars and she refilled his coffee cup — free.

The girl's car was a Volkswagen, red and neat. She complained bitterly when Gypsy put his wheel on the floor between the front and back seats, saying that it would get the carpet wet and cause it to mildew. The car's heater did not work and it was a cold, silent ride with the thin girl studiously ignoring him. She kept the radio turned up loud, blaring harsh rock 'n' roll.

Then, five miles from where Gypsy had left his bike, she suddenly turned the radio off and said abruptly, "We can park for a while and have some fun if you want." She still stared straight ahead and avoided looking at him, even while talking.

"I see," Gypsy said. "But I'm afraid I'm all tapped out, honey. The thirty bucks you charged for the ride is all I can spare, and it's going to push me to get to where I'm going with the little money I have left."

"Oh!" the skinny girl blurted. "I — I wouldn't charge you. I just thought maybe you'd like to..." She glanced over at Gypsy, her eyes covertly

assessing his six-foot body in the dim glow of the dashlights.

Why not? Gypsy thought. She already had his money, though he wasn't as bad off financially as he had let on. She didn't look *that* bad, especially in the dark, and a dollar a mile for a ride in a cold Volkswagen was pretty stiff. Besides, if he took his time, the rain might stop.

It was still raining just as hard when the girl drove the final miles to Gypsy's bike. It was even colder. She touched his hand wistfully as he got out of the car; an open invitation for him to come home with her, stay a few days, at least until the weather improved. Gypsy didn't even know her name. He squeezed her hand and told her to be careful driving back.

After the taillights on the tiny car disappeared in the rain and darkness, Gypsy walked over to his bike and switched on the headlight so he could see to put the wheel back on. He saw that vandals had been there while he had been gone; they had emptied the contents of his duffel bag on the wet ground, and apparently not finding anything they wanted, they had ripped and slashed everything to pieces. For some reason — maybe another car had come along — they had not harmed the bike itself.

Gypsy replaced the front wheel and rode off in the rain, heading west. Denver was almost two

Easyriders



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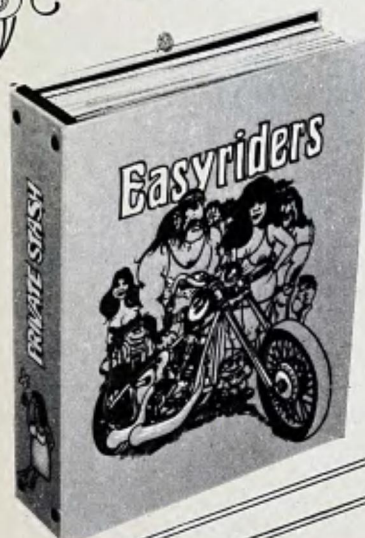
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hundred miles down the road and he figured he would have to go at least that far before he could find a place to buy a new tube.

Because he'd followed the tire repairman's advice to ride slowly, it was two o'clock in the morning when he pulled into the outskirts of a small town, still fifty miles from Denver. Hours ago, as he had climbed higher and higher into the foothills of the Rockies, the weather had changed — not abruptly, but slowly — first to sleet, then to a fine, powdery snow.

His fuel was running dangerously low; he was already deep into his reserve when he rode up to the service station pumps. No one was around, the station was closed, he was cold and numb, and he did not trust the gas remaining in his tank to last long enough for him to find a station that was open. In such a small town, they were all likely to be closed. He decided to stay there until this one opened.

Walking around, stomping his feet on the hard asphalt and rubbing his hands together rapidly to get the blood flowing, he noticed the pickup parked close to the building. He went over, hoping it would be unlocked. It was not, but when he got close, he saw the hand-printed sign on the window on the passenger's side. It told him the truck was for sale or trade for a good motorcycle; a Harley was preferred.

It was a good truck, clean and well cared for. Gypsy wiped the snow away from the window so he could see inside. The interior looked cozy and warm, and in his mind he could see himself roaming across the country, any time, regardless of the weather. Rain or shine, he thought, with a truck like this, he could go anywhere he wanted.

The truck had a camper shell on the back, so Gypsy tried the lift-up door. It was locked too. Brushing the snow away and peering inside the shell, he saw a cot with blankets piled high.

He stomped his feet some more and went to the other side of the station. The washroom was unlocked and he spent the remainder of the night in there, gingerly burning the single roll of toilet paper, a couple of sheets at a time, and thinking about how nice it would be to have the pickup truck. Driving a cage, he thought as he tried to keep warm, might not be so bad after all.

When the service station owner came to the washroom at seven and opened the door, it surprised Gypsy.

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WIND

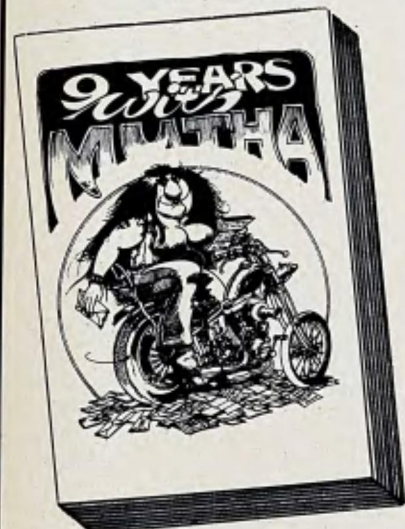
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(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

He had already burned the last of the toilet paper and cleaned up the mess as best he could.

"I thought I might find you in here when I saw your bike out by the pumps," the man said. He was in his late forties, fat, with a cheery face. "I always leave the restroom open just in case somebody needs to get in out of the weather. Glad to see you cleaned up most of the mess. People usually don't."

Gypsy came out. It was just growing light. "I'll be glad to clean up the rest of my mess and pay you for the toilet paper if you'll let me use a broom and a mop."

"Sure thing," the fat man said, beaming.

By the time Gypsy had the restroom clean, even cleaner than it had been when he had gone into it, the sun was up. The sky was still cloudy, but the snow had stopped falling. It was cold. He went over to look at the pickup in the light of the new day.

"Like it?" the service station owner asked from behind him.

Gypsy had not known the man was there. "Looks like a good truck," he answered.

"Less than forty thousand miles on it," the fat man said. He unlocked the door on the driver's side and handed Gypsy the keys. "Take her for a spin," he said.

Gypsy took the truck out on the open road. He marveled at the smoothness of the ride, the effort-



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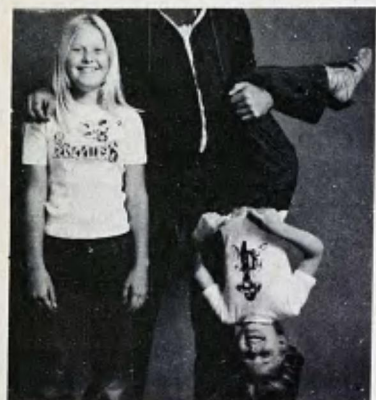
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lessness of the automatic transmission, the warm blast of air that circulated around his feet, making them tingle with renewed life. The power steering and power brakes made driving the truck a dream, and the rich sounds of stereo music lulled him. He could even light a joint at seventy miles per hour and smoke it while driving.

Good smoke, incredible music, soothing warmth — Gypsy was sold. Time lost meaning, and then came the startling realization that he had to get back before the owner reported the pickup stolen.

His Harley was still parked by the pumps, and the owner of the station was carefully inspecting it. "I thought you would have called the cops by now," Gypsy said when he pulled up. He got out of the truck and closed the door, liking the solid sound as it slammed. "Wanna take the bike for a ride?" he asked, offering the station owner the keys. "I'll watch the station while you're gone."

"Nah — it's for my boy. Just turned eighteen. I can see it's in good shape."

And it was. Not a dent or scratch on the machine, and it had a lot less miles on it than the truck. Gypsy had made up his mind and was ready to deal, but only if the trade was even. "What about it?" he asked. "You interested? Wanna swap?"

"You got the papers for it?" the fat man questioned, nodding toward the Harley. His jolly expression had faded, leaving in its place a look of stern business.

"In a pouch under the seat."

Continued on page 114



"Watch yourself, Martha. You know how those bikers like to gangbang us chicks!"

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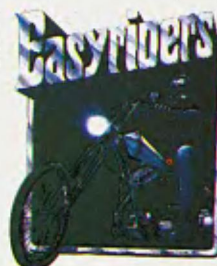
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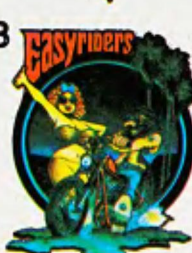
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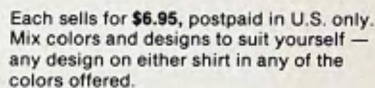


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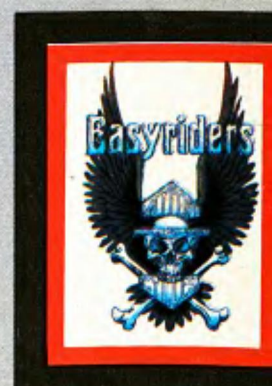
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Helen Is Missing

Continued from page 70

bar, surrounded by countless crushed empties.

"He came in about eight last night, sat down and said, 'Beer.' I handed one over; he brought out some twenties, and said, 'Keep 'em comin'.' He ain't said a word to nobody since. Ain't even moved, 'cept to get up and piss a coupla times. Then 'bout midnight he started cryin' real quiet like. I couldn't get him out at closin'. Had to lock him in last night. Maybe you can get somethin' out of him."

Jesus. Maybe the power was back on at the shop. I could go check and I'd be right back. . .

"Yeah. Well, hell. I'll give it a try."

Red pulled out a cold one, popped it open, and handed it over. I chugged it down and asked for another, which I hit right away for a couple of hard pulls. I felt like I was about to enter a foreign country and was taking a cram course in the language. Fat chance I had of reaching Sly's level of fluency. His head start was untouchable.

"Say, hey, Sly. Long time no see. How you doin'?"

Sly finally glanced over at me. He looked awful. He took a deep breath. "Sigh," he sighed. "Hello, John."

Hello, John? Hello, John? Shit, this was serious.

"Hey, man. What's wrong? I mean, maybe it ain't my business, but you know, maybe you'd feel better about it, whatever it is, if you talked about it. You know?"

He seemed to think for a minute, then nodded and took a sip. He set the can down and kind of licked his lips. Without looking up he mumbled, "Helen."

"Helen. What about Helen?"

"She's gone."

"She's gone?"

"Yeah. Gone. Run off, I guess."

"Run off?"

He twisted on the bar stool, shook a fist in my face, and tried to look tough. I wasn't too impressed. He seemed to be weaving, suspended by some sort of giant, invisible puppet strings.

"Run off, dammit. Run off! There some kinda fuckin' echo in here?"

"Take it easy, man. I'm just trying to help." I took a long pull at my beer.

"Sorry, Jack. I'm just uptight. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before, that's all."

"That's okay. Forget it. So what's the story on this Helen?"



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T-SHIRTS

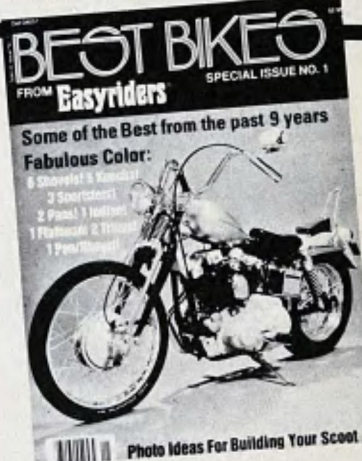
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"Dunno. Came home, she was gone. Oh, man, she was so fine. So fine."

He put his face in his hands and shook all over. Red came over and set up a couple fresh ones. Mine was really cold. You know how sometimes the can gets so cold you get ice inside, floating on the top. Outstanding. Then Red folded a bar towel with some ice in it and stuck it on as much of Sly's forehead as was showing. Sly eased his head back, took the towel and started mopping his face and neck with it.

"I'm sorry. I hate to have gotten this fucked up. I guess my karma caught up with me for all the times I been so shitty. Ah, that feels good. You know, I'd be in bed and Helen would come over and kinda nibble on my ear. . . She was great."

"Well, where do you think she'd go?"

"I just don't know. She could be anywhere."

"She got any family around here?"

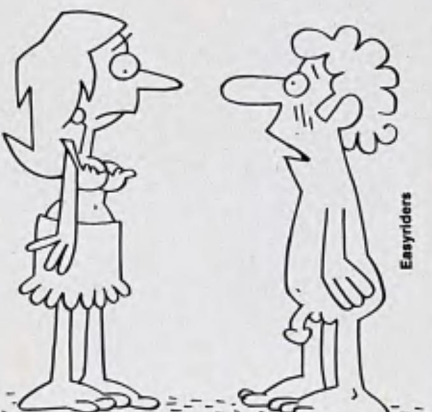
"Yeah. Yeah, sure. Father's dead. But her mother's down around Palm Beach. Couple brothers that I know of in Okeechobee. Maybe one in Vero."

"Think she might be with one of them?"

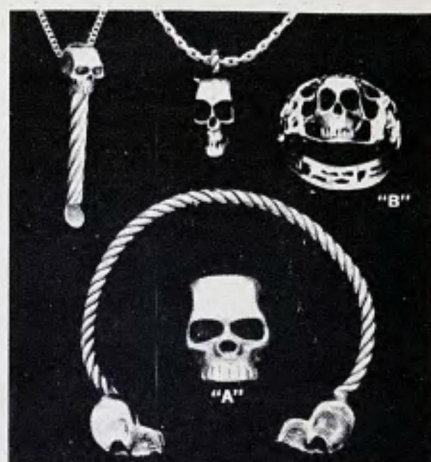
"I doubt it. After she got to a certain age her mother couldn't stand her. You know how that goes. And she's got a scar over one eye from where one of her brothers nailed her."

"Damn. Sounds like she must have had it pretty rough."

"Pretty rough. I'll say. But old Sly treated her like a fucking queen. Nothing but the best. We went everywhere together. She had the



"You use fabric softener on my underwear. Maybe some of it rubbed off."



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(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

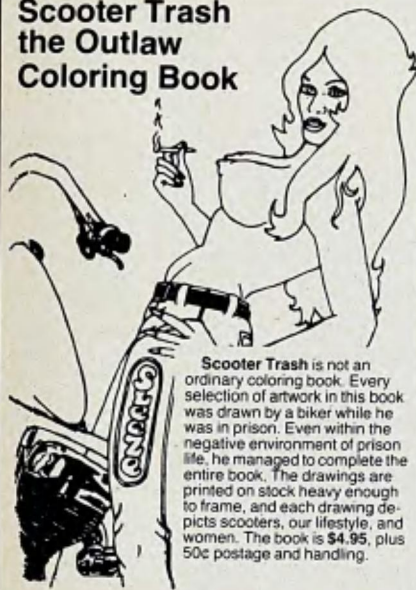
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Scooter Trash
P.O. Box 1615
Fontana, California 92335

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MAIL TO EASYRIDERS

P.O. Box 711
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State _____ Zip _____

brownest eyes. Did I tell ya she had brown eyes?"

He slid, and I do mean slid, off the bar stool and lurched toward the can, mumbling about brown eyes and something else I couldn't hear. Red came over and faced me across the bar.

"Hot damn. I never seen that boy so broke up. She musta really been something."

"I'll say. Well, old love 'em and leave 'em finally has to pay his dues. I can't believe it."

Sly finally staggered back into the bar like some two-legged pinball, bouncing off the tables that still had the chairs stacked on top of them. His zipper was halfway up and seemed firmly wedged onto his shorts. That was one problem he was going to have to solve on his own, at least as far as I was concerned. Somehow he made it back up on the bar stool.

"Sly, I hate to say this, but have you thought about maybe, well, uh, you know. Maybe she, uh, found somebody else."

He took a mechanical sip of beer. "I can't see it. She was kinda shy. Unpredictable, almost. You know?"

"Yeah, yeah. I know. But listen, man, forget her. There's plenty of 'em out there. You of all people ought to know that."

"Not like Helen. She was one of a kind."

"Come on, Sly. Give it time. You'll forget all about her."

"I'll never forget Helen."

Red came over with a couple more cold ones. "Listen, Sly, I know you ain't too crazy about the law, but maybe you ought to talk to the Missing Persons department."

Of course I had to get my two cents in. "Hell yes, boy. They just might be able to help you."

Sly had been about to take a sip of his beer, but he stopped the can halfway to his face and set it back down on the bar. He had that Last Clear Chance look on his alcohol-soaked mug. Pure awe.

"I never thought of that. Do you really think they might?"

Red and I looked at each other and nodded.

"I could give 'em a terrific description. What with the scar, and those brown eyes, and the way her ears are cut."

Another quick glance between me and Red. "Cut? You mean like pierced?"

"No, man. Cut. Trimmed. Hell, if I hadn't had her ears cut she wouldn't have looked like a Doberman pinscher."

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Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed — thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. this insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

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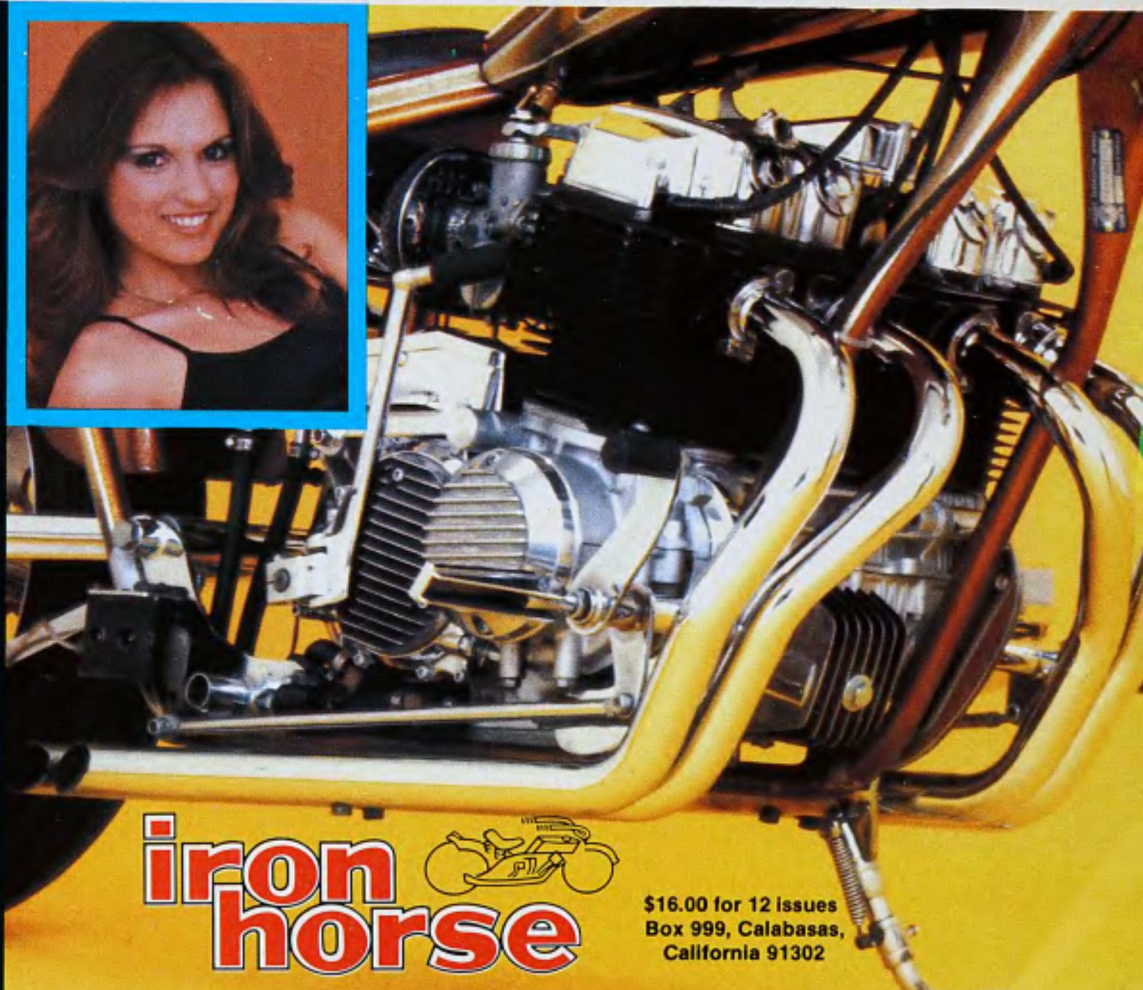
California residents add 6% sales tax.

A Bike Mag That's Different

Different in one important respect — we're all an equal part of the biker brotherhood, regardless of what we straddle and ride. Going along with that belief, *Iron Horse* features hip bikes of all makes and ages — like after WWII when owners of Harleys, Indians, Triumphs, BSAs, and Nortons, to name a few, were tight bros — all you had to do was not break down all the time and thereby screw up runs, be a regular bro, and do your amount of 'hell raisin'. What you rode didn't mean doody-twatt. If you were a good dude, took care of yourself (could hold your mud), and were willing to help other like people in trouble, you were welcome. Even the A.M.A.ers and the Motor Maids were more regular people then.

So *Iron Horse* devotes itself to motorcycles. Because you ride Triumph or any make other than "the tractor" doesn't mean to us that you're not a bro. You're a biker and that's all that counts. Check out an issue and we bet you'll be a regular reader.

—The Editors



iron horse

\$16.00 for 12 issues
Box 999, Calabasas,
California 91302

Choppershopper

Continued from page 77

Panhead Red: I forgot the directions to the party in San Diego. Let's get together before the Sturgis run. D.J., 5751 Ortega St., Sacramento, Calif. 95824. (97)

Mark Snyder, Phoenix: Urgent! Contact Stormi, c/o 266 Broad St., Struthers, Ohio 44471. (97)

Tora Cass and Sherry: Please write to John Snyder, Amstelveense WEG No. 7, Amsterdam. Got my bike and my act together again. Love you both! (97)

Geo: Happy 4th anniversary (7-2). Every day, every way, more and more. Your Smitten Kitten. (97)

Fat Albert: Happy birthday 5/20/81, and happy anniversary 6/19/81. I love you! Kathy. (97)

Night Train: Come fly with me through life's many fantasies, and I'll show you a new dream every day. Then one day you'll realize as you look into my aging eyes. I'll hold your hand and I'll say that I'll always drift your way, like two leaves blowing on an autumn day, and I'll love you as long as there's a wind in the sky. Freebird. (97)

Wanted: Uninhibited lady, 23-33 years, to keep my back warm on a trip from Boston to Arizona, California, Washington, Alaska, Canada, Sturgis, South Dakota, Canada, and back to Boston (only if I have to). July through August. Dipshits and weak-minded bitches need not reply. Send photo, address, and phone to Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

I'm down and need women to write and visit me. Fred J. Flores, P.O. Box C-12933, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (98)

Sam in Wyoming: My very best to a good man, friend, and biker who is missed and thought of often. Let's party and putt sometime again. I'm willing, ready, and able! Lea Ann. (97)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details and photos. World, Box 683-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (97)

Whoopie Ring—the odorless fart-guaranteed party funmaker. Send \$2 to P.O. Box 2083, Lower Burrell, Pa. 15068. (97)

Down from doing time and need some foxy chicks to write me. Have until Feb. '82. I am 20, brown hair, blue eyes, and 5'6". Send photo for fast reply. Write to Kevin McGlynn, 9930 101 St., Ft. Sask., Alberta, Canada T8L-2P3. (97)

Cricket: Can't ride with you if I can't find you. Write me! Phil, 19607 Auburn-Black Diamond Rd., Auburn, Wash. 98002. (97)

Fireworks, buy direct. Price list. Send \$1 to Ace Fireworks, P.O. Box 221, Dept. ER, Conneaut, Ohio 44030. (100)

Attention: Long-legged, blonde American beauties. If you're of millionaire class, write quick. I'm a Swede, Aries, 6'2", 170 lbs., 24, and allergic to work. My life style is ridin' (Harleys, of course), partyin', and lovin'. If you think we're compatible, send pic with your letter, and you'll get an immediate reply. I'm flexible and willing to relocate. Rich, 47 Henderson St., Paterson, N.J. 07501. (97)

Perry: Happy 4th anniversary. As long as we both keep trying I know we can make it last forever. All my love always. Laurie. (97)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (97)

Original Third Reich items. Buy-trade-sell. \$1 illustrated list. Scootin' Newton, 1705 Eaton St., Missoula, Mont. 59801. (97)

Stubble: To one of the most beautiful and righteous people I've ever known. Happy birthday! Like a fine champagne, you're not getting older, you're getting better. Keep the faith. Love ya. Randy. (97)

Would you like to own unique, guaranteed one-of-a-kind portrait of yourself, the scout, ol' lady, bike club, backyard bash, canine calamity, whatever? Send for details, sase to Jackpine Savage Co., 518 Washington, Brainerd, Minn. 56401. (97)

Attention: Nice lady in 20s wanted to go gold dredging in the hills, for real! Come to a paradise on the river, beginning around May or June. Write me today, babes, but no nagging bitches. Will answer letter with photo first. Alan, P.O. Box 866, Forest-hill, Calif. 95631. (97)

Art (the mechanic): Thank you, with all my heart, for the greatest Xmas present her ol' man could give her—my Sporty! By the way, hope you had a happy birthday 4/22. Forever. Love Smudge. (97)

Billy (my painter): Thank you for all you taught me and all the custom work you are doing on my Sporty, and for putting up with my sniveling. Smudge. (97)

Ever have a pig club you in the nuts? I'm collecting information on police brutality and prison abuses. Voodoo, Box 143, Sedalia, Mo. 65301. (98)

Needed: custom scooter parts. No mass-produced shit. Pride in workmanship a must. Greg, P.O. Box 1738, Fontana, Calif. 92335. (97)

Patches and Binky: Get your ass in gear and call your bro at the same no. Colorado Scott. (97)

Wanted: An ol' lady to relocate in Virginia Tidewater. Age 16-21. Must have clear head and good body. I'm an open-road jammer, 29 yrs. old, with fairly steady job. Treat yourself to a good ride, but you'll have to do your share at home and work if necessary. Let's put it together. Send photos and letter to Al, 721 Colony Manor Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23321. (97)

Oz: Happy birthday! You're the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you more every day. Teresa. (97)

Magic: Here's to your new baby. Keep her in the wind. Love. Andrew. (97)

Ron Berry (Little Indian): Where the hell are you? Contact Clutch at Prescott Motorcycle. (602) 788-4002. (97)

Kristal Lynn: Your daddy loves you, little one, and won't forget you. Love. Alan. (97)

Peaches: I split before I got your address. Just had to yell howdy and ask ya to write. Love ya. Wizzard. My address is PFC Roberts, 503-76-6898, C Co. 2/6 Inf, APO New York 09742. (97)

Two righteous, long-legged foxes are lookin' for two big, lovable H-D tramps to make their life smile. Letter and pictures can be sent to Janee Stevenson and Roxanne Le Claire, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Easyriders issues 37 through 93, except #75. Plus 7 issues of Iron Horse. Make offer. Griffith, Box 35, Spring Hill, Kan. 66083. (97)

Carleen: Happy anniversary to a biker chick who is all I've ever wanted. Thanks for the last five years and looking forward to many more. Love ya. Jack. (97)

Tired of disco chicks? Harley-lovin' honey, 22, good-looking, no ties, is looking for a single ol' man to putt and party with. No sidewalk commandos! Photos exchanged. N. Va. area. Lucky, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Tattoo-Mania! Portable kits and supplies. Free info. C&D, P.O. Box 9895, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932. (97)

Wanted: Sincere ol' lady, 18-30. I am a w/m, blond hair, green eyes, 5'7", and 140 pounds. Into music, ridin', and togetherness. Photo if possible; will answer all. R.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

To Rit, the best there is. Best lover, friend, confidant, and partner. Happy 22nd birthday! Although we are separated by prison walls, my love for you grows each day. Let's hope your 23rd through eternity is spent in my arms. I love you. Snake. Yours forever. Cindy. (97)

Harley-Davidson motorcycle identification, genuine state patrol auto theft training manual. Interesting, confidential information. Send \$10 to L.B. Anderson, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Scooter: They played Debbie's life story on TV, on Lilly Tomlin's in Las Vegas. Your baby who knows Jesus. (97)

From the home of the Harleys, T-Shirts. Heavy-duty, super-color front eagle design. Imprinted back. Send \$9 to Harley-Davidson of Milwaukee, Inc., 6312 W. Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53218. (97)

Tattooers: Make your own needlebars. Easy; save money and improve the art. Send \$11 to Jessie, P.O. Box 278, Clarksville, N.Y. 12041. (97)

Two Harley 125s and spare engine. Basket case all parts. Info, write Nicky Diciaula, P.O. Box 724, Granby, Colo. 80446. (97)

Frog: I love you always and forever. I am saving up for your Harley. Drifty. (97)

Got action on appeal, and face retrial on bogus murder. Need help locating witnesses before the D.A. does. Looking for Nina Carder, McConkey, or Goucher (mabe something new) from No. Sacramento, Calif. area. All info appreciated and strictly confidential. E. A. Alvarez, P.O. Box 821, Culver City, Calif. 90230. (97)

Save hundreds; guard train your dog with easy-to-understand manual. Send \$5 to Manual, P.O. Box 23, Latrobe, Pa. 15650. (98)

Twitch: Happy 27th, babe. It's been my pleasure too. You make me feel soooo good! Love you. Muffy. (97)

For sale: 1980 Wil-Mac trike with rebuilt '66' VW engine. Sharp metal-flake blue. \$1,800. B. Pione, 425 Bliss Ave., Stevens Point, Wis. 54481. (97)

The Dreamer, 28-year-old Leo. Everybody needs somebody; it's a bitch to be alone! James D. Whitfield, P.O. Box C-14700, Red-presa, Calif. 95671. (97)

Art and Marge Cadwell: Please call Jay and Kathy Kinsman collect. (301) 672-2635. (97)

I'm a fat, greedy biker who likes to ride my ugly black shovel-pan to sleazy bars and annoy people by throwing beer and food at them. If you're a good-looking chick, or have any girlfriends who are, and don't have many bad habits, like shooting people who constantly aggravate you, get in touch. I'm a very lonely man (except for my good-looking, intelligent best friends, Don and Al, whose advice I never listen to and then deny they ever gave me), and so I would like to meet some kinky, hard-riding women to party with on my death-trap Harley that I'm too lazy to fix. Call Fred (213) 925-8049 for greasy food, cheap beer, and nerve-shattering motorcycle rides. (97)

38-year-old paroled biker, hard-hat diver, sailor, and heavy-equipment operator is in search of one woman who is righteous, warm, honest, and sincere. I plan to ride the U.S. and Canada. Getting off parole 11-81. Adventure-minded ladies, 20-40, please contact me with photo and letter. We must prepare together for this experience. Ty Tyler, 3412 Beverly, Edmond, Okla. 73034. (405) 341-8862. (97)

Two bros, 25 and 39, leaving the middle of July for N. Central Pa. by way of Ark., Mo., Ky., W. Va., to Pa. then W. to Sturgis, S.D. Wanting bros and ladies to party and crash with along the way. Ladies, send pics. Bear, 216 E. 10th, Stillwater, Okla. 74074. (405) 624-0994. (97)

Two bros, 25 and 39, trampin' through Colorado after Sturgis. Ladies and bros, places to crash and see. Info on work and living cond. All areas. One exper. carpenter, one exper. mechanic. Want to relocate in '82. Bear, 216 E. 10th, Stillwater, Okla. 74074. (405) 624-0994. (97)

Skulls: Lifesize, hydrostone casts directly from human skull. \$14.95. North Sculpture Company, Box 71, Merrick, N.Y. 11566. Distributors wanted. (97)

Biker moving to California. Will be needing lady to look up when I get there. Please send picture, address and phone number to Jerry Krissell, 50 Glenwood Ave., Binghamton, N.Y. 13905. (97)

Tattooing outfits and instruction manuals for starting you in business or hobby. Artist, Box 242-K, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (97)

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Continued on page 126

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to take it to the streets!

The next time I fight it will be here, for myself, my brothers, and the guys rotting in Walker Reed and Ireland Army Hospital and everywhere else they have warehoused our brothers who were maimed and disabled.

Unless Ronnie wants to defend this country with disco fags and wimps who are whining because they have to register, he better wise up.

I beg all my former comrades in arms to protest against VA cutbacks!

Motorcycle Michael
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Letter To The President

★ I am a downed bro and a Vietnam vet. I am sending the following letter to the President of this screwed-up country.

To the Office of the President of the United States of America.

Dear Mr. President:

I am wrtting you regarding VA benefits being stopped and/or dropped to incarcerated veterans for education!

Sir, I am very disappointed in my country at this time. I cannot understand why or how this can be done!

Mr. President, it is true that I am incarcerated now, but I have served my country (U.S. Army) and fought in Vietnam! I was granted an honorable discharge.

Sir, at that time I was guaranteed certain benefits as a vet. There was nothing, no type of fine print, no flyer, nothing stating You have served your country well, son, but if you should go out and get put into prison then we, as your country, can and will stop, drop, cancel, or discontinue these benefits that we have given you!

Mr. President, my thanks in advance for all your consideration and time.

Donald E. Holycross
Mansfield, Ohio ■



"Who you callin' brazen?"

MUTHA PATCH



You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha

(U.S. Currency Only, Thank you!)

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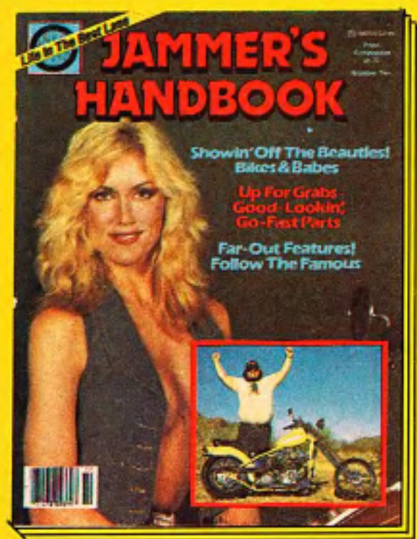
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A sleek custom seat that fits most rigid frame bikes. No back. Square tufted. Black. 31" plate, 12" long.

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Regal I Super Glide

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- Heavy duty chrome spring & shock absorber with 5 adjustments

Round & Square Girders

Round Girders (Includes Axle)

5901	... Round, Stock Length	325.00
5902	... Round, 4" O/S	325.00
5903	... Round, 7" O/S	325.00
5904	... Round, 10" O/S	325.00
5905	... Round, 13" O/S	325.00
5906	... Round, 16" O/S	325.00

Square Girders (Includes Axle)

5907	... Square, Stock Length	360.00
5908	... Square, 4" O/S	360.00
5909	... Square, 7" O/S	360.00
59010	... Square, 10" O/S	360.00
59011	... Square, 13" O/S	360.00
59012	... Square, 16" O/S	360.00

Girder Neck Kits

59033	... Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034	... Sportster & 45	9.95
59035	... Honda - All	9.95
59036	... Kawasaki, 900 & 1000	9.95
59037	... Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up	9.95
59038	... Triumph, '71 & Earlier	9.95

**Requires
Girder Neck Kit**



Single & Dual Disc Brake Conversion Girders

Wow! Run your stock wheel and disc brake set-up with these super new, design-engineered beauties. These conversion girders are now available to accept a Harley or Honda stock front wheel and disc brake assembly. In addition, a dual disc conversion for 1977 and later Harleys is here for the taking.

Round Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59013	... Round, Stock Length	345.00
59014	... Round, 4" O/S	345.00
59015	... Round, 7" O/S	345.00
59016	... Round, 10" O/S	345.00
59017	... Round, 13" O/S	345.00
59018	... Round, 16" O/S	345.00

Square Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59019	... Square, Stock Length	380.00
59020	... Square, 4" O/S	380.00
59021	... Square, 7" O/S	380.00
59022	... Square, 10" O/S	380.00
59023	... Square, 13" O/S	380.00
59024	... Square, 16" O/S	380.00

Single Disc Caliper Kits (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59030	... Harley 74 & Sportster	29.95
59031	... Honda 750, 1969-1976	29.95
59032	... Honda 450, 500, 550, Late 750 '77-'78	29.95

Round Dual Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59025	... Round, Stock Length	395.00
59026	... Round, 4" O/S	395.00
59027	... Round, 7" O/S	395.00
59028	... Round, 10" O/S	395.00
59029	... Round, 13" O/S	395.00

Dual Disc Caliper Kit (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59039	... Harley, 1977 & Later	29.95
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Girder Neck Kits

59033	... Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034	... Sportster & 45	9.95
59035	... Honda - All	9.95
59036	... Kawasaki, 900 & 1000	9.95
59037	... Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up	9.95
59038	... Triumph, '71 & Earlier	9.95

Get your taste of
eyeball heaven now!
Send \$3.95 (a buck
goes for postage) to
Jammer Cycle Products,
801 (ER) S. Main St.,
Burbank, California
91506.



**How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)**

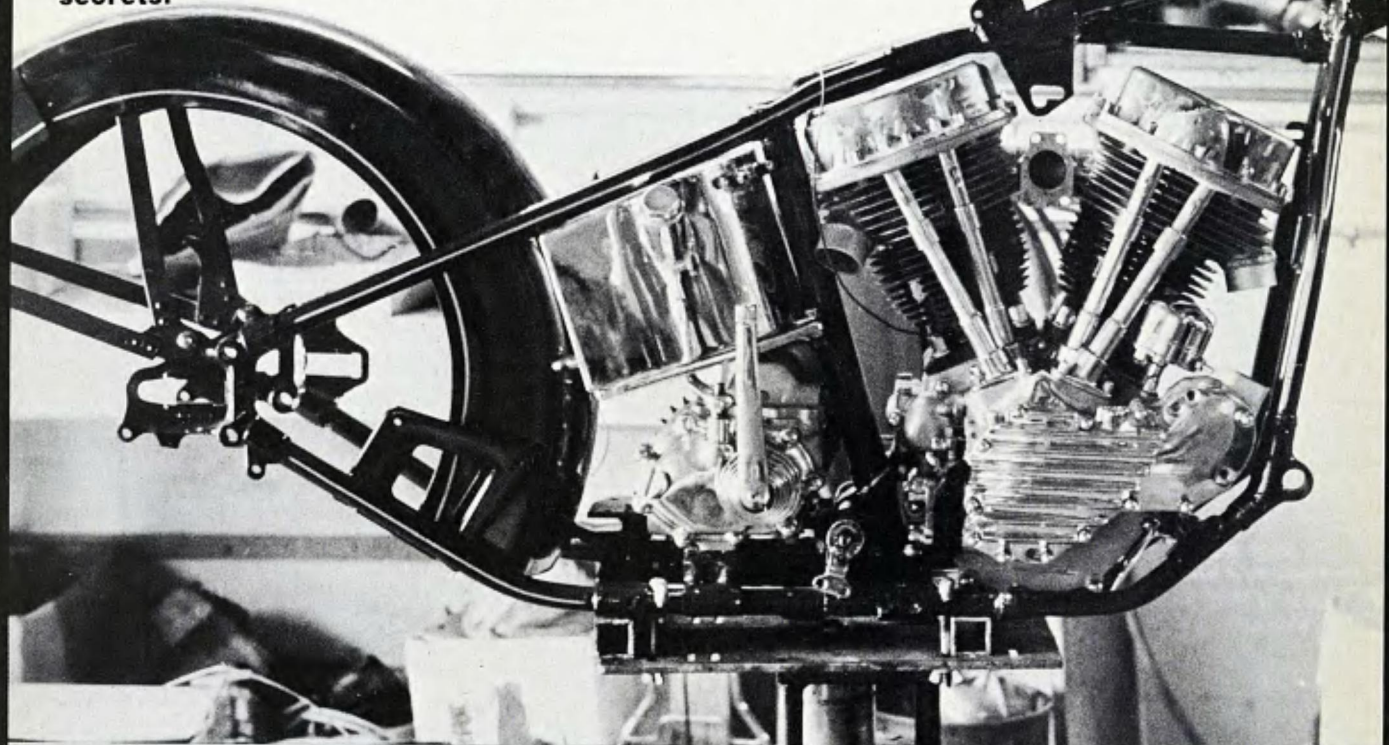


Requires Girder Neck Kit



MILMEYER GASKETS

Milmeyer precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing, Milmeyer precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neoprene-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets.



Harley Gasket & Seal Kits

Jammer #	Description	Price
— Complete Kits —		
8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	20.50
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.90
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	14.20
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	15.90
8409	Harley Sportster '76-'80	15.40
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	15.00
8407	Harley Sportster '72-'73	14.10
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	18.95
— Top End Kits —		
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	10.00
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	10.00
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	10.00
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'48	10.50
84010	Harley Sportster '79-'80	8.75
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'78	8.48
84024	Harley Sportster '72-'73	8.71
84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.48



Milmeyer Precision Gaskets

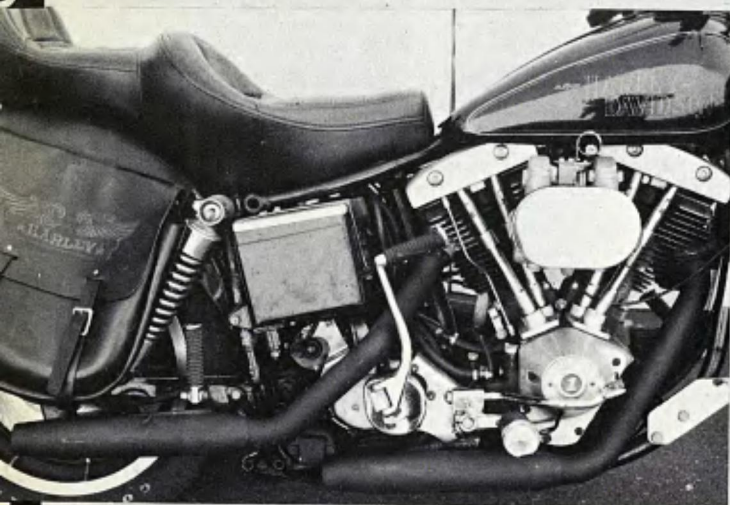
Jammer #	Description	Price
— Transmission Kits —		
84043	Harley Shovelhead/Pan '65-'80	13.89
84044	Harley Knuckle/Pan '41-'64	7.70
— Oil Seal Kits —		
84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.66
84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	11.20
84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84011	Harley Sp. '67-'70 XLH, '70 CH, '71 XL	15.40
84012	Harley Sp. '57-'66 XLH, '57-'69 CH	11.95
74 Copper Head Gasket		
84027	Harley Shovelhead '66-'80	6.92 pr.
84028	Harley Panhead '48-'65	6.92 pr.

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)

HARLEY STAGGERED PIPES

ALPHABET
HEADERS
PRO-formance
EXHAUST SYSTEMS

Check these out! Custom contoured, staggered duals with tapered mufflers. Available in a new black finish, these systems are backed by the same great reputation that makes all Alphabet pipes a worthy investment.



New Black Finish

Shovelhead FX, FXE, FXS, 1970-1980 (Footnotes 2, 3, 5).
15107 Black 86.95

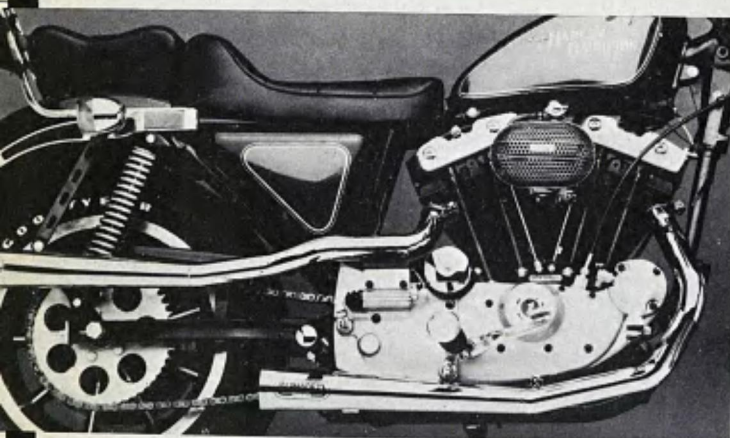
Sportster XLH, XLCH, XLS, 1957-1978 & 1980
(Footnotes 2, 4).
15109 Black 86.95

2. It may be necessary to modify your kicker arm for proper pipe clearance. We suggest using HD #33057-72 starter crank.
3. We recommend using '70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or '72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of these headers.
4. We suggest using our part #149023 to mount this exhaust system. Replace HD #65316-65B.
5. A custom muffler support bar, our part #149024 can be used in place of the stock muffler support bar when installing this system.

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

HARLEY TWICE PIPES

Easy fitting twice pipes that'll give your scoot an extra it's been missin'. Each set of these staggered systems feature megaphone mufflers for that long, lean look. Better yet, you've got a choice of two finishes . . . classic chrome or flat black!



Chrome or New Black Finish

Shovelhead FX, FXE, FXS, 1970-1980. Not Shown.
(Footnotes 2,3).

151031 Chrome 127.95
15108 Black 115.95

Sportster XLH, XLCH, XLS, 1957-1978 & 1980. Not Shown. (Footnotes 2, 4).

151032 Chrome 127.95
151010 Black 115.95

Sportster XLH, XLCH, XLS, 1979 & 1980. Shown.

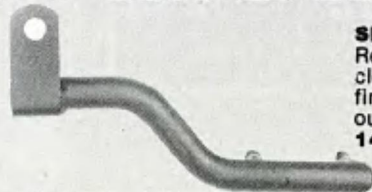
151047 Chrome 127.95

2. It may be necessary to modify your kicker arm for proper pipe clearance. We suggest using HD #33057-72 starter crank.
3. We recommend using '70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or '72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of these headers.
4. We suggest using our part #149023 to mount this exhaust system. Replace HD #65316-65B.

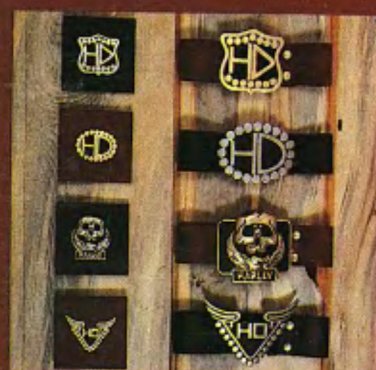
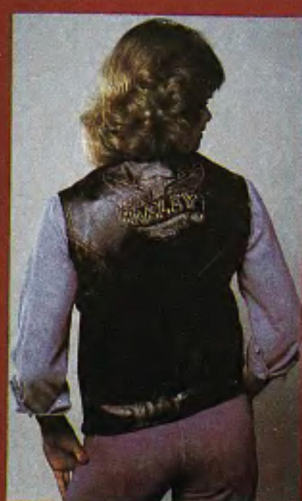
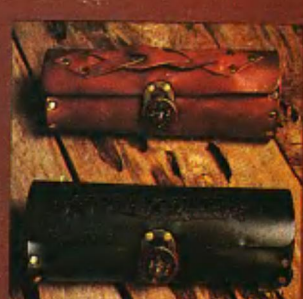
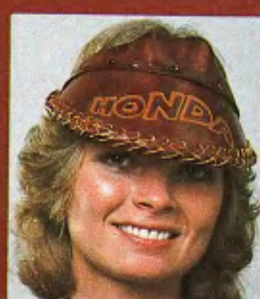
MUFFLER SUPPORT BARS

Sportster, 1957-1978.
Replaces HD #65316-65B. An excellent supporter when mounting our systems as well as a great replacement for the stock bar.
149023 16.25

Shovelhead, 1970-1980.
Replaces the stock bar for a cleaner look and adds the finishing touch when mounting our staggered duals #15107.
149024 10.50



Leatherworks



**THE
LEATHER
WORKS**



AVAILABLE AT YOUR
JAMMER DEALER

Choppershopper

Continued from page 118

Happy birthday to the best life has to offer. Here's to us, and those we love, and fuck the rest. I love you, George, Anne. (97)

Mike: Happy 23rd (6/16/58). Looking forward to more good times together. Love ya forever! Terry. (97)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions, valuable tips. 71 pages \$19.95. Steele, Box 242-K, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (97)

Micky: You're my "bad" ol' man. We're gonna make it. I love ya. Tobl. (97)

Goose: Thanks for being you! Happy anniversary to the best ever. I'll love you always. Teresa. (97)

Male, 33, seeking generous females in late thirties or early forties for pleasure and pastime. Write James E. Granger, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (97)

"Indian Bob is happiness now to Rose Kelly." Happy birthday, big Kahoon. Your smut queen. (97)

Wanted: Complete tattooing outfit: stencils, needles, everything. Call (618) 529-4096, or write P.O. Box 216, Makanda, Ill. 62958. (97)

England: Loyal, loving lady, 27, no ties, looking for special man of similar age. Photo please. Dee, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Ricky: How ya been? It's your tomato, wishin' you and the tribe good luck for 1981 ridin'. Dawn. (97)

Tattoo artists: Huck Spaulding says thanks to all you great people out there for supporting Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. this past year. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. If you want junk, you buy from a junk dealer. If you're serious and want the best tattoo equipment available, buy where the pros buy. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc. (99)

Hudson Boy: Happy 28th birthday! Your ol' lady and son love you! (97)

Joe Speck, Mt. Clemens, Mich.: Please contact me asap, c/o Parker, Rt. 1, Box 1311, Del Valle, Tex. 78617. L. Moody. (97)

Yo!anda: Happy birthday to the hottest mamma on the road, Aug. 4, 1947. Love, Chucky Chub. (97)

James: We still love you. Not even your leaving can change that. Jeannie and Elizabeth. (97)

Ladies: Downed con, 37, 6'3", brown hair and eyes, looking for correspondence and lasting relationship with sincere, broad-minded woman 18-40. Send photo if possible; will answer all letters. Tomas Shepherd #C10515, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (97)

Uncle Ernie: Come visit Mt. St. Helens. I miss you. Love, Mary Ann. (97)

Mickey: You're my one and only. I'll never tie you down, but I'll always love you! Forever, Tilla. (97)

Randy: Happy 30th birthday to you, Slick (7-14). Many more to you. Always, Juggos. (97)

Doing a nickel; be out soon. Looking for special lady to exchange kind words and photos with. Rene Schuster #90142, D.C.I.-Dorm C, P.O. Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (97)

Aryan warrior in jail. "Free Poet" T-shirts \$8, black, red, yellow, and beige, size L-XL; blue, yellow, size S-M; posters \$1. Help raise money for legal fees. NAACP pressure put me here. How many other brothers have they done this to and gotten away with it? I acted with honor; for that, I got ten years. Freikorps fur immer! Wenn alle bruder schweigen, Odin lives! Poet Gambrell, 313 West Broad St., Livingston, Tenn. 38570. (97)

Urgent: Anyone knowing of Mr. Bud's whereabouts, have him contact Neda. (716) 865-5345. (97)

Fuzz: Stay in the wind, brother, 'cause that's where you and that 93 are at your best! Happy birthday July 8th. Ride free and forget harassing Lynchburg! Dennis. (97)

Tattoo artists, tattoo fans: Tattoos by Johnny Inkslinger, the most righteous book of tattoo cartoons ever published. Soft cover in color, 102 pages black and white that will bust your chain. Shipped from stock. Price \$5.95 plus \$1.94 shipping. Money order only. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (108)

Dean: Cliff House, 19 May '81. First 12 rounds on me. Bring Dan too. "Short." Tiny. (97)

Hondo from Myrtle Beach: You really don't understand, and I'm sorry. May your guardian angel always ride on your shoulder. Drop me a card, will you? Ramona, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Sue: I love you and need you. Love, Big Bill. (97)

Pussy-loving mwm, age 39, seeks chick with sweet nest who loves being eaten. No strings, just good lovin'. If you like it, write Russell, Box 11776, Coddington, Calif. 95406, or call (707) 526-9974. (97)

Tattooing supplies: See our ad this section. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Fast huba huba service. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (108)

Tall, Dark, and Handsome: You'll always be my biker in the sky, and the one who's in my heart. I love you, and long to ride with you and share life with you. Remember, any time, any place, I'm yours forever. Just call; Australia is closer than you think. Love, Short, Blonde, and Sexy. (97)

Weber: Thinkin' of ya in Creston, Iowa. Rooker, Turk, Willie, Kathy, Kristie, Vicki, Matt, Lori, and Valerie. (97)

Happy birthday, Kevin Peterson. Kim. (97)

Mailbox: Happy 34th birthday! You're the greatest friend, lover, mentor, and ol' man. May we continue down the road of life loving, laughing, and crying together. Love ya, Cheryl. (97)

Escape to freedom—32-yr.-old panhead-riding loner, still looking for that special lady to share the good life, and beat the system with its own rules. Honest, sincere, and possessive is what I'm looking for. Where are you? Recent photo a must. Telstar, P.O. Box 858, McLean, Va. 22101. (97)

Lonely inmate, 23 yrs. old, looking for serious female relationships. Age, race, and location don't matter. Send photographs. Mr. Calvin Robinson #144122, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (97)

Single biker, age 40, white, 6'5", 235 lbs., mellow, and easygoing. Looking for an Amazon lady 5'11" or taller, 25-35, white, Latin or Indian. Please send photo and letter to D. Gregory, Star Route 5-C, Summit Valley, Calif. 92345. (97)

For sale: '55 panhead, 74 Jammer rigid frame. Lots of chrome, Invader wheels, glider front end. Lots new, and never ridden. \$2,500 firm. Write to G.S.C., P.O. Box 1416, Ashland, Ky. 41101. (97)

Doc: Happy belated anniversary (4-20-81). We're had a hell of a year! I loved it and I love you! Your ol' lady, Misty Blue. (97)

In memory of "Rat," who rode hard and fast, and died too fuckin' young. God bless Li'l Rose, who will be loved and looked after by all his bros. (97)

I love you, Frank, fuckin' and bikin' for 40 years. Vee. (97)

J.N.D.: Happy late birthday (4-25-57). Love ya forever! Your ol' lady. (97)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (98)

Harley shield and eagle money clip, solid brass. High quality. \$4 each. Postage paid. Dealer inquiries invited. S&E Collectibles, Box 21, Bladensburg, Md. 20710. (97)

Tattooing colors—extremely bright and heal fast; 17 different color samples \$19.95 plus \$1 postage; includes free equipment catalog. Send money order to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (99)

Nice girls like bikers too. Call Mary (312) 274-9600, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (97)

Dan "Prof" Parkilla: Heard you split to Calif. I'm planning a run south this spring. Get in touch asap! Still at 2002 E. Grand #B, Everett, 98201. Or call collect (206) 252-9652. Yer bro, Rod. (97)

Wanted: Young woman who can learn to ride and maintain her own H-D. Be loyal, valorous homesteading type. Send photos. I'm 23, locked down in Kansas, and get paroled in May '81. Write Michael C., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Stroker: Where the hell are ya? 760 Ackley Rd. Cinn., Ohio 45203. Little Jesus. (97)

Need fenders for late panhead; handlebars, fenders, instruments for 1946 Indian Chief; handlebars, instruments for 1937 Indian Scout; piston, rings, rod for Simplex; Easyriders #3, Oct. 1971; big-boob women; Harley, Indian basket cases, George Weir, Star Route, Box 325, Columbus, Miss. 39701. (601) 328-9167. (97)

White workers and soldiers, stand up for race and flag. Sample News, \$3. Moltis, Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (99)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (101)

Happy anniversary, "Hamsome" (R.W.B.), July 10th! Love you forever. "Babe." (97)

29-year-old, w/m, 6 ft., 195 lbs., quite easygoing, ex-patchholder, now independent biker in college, would correspond with good-looking ladies 18-30 years old. Photos appreciated. Larry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (97)

Easyriders



"I didn't build this beautiful bike to get caught behind a tobacco-chewin' sonuvabitch for fifteen miles!"



Sometimes It Takes More Than Arms To Keep Ya Warm

Like the chick in the picture, this cap has something extra — it has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors — black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap — not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

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Heavy Duty Wind Breaker—Without this the wind goes right through their zippers.

Zip-Out Orlon Pile Lining—Our leathers are designed for warmth. Not just to look good.

Windtight Zippered Sleeves—Another feature just for bikers.

Heavy Duty Locking Zippers—Compare. That's all we'll say.

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